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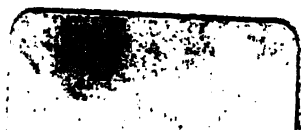
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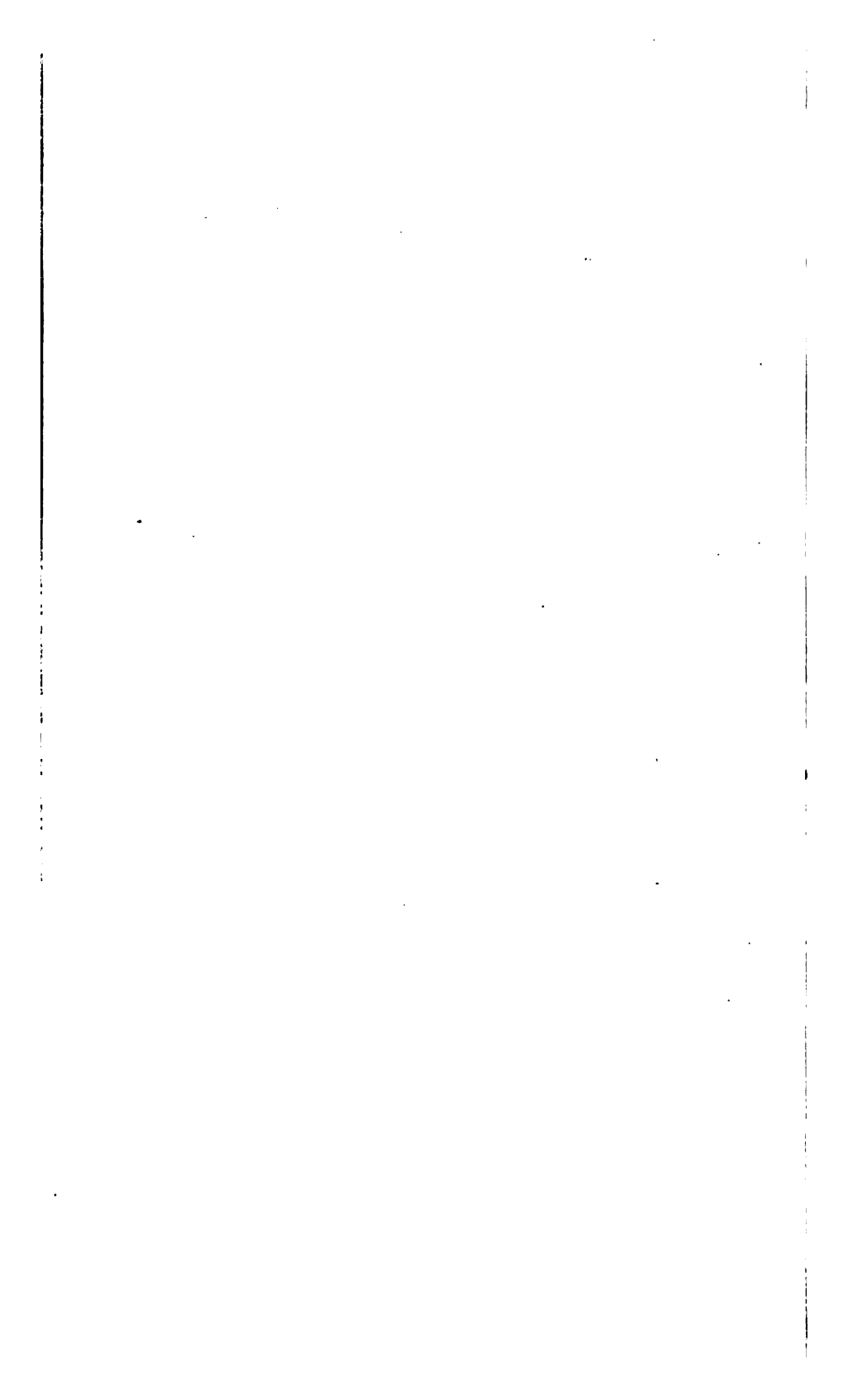
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of the Transactions of
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AND
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION
Interesting to the
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Embellished with

I. PORTRAIT OF RAPP.—II. FLY-FISHING ON THE DARENTH.

PORTRAIT OF RAPP.

THE Pointer of whom we have given a portraiture bears a conformation in all his points which may be justly termed *beautiful*. His mien is settled and dignified, yet lighted up into a vivacious expression by the full-orbed brightness of his eye. In stature he rises somewhat above the standard of his breed; his hair is silky, short, and smooth; and his colour a bright brown; his gait is firm and commanding; his scent acute; his movements in the field regulated by extraordinary steadiness to his game, and strict observance of his master's charge. As a retriever, Rapp was never sur-

passed by any dog. So surely as a bird is wounded, so certainly will he find it, and lay it at his master's feet. A remarkable instance of this staunch property deserves to be recorded to RAPP's credit. Upon one occasion during the last shooting season, a hare was wounded by his master, whilst sporting at Harbottle Castle, in Northumberland, the seat of Thomas Clennell, Esq. When the gun was charged, RAPP was dismissed to fetch the game: he was a long time absent, but at last he was seen to be returning with it in his mouth. Whilst on his way with his booty, he fell in with a covey of Birds, which

he set steadily, at the same time holding the hare in his mouth, much to the delight and amusement of the party with whom he was out. The birds were wild, and would not remain till the party advanced, or there is no doubt that RAPP would have pursued his regular success, and not have relinquished his object. This instance of his staunchness at once proves his good training, and establishes the fact of his having "a good nose."

This animal is the property of W. A. Dow, Esq., of the Temple. He was bred from a celebrated dog called *Wag*, belonging to the occupier of Brierly Manor House, near Barnsley, in the county of York, out of a handsome bitch, belonging to a farmer at Roystone, near the same town, and is now ten years old. He was trained by William Field (the gamekeeper of General Sir H. Bouverie, of Blyth Hall, near Bawtry). Field is well known in his neighbourhood and for many miles round as a first-rate trainer. In the present instance he has certainly been pre-eminently successful; for there never was a dog under more perfect discipline, nor one who more thoroughly understood the mysteries of his calling, or more uniformly supported the character of his trainer, than RAPP does. In every department in which a pointer dog can be rendered available for expertness, RAPP is always "at home," and equally useful, whether on the moors, in the woods, or in the fields; but if he be superior in one place rather than in another, it is on the moors: here he was so judiciously trained that his habits have never left him—he owes this excellence to William Field,

than whom no man better knows that, of all places, the moors afford the choicest for the training of a dog, as on them there is nothing to divert from the object of pursuit. RAPP has taken all the advantage of a good education; for he seems almost to have made the character of the grouse his *study*; and his plans of hunting that bird are as various as the habits of the bird itself. In this description of him, it must not be omitted, that RAPP "*can suit his face to all occasions.*" He has been often hunted in the woods with springers and terriers, at which times he has played both characters, and in both excelled. No sooner, however, has he returned to his especial "occupation" as a pointer, than he became as steady as ever, in no wise thrown out of his peculiar prowess by his previous performances; and every sportsman knows that there are few dogs with which such versatile liberties can be taken.

So much for what RAPP was in the field—for, alas! the poor fellow's "occupation is gone." A grievous accident has totally disqualified him from displaying those excellences which the writer has so frequently witnessed with delight. Where now, my poor RAPP, are thy ranges, thy findings, thy brute-reasoning manoeuvres? Thy master has given his testimony to thy qualifications, as if thou wert still what thou so recently hast been, for they are ever present to his mind in grateful remembrance of them; but thou still livest in his protection, with which he will gratefully cherish thy latter days in the shelter of his hearth, until the night of death shall shroud thee in the

darkness of the grave, and a stone shall tell that

"*Wet's his Raff!*"

Yes, reader, RAFF has sunk into a hearth-fed domestic; yet still,

"His honest, sonse, bows'nt face
Ay gets him friends in ilka place."

He still preserves his gentle disposition, still retains much of the elegance of his frame; nor has this sagacity forsaken him; but above all, his thorough attachment to his master is increased rather than diminished—and he still continues endeared to him by his former services, and a fa-

vorite with all who shared in them.

The painting from which the engraving has been taken is by Mr. WARD, who is a relative of the R.A. of that name, and resides at Sheffield, where he is well known as an artist of great skill. He has done this animal justice, and his pencil has performed its duty with a strict regard to that essential object which he ever keeps in view, *accuracy of delineation in preserving likeness and character*. Mr. GREGG's graver has been equally effective.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. OF HALSTON.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."—BURNS.

SIR,

THE following brief record of this lamented Gentleman is a tribute to which *his* memory is surely well entitled in a volume whose name was so long a leading feature in those annals to which its pages are devoted. I take this announcement of his death from one of the Shrewsbury Papers: "On Saturday the 29th March, in the King's Bench, London, aged 38, John Mytton, Esq. of Halston, in this county. This gentleman inherited large estates in Shropshire and Merionethshire, had been High Sheriff for both counties, and M.P. for this town. His great munificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him notoriety in the gay and sporting circles both in England and on the Continent; and while a few faithful friends esteemed to the last remembered kindnesses, we fear there are many partakers of his bounty who have treated him with ingratitude."

In his public capacity alone, as one whose princely fortune,

whose acknowledged talent, and whose munificent support, were all lavished on those noble pastimes which are the pride of our land, thus only will I speak of "the spirit that's gone." I am not one to lend myself to those base uses and unmanly purposes to which the biography of the present day is so often prostituted. The guest of his liberal hospitality—the friend and confidant of his secret feelings, when a "cloud had low'd upon his house"—shall mine be the pen to chronicle the weaknesses which all flesh is heir to, or the hand to lift the veil of "the holy of holies," the sacred sanctuary of domestic privacy?.....forbid it, manhood! "The evil that men do lives after them—The good is oft interred with their bones." Be mine then the task of friendship, to soften the asperities of the outline from which the canvas cannot be entirely free, and to place in grateful relief the many beauties which will redeem and embellish the picture!

Bush

JAN 26 '44

The subject of this Memoir was an only son and a posthumous child: his only sister, who is a year his senior, is married to Mr. Lethbridge. Literally he "had never known a father's care:" born with splendid prospects, nursed in the lap of luxury and unbounded indulgence, the idol of a doating mother—to whom the humble testimony of my respect would here be offered, but that she is indeed far above my eulogy—is it a marvel that his career should be erratic whose infancy was never subjected to restraint?

"Youth at the helm, and pleasure at the prow;"

how few have escaped an early shipwreck, who, like him, have launched their fragile shallows upon the wild ocean of life, where tumultuous passion is the gale that wafts, and a thousand blandishments and allurements are the rocks and shoals that infest the stream on which they are driven! No wonder that intoxication followed the whirl of enjoyment which on his very outset awaited his reception!

His education was confined to Westminster, as he never graduated. There is a characteristic anecdote told of him when he was at that School: he wrote to the then Lord Chancellor (Eldon)—he was a Chancery ward—that as he was about to be married (he was not fourteen), he could not live upon his income—his allowance, I believe, was 400*l.* a year. The answer was laconic, and to the purpose.—"Sir—if you can't live on your allowance, you may *starve*; and if you marry, I'll commit you to prison!"

Soon after leaving Westminster he entered the Seventh Hussars,

and was with that regiment, I believe, during its forming part of the Army of Occupation before Paris. He used to talk of those days with rapture. I remember, almost the last day I ever spent at Halston, while at breakfast in his dressing room, he took from a wardrobe a uniform jacket of the Seventh, and holding it before me, he exclaimed, "Ah —, if this old *skin* could speak, as the Swan of Avon says, it could a tale unfold."

It was about this time that an affair occurred at Calais which created much conversation in sporting circles: I allude to his loss of a large sum, ten thousand pounds, at billiards. I have not the honour of being known to the Gentleman with whom he played that match, but I am much deceived in all I have heard of Mr. Ester, if he does not sincerely sympathise at the untimely fate of his unfortunate antagonist.

The life of a young Hussar, possessed of great wealth and ungovernable spirits, in such a place as Paris, may be easily imagined. Were I to give a tithe of all the adventures he has recounted to me of those days, I could fill a folio: but our business is with his career as an English sportsman, not with mornings at the *Café Hardi*, evenings at the *Freres Provençaux*, or nights at the "Salon" or *Frescati's*.

At no distant date from his return to England, he married a lady, the sister of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart., by whom he has left one daughter. On her decease he again contracted a matrimonial alliance with Miss Caroline Giffard, sister of Thomas Giffard, Esq. of Chillington, Staffordshire: by this lady, who

survives him, he has left four children.

I almost think that had My Lord Chesterfield—not the present dashing Peer of that denomination, but the *Goth* who asked if people ever hunted twice—I say, had even *he* been born possessor of Halston, he would have been an enthusiast in field sports! It is in good truth the very *beau ideal* of a sportsman. All that Nature can do, all that Art, aided by the best taste and the most lavish hand, might achieve, is here in the prodigality of profusion. This noble residence is situate in the county of Salop, two miles from Oswestry, and about six from Ellesmere. While the far western horizon is occupied by the chain of lofty Montgomeryshire mountains, to the North and East the bold Denbighshire hills, waving with the noble woods of Chirk Castle, give it their shelter. In front to the South expands its own ample domains, rich as Tempe; and beyond again is seen that truly English landscape—

“The village church that crowns the distant hill;”

the substantial farm-house, with its well-stocked inclosures and its belt of fruit trees; the humble dwelling of the cottager trellised with rose and jasmine; and the bright water that leaps and sparkles in the sun-beam, which woos its freshness. Oh the memory of that sylvan paradise, and the happy, happy days that I have passed within it! This is indeed

“A green spot amid desert centuries,
On which the future may look back and smile.”

I am not qualified to speak of the subject of this Memoir as a

Master of Fox-hounds—by some fatality I never saw him with his *own* pack; still I have little doubt he was a bad Gentleman-huntsman: he was not constituted physically for it—he wanted the patience; besides he had a *knack of making fences look small*, ill-suited to the steady work necessary for getting on good terms with a “*shy customer*.” When the scent lay well, and his fox went straight, I think Brother Jonathan himself on his “flash of lightning” was no match for the Squire upon Baronet: with cold hunting and a dodging varmint, “hark back” for luncheon and cherry bounce would be the order of the day. A trifle often supplies the aptest illustration. I remember in the dining-room at Halston there hung a picture of his hounds leaving kennel; one of the whips is represented galloping after a straggler as if the fiend himself, or a *gallon of strong beer*, was under his waistcoat: the flourish of the caiff’s thong, and the glare of his eye hinted pretty plainly the custom of the hunting morn. “Like master like man” is no unwholesome adage.

The last time I saw him in the field was in the Spring of 1829. There had been a challenge between the Cheshire, Shropshire, and Mr. Wicksteed’s packs, as to which could produce in every particular the best seven couple of hunting hounds. The match was made, and came off the finishing day of the season of 1829, at Shavington Gorse*, a covert belonging to the Cheshire country, well chosen in consequence of its being the most central spot for all parties. This affair created quite a sensation, and I went

* For the particulars of this match see *Sporting Magazine*, N.S. vol. xxiv. p. 56.

down from town purposely to see it. The crack riders frequenting the different packs appeared also pitted against each other, as well as the canine selection. It was a fearful spectacle, and never, until I am in *articulo mortis*, shall I forget how poor Mytton, *without his hat*, went on that day! He had his *own spurs*, and *another man's horse*; and, by my soul, the popular idea attaching to such an arrangement lost nothing in his hands!

I should think that no man who ever bumped upon pig-skin had been over, and through, and into such places as he had. I recollect one day, as we were strolling about the grounds at Halston, his saying to me, "Come here, old boy, and I'll shew you a rasper. At one of my annual sales an Irish gentleman came purposely all the way from Connaught to buy a hunter or two. I had a little mare *then* that jumped quickset *uncommonly* well, so I brought him to *this corner* to shew him a fly. (It was where we were then standing.) 'By J—s!' exclaimed the Emerald, 'no horse could *lep* that *unless he was a bird*:' so I put her at it, you know, a *little fastish*, and over she went a good 'un!" Now mind, reader, I am no dealer in romance, but to call that place a "quickset hedge" were like mistaking the Colosseum for a cover-dish. I saw where she took off, and where she landed, and may I be d—d but it was over a *little orchard*!

Before closing this notice of him in the field, some mention should be made of his celebrated racing-hunter Habberley by Shuttlecock, his first title being Acastus, when the property of Mr. Dunn in 1821. If ever there

was a case not to be refuted against Cocktail Stakes, the most barefaced of all humbugs, this horse furnishes it. That he was thorough-bred I have no doubt. Mytton always said *he bought him* as a half-bred horse: if I ever pressed him on the subject, his answer was in the words of Byron applied to the *British Review*,

"All I can say is, that *he had the money*."

Habberley was opposed indifferently to race-horses with cock-tails: at the Croxton Park Meeting in 1822, he won "the Coplow," beating two of the best of that day—Mr. Thorold's br. g. *Whynot* by Ossian and Mr. Tatton Sykes's ch. g. *Kenilworth* by Mowbray, both 6 years old: There were twenty subscribers.

In the Oswestry Meeting of 1817 we find the "green and white stripe" making its *debut*, with Hazard, Langolee, and Neck-or-Nothing, but without luck. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*:" he was now fairly embarked; and in 1819 we find him with eight: still this was nothing for him; in 1822 he had fourteen in training, and in the close of that year twenty-one!

I remember once asking him in what year his turf expenses had been the greatest? Take his reply: it was that of a man whose soul was in his horses. His was no Olympiad or *Anno Domini* fashion of calculating time, but the almanac of a genuine sportsman: "I think it was the year I raced Longwaist; aye, it was: I spent *seventy thousand that year*!" That was in 1826. Still I should say that in 1828 he was in the zenith of his glory as a master of race-horses. With

such animals as Habberley, Banker, Euphrates, and about a dozen like them, he certainly stood first among the provincials.

Notwithstanding the enormous sums which he expended on his turf establishment, he was never winner of any of the Great Stakes. In the next year, 1824, he had a brown colt in the Leger, Oswestry, who was, I believe, sixth, and that was his nearest attempt. Birmingham, the conqueror of Priam, and the victor in the Great Race in 1830, was bred for him, but fell, I know not by what chance, into other hands. Taken altogether, perhaps little Banker, bought of Mr. Lechmere Charlton, was his favorite.

In 1824 Mrs. Mytton opened the ball at the Pottery Commencement Meeting, winning the 100l. Plate with Oswestry by Filho da Puta, something out of the common at that time, but no marvel in these days of the "*March*," as the Houghton of last year had the Boudoir Stakes most regularly done, with Mrs. Grocvenor, Lady Alice Peel, and Lady Chesterfield subscribers—won by the former.

Mytton was far from particular about nursing his horses. I have seen him ride Euphrates with greyhounds when in training; and that horse, in my mind, was the very best he had—perhaps, indeed, the best four-mile horse, when he could hear himself going, the last twenty years has produced. Banker won sixteen times*, Euphrates thirty-eight†, if my memory serves me

right—to be sure, he had the longest period to do it in. Longwaist‡, a son of Whalebone, was purchased from Mr. Fulwar Craven, for a very large figure, purposely to win the Chester Stand Cup in 1826; for this race he was beaten by Mr. Clifton's Brutandorf, a horse certainly of minor pretensions; but I believe Mr. Craven had given it as his opinion that Longwaist was not suited to a round course—he was a lengthy animal, and we know what he had done over the straight ground at Newmarket. Still I saw him run splendidly at Preston, which is something like the rim of a basin, winning the Cup in 1828, but he was then the property of Mr. Nowell.

Before taking leave of Euphrates, I cannot help noting, that this prime son of Quiz won the Darlington Cup at Wolverhampton in his thirteenth year! He could not be got to run straight till after he was castrated; but after that operation an infant might have ridden him all his races, and steered him with a silken thread.

Dilly was Mytton's principal trainer, and Whitehouse rode most of his races which his weight permitted. As a jockey I never admired him: his seat is most ungraceful; he sits with his knees up and his body doubled as if ashamed of his own *longitude*. I make no insinuation against his integrity, which I believe to be irreproachable: but for other causes he is no favorite of mine. Should he see this Memoir, by calling to mind what

* For the performances, portrait, and obituary of Banker, see *Sporting Magazine*, N. S. vol. x. p. 198; vol. xii. p. 57; and *Second Series*, vol. vi. p. 332.

† Euphrates was shot on the 18th of June 1832. See *Sporting Magazine*, *Second Series*, vol. v. p. 352.

‡ For a portrait of Longwaist, &c. see *Sporting Magazine*, N. S. vol. xvi. p. 321.

occurred at Knutsford when he had mounted Halston for the Cup in 1830, he will, perhaps, find no difficulty in understanding my meaning.

Halston, a son of Banker, was an extraordinary good horse, *when fit to go*: his style of winning the great Cup at the Liverpool Meeting in 1831 was a proof of this: but he was not *kept to be looked at*. If ever anything on four legs did more to earn his corn, I know nothing of horse-flesh: he was eternally going. This was Mytton's great mistake: like the boy and the golden egg, he was never satisfied. Halston is now gone abroad, and I dare say, like many who found this country anything but pleasant, he very little regrets his transportation. Halston, Hedgford, and all his horses were running in 1831, and subsequently in the name of Beardsworth—a person who keeps a Horse Repository at Birmingham: whether they were the property at the time of that individual or not, I have no means of ascertaining; nor is it a question of any import: virtually Mytton had ceased to belong to the Turf.

To the closing scene of his life I had made no allusion, but that the public notice to which it has already been subjected would make my silence on it, perhaps, appear an affectation of delicacy. In the spring of 1831 family affairs caused him to leave Halston, and in the autumn of that year all the stock, furniture, pictures, plate, everything in that place of splendid hospitality and matchless comfort, came to the hammer. For nearly three years preceeding his death, he was

"A wanderer from his own good hall!"

and I, *his friend*, am rejoiced that his pilgrimage has terminated. It was, indeed, a sad, a terrible end of all that once bade so fairly for as much of happiness as this transitory scene ever permitted to the most favored; but it is past: and he is where "the weary are at rest!"

Drear and desolate as *that end* was, still was it not without its consolation: one, whose affection I thought could have known no increase, till sorrow and suffering had drawn him still closer to her heart—she, the fond, the doating mother, was there, his "Ministering Angel!" The hands which had rocked his cradle spread and soothed his dying couch! The eyes which had beamed with the radiance of hope on the bright promise of his youth shed their dews of agony upon his blighted manhood, in prison! and in death!!

"Was this not love? Then, if it be not ^{love,} Call it idolatry!"

Here, then, our task is ended: he has gone to his account before a Judge, who, in weighing our misdeeds, will place in the balance of his mercy the temptations to which it has been His providence to permit us to be exposed.

"His heart was form'd for virtue, *warp'd* to wrong,
Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long!"

J. W. C.

The funeral of Mr. Mytton took place at Halston on the 9th of April, and "as the cavalcade passed through Shrewsbury, many of the shops were closed, and crowds assembled to take a last look on his bier, and pay the homage of a sigh to the memory of John Mytton."

DRUMMOND CASTLE, &c. CONCLUDED.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

SIR,
NATURE, well seconded by Art, has done everything that can well be conceived to render the Castle itself one of the most delightful spots even in the county of Perth, which contains confessedly more scenery abounding with picturesque beauty than any other in Scotland (probably in Britain). My notice of it, however, must be confined to a very brief outline, in which I am so far fortunate, as it would much exceed my power, or the narrow limits prescribed by the nature of a Periodical, to convey in minute detail anything like an adequate idea of its varied claims to admiration. Moreover, according to the well-known adage, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," my business is more with the lakes and rivers which water its grounds, and the fish which at this season of the year form a principal point of attraction to the Summer Sportsman. The house itself is an old building of the days and style of James the Second, which last, that prevalent in Scotland at least, was the most unornamental possible; and here even the little corner turret-like pepper-castors, as a sort of set-off to the high pent-house roofs, and the gables formally indented like flights of stairs, are wanting: but that general harmoniser, Age, has cast over the edifice its mellowing mantle, and the good taste which constitutes the present whole has preserved it to form in its part, and by the associations co-existent with it, a far more congenial feature in such

a scene than the most gorgeous monstrosity of modern architecture could exhibit. It stands on the last ledge of rock which forms the base in part of the mountain of Torliem, the last and least of the Grampians in this district, and at the head of the long slope or fall of ground in which the mountain terminates in the Strath or Vale of Earn, where, leaving the turnpike road, you enter the Park, which, in endless variety of undulation, and adorned with wood and water, occupies the whole length of the above-mentioned slope, by an extensive straight avenue of ancient limes, that form a continued and lofty Gothic arch for nearly a mile and a half. Here you come abruptly on the ledge of rock which abuts murally on the avenue, and on which, towering over, stands the Castle, itself o'ertopped by the ruins of the ancient Castle of Drummond, which crests the pinnacle of the crag. Passing on the whole length of the house, &c., an opening has been blown out of the solid rock; and through a simple iron gate to your left you enter what was the court of the original Castle, one wing of which and a massive gateway still stand in front, and lead through to another court, which is formed on the opposite side by one front of the present edifice. This wing and gateway are the only part of the ancient building in use, the room over the latter being fitted up as an armoury chiefly, but containing "a routh of auld nick nackets;" among

others, the portrait of the Lord Chancellor Drummond, who built the present Castle, and his walking staff, which is of tortoise-shell curiously mounted in silver. Here also, contrasting with many other old relics and instruments of ancient and barbarous warfare, is the gorgeous chair and cushion which were used at the Coronation of our late Monarch George the Fourth, and which fell to Lord Willoughby, then Lord Gwydir, in his right of Hereditary Lord High Chamberlain. Passing along a low parapet wall, which incloses both courts and gateway to the right, and on by the Easternmost gable of the building, which is in the form of an L, you come to the main front, which looks to the Parks and avenue by which you entered, and over them to an immense extent of campaign country extending to the Lomond Hills in Fife. A small flower garden, bounded on two sides by the house, and in front and to the right by low parapet walls, is all the ornament here. The front parapet crowns the rocky ledge under which the latter part of the avenue winds as before mentioned, while the right is a continuation of that which flanks the courts. These are of course at right angles to one another, as was the ledge of original rock on which the Castle stands; and as Art has given it the rough and massive mural appearance by scarping it along the avenue, so has it totally concealed it on the right; taking advantage, however, of the descent it afforded to form one of the most artificial and magnificent gardens extant. The whole of the descent, or ledge, extending down a distance of nearly two hundred feet, consists

of a series of splendid terraces, connected by flights of stairs, adorned with classical statues of white marble, and garnished in the utmost profusion and luxuriance with the choicest evergreens, shrubs, and flowers, arranged in the best taste, and controlled with scrupulous attention. The garden itself is in the minute French style; but its extent is such, and so interspersed is it with statues, curious old sun-dials, fountains, &c., that, combined with its unrivalled terraces, it is at once a paradise of sweet plants and sights in its detail, yet imposing on the whole.

Of the house I shall just mention that it contains some curious old portraits—one, a warrior of the Douglas family, whom (though it is not so stated) any one would conclude was him whose *cognomen* was "The Grim;" for if ever there was anything human more so, the Gorgon's head must have been a fool to him. There are also two likenesses of Scotland's vaunted Queen Mary, neither of which, in my humble opinion, would induce so extravagant an opinion of her beauty as modern engravers have made out to do. One exhibits a bust of her as just budding into womanhood, in a most unbecoming dress, and gives evidence of fine chestnut hair, good eyes, and pouting red lips, but such a contracted mouth that the *expression* is anything but pleasing. The other represents her steeped in sorrow, evidently at some of the latest periods of her long sufferings, and certainly, with the exception of a fine figure, without a vestige of that unrivalled loveliness we read of. These very old and curious paintings, of which

there are many, are mostly in the dining-room and the Noble Owner's chamber. The drawing-room is a delightful apartment, and though, like all the rest in the building, small in accordance with the present taste, one that is well worthy of remark; but I shall conclude this feeble sketch with an attempt to express the nature of the views from its windows.

It is an oblong arched room, terminating in three windows, not precisely but something like a bow: from the centre of these the eye takes up the view from the avenue, and, having the Lake of Drummond for its foreground clothed in wood, ranges over the whole of Lower Strathearn to the confines of Fife, the course of the River Earn, of which by judicious combination the Lake and other sheets of water seem to form a part, lying almost as it were beneath, though miles distant. Turning to the right-hand window, nothing is visible but the delicious garden, its noble but artificial terraces, and a home view beyond of the Deer Park; while from the opposite and left one the ruin of the old stronghold is backed by miles of natural wood, through which brawling streams are heard, not seen; for it is one uninterrupted sylvan mass, even to the top of the mountain of Torliem, itself an Alpine forest of fir and larch to its apex. All this can be viewed from these windows next to simultaneously, and constitute a panorama which may be equalled but cannot be surpassed.

But if any one wishes to see the whole glories of the scene, he will ascend the Mountain of Torliem, which is now rendered com-

paratively easy by a road or path made not many years since. I never went up it but once, and was rather unfortunate in the day, which came on somewhat stormy. This was, however, recompensed by the evening breaking up fine, and such a sunset as can only be conceived in a similar situation, and not easily forgotten—

"First died upon the peaks the golden hue,
And o'er them spread a beautiful purple screen;

Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue,
Softening the hills and hazy vales between.

Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,
As darker shades of the night Heaven came on,

Brief lights along the firmament were seen,
Till solemn majesty prevailed alone

Around the brows of Night upon her
Grampian throne."

I am aware that the hypocritical or fastidious may deem the foregoing not fit subject for a Sporting Publication; and yet I envy not the man who cannot occasionally pause awhile when following up his diversion, be it what it may, amid such scenes: but indeed, in a middling long career, I never met one entirely dead to such feeling. Should I escape, however, on this point, I find myself on the horns of another dilemma; for it will be scarcely possible to notice the different lakes and rivers without desultory allusion to other places; and for this, which is unavoidable, I take leave to be held excused.

Commencing then from the Castle, the first object which presents itself to the Angler's notice is the Lake, and the eye of the most experienced never rested on a sheet of water better stocked with the finest trout. It covers several acres of a natural hollow, and, though mainly artificial, is

fed by so many small burns and rills, one of which passes through it and forms its outlets, that it is as favorable to the fish, and indeed more so than many (indeed most) natural lochs, if it be judged by the surest criterion, the size and condition of the trout. These are of two sorts: the yellow trout, common to the River Earn; and the Loch Leven, which were brought from that latter Lake, the fish of which are esteemed among the finest flavored in Scotland, and whence the Edinburgh markets are supplied, its waters being rented principally for that purpose. The former, though not so fine in flavour, and cutting white, grow to the largest size, and frequently are taken of great weight; they average generally from four and three to two pounds. The latter, a bright silvery coloured trout, the flesh being when in high condition of

delicate pink, seldom exceed two pounds, and generally run about a pound and a half. They are a very merry fish on the hook; and as, when struck, they always go right down to the bottom, a person not acquainted with them is led to imagine at first that he has got hold of "the ould one." Perch are the only other species of fish in this Lake: they do not attain any very extraordinary size. Swans of all descriptions, foreign geese, and vast flocks of wild fowl of the kinds common to the country, are to be seen at all times adorning its surface. A finer place for a decoy apparently there cannot be: but I understand, that some years back a person was brought from Lincolnshire with the view of forming one, who found some objection or impediment to the un-

dertaking: at all events it never was attempted.

The next Loch, but much smaller in circumference, lies about a mile north of the Castle, surrounded by the hills and woods of Balloch, and thence derives its name—the Loch of Balloch. Nothing can be more picturesque and pleasant than this little sheet of water on a fine evening in Spring: numbers of wild fowl breed around it, and enliven the Lake with their movements. The woods which rise upon the bases of the hills, while the grounds immediately about the water are highly cultivated, abound in game; and the cocketting of the pheasant, the calling of the partridge, and the short low but shrill noise of the roe-deer (I know not its technical denomination, or if it has one), join in varied but most harmonious chorus with every song-bird, save the nightingale, which is known to these islands. Roe-deer pair, and frequently, accompanied by one or more fawns, they may be seen silently and stealthily emerging from the woods, bounding along the skirts with a fearless activity only inferior to that of the chamois; and I do not think there can be in nature a more beautiful sight than a roe-deer in full action over rocky ground. The water abounds in trout and perch: the latter do not reach a large size: the former are nearly all of the silvery Loch Leven kind; and, though they do not generally attain as large a size as those of the greater Lake, are considered superior in flavour. They run very even, however, and average from a pound and a half to two pounds. This water, to use a fisherman's phrase,

"comes in" earlier than the other—or indeed any water in the neighbourhood—which means, that the trout condition earlier, and rise to the fly.

The flies which kill on these waters are similar to those for all lakes generally, some of which I shall have to notice. Balloch, indeed, requires rather smaller ones: the March brown for a tail fly, or stretcher, and a yellow body with red hackle and thrush's wing, or an orange body with black hackle and starling, snipe, or bunting's wing, for droppers, are as good flies as can be used on it, or small lochs generally: the red palmer, commonly so good a killer, does not succeed.

Turning up from this water, and crossing the large fields called the Mains of Drummond, the angler comes out upon the Moors, through which the road to Callender passes, just underneath which, and about a mile below its sources, runs the little River Machony, in some places one of the best trouting streams a man can throw a line on. Here an active person can jump across it; yet the trout average a good size. Lower down about a mile, between the farm of Dalhurlly and the Brig o' Drummond, it passes through a moss, where there are very few broken streams. In calm days it is like a mill pond, but in a real rough windy day, after copious showers, it is one of the best places for sport possible. The trout are large and of a good flavour, but do not keep; and, unless eaten almost as soon as taken, become too soft.

Leaving this streamlet to find its way to the Earn through the estate, parks, and pleasure grounds

of Strathallan, where its yellow trout are inferior to none, and following the road to Callender, on entering Glenartney, the Buchill is heard, more than seen, roaring and foaming down its rocky bed. I have, however, noticed this stream in my last letter on this subject as remarkable for the quantity of sea-trout which haunt it in summer and autumn to spawn: it is also a fair river for trout, which are of good quality, but they are not as plentiful as in other waters.

Crossing the glen and over the mountainous defiles of the Deer Forest, Loch Earn, one of the most beautiful and extensive sheets of water which adorn Perthshire, opens on the view. The lower part of the Lake being the nearest, and out of which, in a rapid but narrow stream, issues the clear and romantic Earn, a minute description of this stream—though at many miles below this it waters the lands of Drummond Castle, and particularly at the Linn of Dornoch, about a mile below whence I now write, and where there is a salmon weir and cruibs (baskets set to take the fish), it well merits notice—would confuse the general line I have adopted. It is a stream, however, which—were it not for the salmon nets at its influx to the Tay, and those in that last-named river, and the weavers in the towns of Comrie and Crieff, who are the most inveterate poachers with night lines, and every other black-guard and unfair method—would be, as it was, and in the memory too of some who still ply the angle, one of the most delightful waters extant. Nor to the more prominent attraction of sport, which, though much curtailed, is

still at times excellent, are others wanted. It is one of the most picturesque and *classic* streams that flow: its banks were the arena of many of the combats of Agricola and Galgacus, and of Roman warfare generally. It is surrounded by Roman remains: Tacitus fought on its banks; and Claudian, in one of his elegant poems, has commemorated it—
 "Sootorum Cumulus fœvit glacialis lerne."

Equally remarkable is it in later times in home-story as the scene of many of William Wallace's exploits; and one gable of the old castle of Gask, where he is said to have seen the Vision of the Head, and whence he *certainly* made a most wonderful escape, is still standing. From the extreme clearness of its water, and being so molested by poachers and bunglers, it is one of the *shyest* of rivers; and he who can on the main claim success on the Earn may safely trust to his skill as an angler anywhere else.

To return to the *Loch*:—The point reached in the line of country in the Drummond district which I have taken, is, as above mentioned, the foot of the Lake. Crossing the mouth of the infant river, over a rustic wooden-bridge lies the little village, or more properly hamlet, of St. Fillans, a creation of Lord Willoughby's. Here there is a very good Inn, where boats, &c. can be procured. Loch Earn is about seven miles in length, and barely two at its broadest expanse; its greatest depth is said to be one hundred fathoms. Though situated amid the southern range of the Grampians, whose summits are, except in Midsummer, hardly ever devoid of snow, it is never known to freeze. There is a road on

both sides the Lake: the high one to Callender lies along the northern bank; the chief characteristic for the first four miles is simplicity, when the southern mountain screen opens to view, and the space beyond is filled by the huge mass of Benvoirlich (the Great Mountain of the Lake). The road, an excellent one, runs along the margin of the Loch, and on the right hand is skirted by continuous natural coppices at the basis of the mountain, which arise and extend for the distance of eight or nine miles, where they bound Loch Tay. This is the district of Glentarkin, the best moors (all in all) belonging to Drummond; and it has been the arena of the exploits of nearly all our most celebrated shots.

In hard winters and particular seasons the cock-shooting in the coppices is excellent. At the top of the Lake on the same side stands the scattered hamlet, or, more truly, skaling of Loch Earn Head. A better inn than the one which bears this denomination also there cannot be, nor a pleasanter place to the angler; for he is not alone dependent on the Loch, though it could furnish sport every day in the season. The trout at this upper end are, from the nature of the bottom and banks, of superior flavour and size; and it is certainly the best station. Boats, and men who know all the necessary points, are always ready, and the fishing is open to all comers. Like all waters, it has its days of good and bad sport; and, to insure the former, there must be rough south-west winds. Squalls in such weather often come on, and make the Loch so rough that many do not like it in a small

fishing coble; but it is during these blasts that the best fish take, and I never knew an accident or heard of one. The flies most in repute here are, yellow body of all shades, with drake's feathers of various degrees of light or dark colour to correspond, ribbed with tinsel. These are to be used lighter or darker as the colour or quantity of the water, lightness or otherwise of the clouds, and state of the wind, point out. A very killing fly here is also the red-cock—*Anglicæ*, the large gold-ribbed red palmer; but a great improvement is, as the Irish anglers term and use, to jibe it with two strands on each side (where the wings in other flies are put on) of the feather of a macaw, which is blue on one side and yellow on the other. Red body with teal's feather, gold ribbing, and black hackle, is very killing; and, though there are many varieties used, such as jay's wing, bald-coot, snipe, &c., of which the bald-coot is far the best and very killing, these will be found the standard, and quite enough for use.

As to the Libella—green and grey drake, so well known and such great killers in May both in England and Ireland—I have never seen the natural fly in this district, nor have I found the artificial one to kill even as well as those named. The anglers here know nothing of it: it is, however, generally so great a warrior, that I am induced, by the mere mention of it, to say a few words about the manner of making the artificial one. In the best shops I never saw one that could be said to be a good imitation: the feathers are *always* died yellow, which is anything but

the colour of the insect—whence *green* drake; but it is a dirty yellow green. To make anything like natural, proceed as follows:—Get a quite clean saucepan, put a lump of alum about the size of a hazel-nut into half a pint of water, and boil until dissolved; then take the feathers of a wild drake of the black and white shade required, and a handful of onion peel or husks, and let the latter be put into the pot with nearly half a pint more water: boil gently, until, by putting in white paper or a feather, you perceive a strong yellow die; then put in the feathers, and let them simmer on the weakest of the fire, or you will burn them, about from twenty minutes to half an hour: take out and dry them *gradually* before the fire. For the body, select a wheat straw of the deepest yellow you can find; this when wet will turn greenish: split a thin piece, and lay it on the hook regularly; get a strong hair round and fresh from the tail of a light chesnut horse, and rib, folding it over the joinings of the straw: take three strands of a cock-pheasant's feather for tail; and finish by winding a few turns of copper-coloured peacock's herle for head, just before the setting on of the wings. This same die is excellent for salmon hackles from a black and white cock, not touching the black, but dying the white permanently; also for pig's fur or mohair: and the alum is so strong a mordant that the water will never remove the die. I can safely say of this; try it.

I have before said that the Brother of the Angle who visits Loch Earn Head has not the Loch *only* to trust to. The Braes of

Balquhiddy, so often mentioned in Sir W. Scott's works, lie just at the back of the inn, and the Kirkton of Balquhiddy is about three miles off. In this part lies Loch Voil, out of the range of general tourists and anglers, but well worthy the visits of both. It is near five miles long and two broad. Its trout are plentiful, of a good size, and well flavored. In some parts its banks are extremely steep—in others fringed with fine ash trees. A grand vista of mountains terminates the views from this Loch, and it is on the whole, I think, superior to Loch Earn. Boats can be had at the Kirkton (church town) of Balquhiddy; and, once there, the angler, if he be a man of common curiosity, will look into the kirk (church) yard. A long moss-covered stone bears upon it the rude impress of a two-handed sword; and underneath have mouldered away the remains of Rob Roy. When I came to reside in this country, now more than twelve years since, there was an old man, a tailor by profession, and upwards of ninety, who well recollected Rob's visits to the markets or fairs of Crieff (where he represented him as coming, himself always on horseback, attended by twelve gillies (footmen) armed in the Highland fashion, and carrying long guns. Here he met all the neighbouring gentry, who attended, as tenants now do on a rent-day, to pay him black-mail, after which they *all* dined and got drunk at the inn. If any one *missed*, the gillies were put in motion, and every living thing driven off. Once an old widow at Monzie had the misfortune to have her only cow included in a *hawl*, and she at once repaired to the inn,

where she found Rob pottle-deep with the anomalous tenantry. Having stated her case, she was ordered to go and wait at a certain place, about five miles westward, where in a hollow she found the gillies and the spalzie (spoil). The night passed, and no Rob; who appeared, however, in the course of the morning, and ordered the widow to identify her cow: this the poor wretch did, and expressed herself so pathetically at once more seeing what was her best stay in this world, that it touched this strange being's heart, and he not only gave her back her own, but added to it the very finest one he had lifted. The old tailor might be the ninth part of a man, but he had mastered more than ninety winters, and, with whisky and sneeshin (snuff) before him, used to lament the degeneracy of these dull times when "there was nae siccan braw doings."

Taking the road from Loch Earn Head to Callender (a fine one), you have the incipient Teith, though not so named; and just before the romantic pass of Lenny lies Loch Lubnaig, which "supplies the Teith." It is a very good Lake for a day's sport, and boats can be had, but accommodations are indifferent. It is not out of reach, however, of Callender and Loch Earn Head, the distance between which is only fourteen miles.

To the left of this road lie still the lands of Drummond: on the right the Forest of Glen Finglass, once the greatest Royal Forest in Scotland, and still a most peculiar district: it would remind any old campaigner of his Peninsular recollections, more than anything British conceivable. The

d—d march of intellect, to use it in its hackneyed sense, has not yet scaled the barriers which surround it. Inhabited time immemorial by "Stewarts," they still retain much of the spirit of clan-ship. Benlodi is one of its proudest attractions, and here the eagle breeds and haunts in middle air. It also abounds with ptarmigan; and some years since one of these Stewarts met, while in pursuit of the latter, with a rencontre which would be anything but refreshing to some of our *sei-dissant* sportsmen, who think the slaughter of a few brace of partridge poults in a September day a feat worth talking of. On turning a crag of the rock, he observed an eagle, which, instead of soaring off, sat eying him without any signs of fear. Though only armed with small shot, he had (perhaps) the fool hardihood to fire, when the king of birds, uttering a dreadful scream, flew at him with extended claws right at his frontispiece; this well-meant return he was fortunate enough to stop with as well a directed floorer from the butt-end of his gun, and the eagle, stunned and exhausted, fell down the precipice on the north side of the mountain.

At Callender, just outside the

village, is Lord Willoughby's beautiful villa of the Roman Camp on the banks of the Teith, in which river hence downwards, until it merges into the Forth, there are more or less clean salmon every day of the year.

Towards Loch Lomond and Aberfoil, the celebrated Lochs Venachar, Achray, and Katrine, so well known from the Poem of *The Lady of the Lake*, extend in a chain, and are bounded by the land of Drummond Castle to a distance of more than thirty miles from it. Of these Lochs (though they all have trout) I shall only mention the first, that is the nearest to Callender, Loch Venachar. Its denizens are of the first quality, though scarce, cutting salmon colour and flavour, moreover firm; and if any one who may read this ever tries it, using the flies mentioned, especially the red-cock jibed, is not afraid of a rough day, and fails of sport sufficient to send him to his inn determined to verify the adage of "*dulce est decipere in Loco*"—"why then," as old Joe Munden used to sing as *Crack* in the *Turnpike Gate*, "Why then I'll be d—d," &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

April 5, 1834.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST—No. I.

BY JUAN.

"London is, in my opinion, the best place in the world to pass nine months of the year in; and I don't know anywhere you could spend the other three better!"

The late Duke of Queensberry.

SIR,

IN matters of taste or pleasure there are few, I believe, who will not allow the weight which should attach to the opinion of the Nobleman, whose well-known ob-

servation I have chosen as the motto for my Letters: and I have prefixed it also lest their somewhat paradoxical announcement might lead your readers to sup-

pose them familiar epistles from that land beyond the Western wave, whither the spirits of the bad are sent to be made perfect.

"Farewell! a word that has been, and must be,
Yet not the less the pain,"

has been said for a season to fox-hunting; the who-whoop of that noble sport will have been given before these lines meet your eye: the "moving accidents by flood and field," which ever make your volumes so full of interest for the sportsman, have yielded to the influence of "sunny realms and softer skies." I am well aware of the talent with which the great outline of your Magazine is occupied: my object in the Letters which I propose for the ensuing months of "most unwelcome ease," is merely to fill up the foreground with such traits of interest as may fall in the path of an attentive gleaner in the harvest of society. Still do not imagine I am going to put your readers to sleep over the *stale shopkeepers* of my portfolio. Thank heaven! I am not chained to my easy chair, nor to the "Bills of Mortality:" if I find game in the covert, well—if not, trust me I'll beat the open for it:

"I'll shoot, not folly, but each lark that flies,
And catch the 'pleasures' living as they rise!"

Snugly packed in my box-coat, and on the box of the "Paul Pry" Worcester, I left the Village on the evening of the 3d inst. as happy as animals are said to be in their own element, and *I was in mine: chacun à son gout!* and for a run "down the road," give me a fine night, four good prads with a light Telegraph behind them, bright lamps, a larkish

dragsman, a weed in my cheek—and that's about my notion as near as can be—

"Oh, 'tis my delight
Of a shily night."

A mutton chop at six at the Blue Posts, and a glass of negus—that is, in plain English, an apology for a dinner—had been jogging my memory a space before we reached Oxford on the subject of refreshment. I had cast from me, I think, the tip of my twentieth cigar; I had said my last civility to a spruce milliner's apprentice, who sat at my back, *en route*, as she told me, to "Tooksbury," and who had the whole of Scott's poetry by heart I believe in my conscience; my neighbour the coachman had begun to complain of my taciturnity, when, just as I had explained my situation to him, in the words of "Jack Smith" to my namesake "*Juan*,"

"I wish of all I'd like some supper now,
And then I'm with you if you're for a row,"
we pulled up at the Star. Here having fortified my inner man, we proceeded on our route; and as

"Morning around us was beaming,"
the truly amphitheatre in which Cheltenham is set as a gem opened upon us in all its beauty. How sheltered are thy soft retreats! how balmy is thy zephyr, fair Valley of Hygeia!

— "The sweet south
That breathes upon a bed of violets,
Stealing and giving odour,"

is not more exquisite than the atmosphere of this thy chosen seat! Young Goddess of the cheek of rose! here indeed art thou enshrined! Which of the countless temples that adorn thy domain contains not, at earliest matins, a worshipper bent before thee! Of all ages, sexes, and peoples, here do thy disciples

congregate. The men from farthest Indus, whose Nankin shorts, leggins, and *face to match*, proclaim his Oriental propensities, the hue of the curry speaking in his eloquent blood; whose

"Guineas they are yellow, and so are his cheeks:"

is he not of thy followers? Attenuated elderly amiabilities, with whom the crocus has supplanted

"the rose,
Fled to deck their spouse's nose:"

do they not wander at the dawn through thy leafy bowers, perchance in gentle dalliance with their lords, till anon, seized with the ardour of instant devotion, we behold them hastening to their respective shrines, and *pouring forth their oblations* in silent ecstasy? Nor are these alone thy votaries: strong and stalwart men from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," robustious rattling Galway "blazers," boys that love their liquor; here they are, and where better could they be? Is it not thy praise, fair Cheltenham, that here unscathed may be made "potations pottle deep"—

—"get very drunk, and when
You wake with head-ache you shall see
—what then?"

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
A bumper from 'Montpellier's' sparkling
spring!"

and there you are as fresh as a daisy, and fit for anything from the blue Empyrean to the hells of Pickering Place. Men of the "Imperial," have you any memory of the days that are gone? oceans of wine, plantations of tobacco, cart loads of pipes, lots of pretty girls, and a large room to swear in!—*Fuimus Troes*.

"What! smile ye at this rhapsody of
mine!
In matter 'tis a glimpse of 'Auld lang
—syne!'"

On alighting at my hotel, and the necessary toilet, and still more indispensable breakfast, achieved, I sallied forth to see and be seen. I had most unfortunately lost the Monday's steeple-chase; and I am fully aware that the "quarry" to which your attention is given rarely includes the "small deer" of Provincial Race Meetings: still, however, the folks here are not of the "Plebs" common, and there has been about the whole of this First Spring at Cheltenham something so redolent of hope to those who love the sport, that mankind must hear it; and I know no medium so well calculated for such communication to the Sporting World. Nothing could exceed the attention and anxious politeness of the Stewards, Col. Gilbert and Mr. Fulwar Craven: in fact, the Meeting owes its decided success to the exertion and experience of the Gallant Gentleman first named, who seems destined to enact the *Preux Chevalier* here à merveille, having rescued on Monday, on his return from the steeple-chase, from a watery grave, a young gentleman who was perishing before the eyes of his agonised sister: booted and spurred, in he went like a poodle, and his own feelings must be an ample reward for the risk!

All manner of disgusting cant had been spluttered by the *Mam-mons* to injure the prospects of these races. *Protests* were signed, and the devil knows what beside; but it wouldn't do—the Saints were "done brown;" and a certain Magistrate, whose name flourished in the *Protest*, appeared on the course, betted his money, and—"sarve him right"—dropped his coin handsomely! One arrangement here was worthy of every praise, and afforded an ex-

ample for imitation that I trust will not be lost sight of by "persons having authority" in all places of similar amusement. I allude to the utter banishment of "thimble rigs," and such like gentry; I did not see as much as a solitary "prick-i'-the-loop" during my visit. There was a fellow with a most cadaverous countenance, who perched himself upon a stool, and "shouted out damnation" awfully. In the middle of his anathemas, however, some one having called out from the crowd which surrounded him, "Gentlemen, look to your pockets, I've been *draw'd* of my vatch!"—*sansu qui peut* was the cry, "and we left him alone in his glory."

Having accomplished a very tolerable hackney, I cantered up to Prestbury Park as they were starting for the first race—the Tradesmen's Cup—which came off thus:

Col. Gilbert's b. g. Kilmarnock, 11st. 4lb. (Col. Gilbert)	1
Mr. L. Griffiths's br. g. Sportman, 11st. 4lb. (Capt. Jenner)	2
Mr. P. Thompson's ch. g. Sandy, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. R. Baillie)	3
Mr. Pearce's br. m. Gazelle, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Pearce)	4

Kilmarnock went off as hard as ever he could rattle, was never headed, and won like a Trojan. "Take the lead and keep it; how the devil else *would you ride*?" said the Prince of W—s to Chifney, when he asked him a rather ugly question in the hearing of a third person at Newmarket. This seems the Gallant Colonel's notion, and not a bad one either.

Next came the Berkeley Hunt Stakes, with only two customers—

Col. Gilbert's re. g. Conrad, 11st. 4lb. (Col. Gilbert)	1
Mr. Lucas's Harlequin, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Capt. Jenner)	2

Here again the Colonel was the bull in the china shop; for which most unsentimental comparison I ask his pardon.

The Whip brought a field of five—thus:

Mr. W. W. Bryer's ch. m. Camilla, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Brown)	1
Col. Gilbert's bl. g. Cantab, 12st. 11lb. (Col. Gilbert)	2
Mr. Fulwar Craven's The Ghost, 11st. 10lb. (Hon. J. Dutton)	3
Capt. Jenner's gr. m. Race, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. R. Baillie)	-
Mr. G. W. Stevenson's b. m. Isabella, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. Stevenson)	-

This was a pretty thing: Camilla went off like her namesake, flying. In the bottom the Colonel made a struggle for the honor of the "gown," and brought Cantab alongside the damsel, and at the end it seemed doubtful—some people said he won, some called it a dead heat; but the Judge, whose opinion is the only one of *value*, decided that the mare won by a "*nastril*."

The Ladies' Silver Cup ended *thus of course*—

Col. Gilbert's Conrad, aged, 12st. (Col. Gilbert)	1
Mr. D'Oyley's b. g. Windrush, 11st. 7lb. (Hon. J. Dutton)	2
"None but the brave deserve the fair!"	

The Forced Handicap:

Mr. F. Craven's Ghost, 6 yrs, 11st. 10lb. (Hon. J. Dutton)	0 1
Mr. W. W. Bryer's Camilla, 6 yrs, 12st. 7lb. (Mr. Bacher)	0 2
Col. Gilbert's Kilmarnock, 6 yrs, 11st. 10lb. (Col. Gilbert)	3
Col. Gilbert's Royalist, 3 yrs, 10st. 6lb. (Mr. Cromwellin)	4

The first was a dead heat; but Mr. Dutton, who, fortunately for Mr. Craven, "*did not give up the ghost*," contrived to win the second for him by a trifle: in these matters an inch is as good as a mile.

Need I add, that fashion and beauty graced this scene of attraction, and that to witness such was indeed a gratification to your obedient servant,

JUAN,

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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ABERYSTWITH.

ITS RAPID RISE—THE RACES—FISHING CLUB—THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE
—PONTYRWHYDD—PEN-Y-BONT—GROUSE—DECLINE OF SPORT
IN ENGLAND.

SIR,

NO place has risen more rapidly in public estimation, and none more deservedly, than this little town. To the general sportsman it offers advantages peculiarly its own; to him of "the gentle craft" it is the "El Dorado" of the imagination; and the Ystwith and the Rhydol are inducements for a sojourn equalled in no other part of Wales.

A few years since, and Aberystwith was comparatively unknown—its streets were narrow and dirty, its inns indifferent and second-rate; the arrival of a post-chaise was an important event; the entrance of a private carriage an epoch from which future occurrences were dated; and a public conveyance, with the solitary exception of the weekly coach during the summer months, was unknown. At the present day the two hotels are unrivalled: in the season splendid equipages whirl through the streets; and, although locomotion has not attained the perfection it has elsewhere, Aberystwith boasts of excellent public conveyances communicating with all parts of the kingdom: its races have become the best attended and most celebrated in the Principality: its assemblies and archery meetings have acquired the patronage of the neighbouring beauty and fashion; and hospitality, the virtue for which Wales has ever been proverbial, is practised by the resident gentry with undiminished liberality.

To the sportsman (a two or

three months' sojourn in July, August, and September) Aberystwith offers inducements possessed by the vicinity of no other town in the kingdom. The races usually take place in one of these months; salmon-fishing is at its perfection; grouse-shooting on the neighbouring mountains, with some labour, is tolerably good, together with excellent partridge-shooting; and, to add to the joyousness of the feelings, the season of the visitors is then at its highest.

The event at all times looked forward to with the greatest interest is the race-week. To the fostering influence of Mr. Price of Goggerddan, M.P. for the late borough, their present high character may be attributed. For many years, in conjunction with Colonel Powell of Nanteos, Capt. Lloyd, Major Williams of Castle Hill, Matthew Davies, Esq. of Tan-y-bwlch, and other Gentlemen of the county, Mr. Price has uniformly lent them his warmest support; and the town at these seasons presents one continued scene of gaiety and festivity equalled by few similar meetings.

Aberystwith at one period boasted its Fishing Club, of which most of the influential Gentry of the county were members; it is now, however, defunct. The remembrances of the hilarity and good feeling of which it was productive are, notwithstanding, yet cherished. Much of this doubtless was effected by one individual; and, as is too frequently the case, when that individual retires

a general break-up is the consequence. Captain Attree, by his suavity of manner and great good humour, contributed long to keep the Club together; and the Aberystwithians, not to shew themselves insensible to the Gallant Officer's merits, or ungrateful in the recompense, on each return of the season, and reappearance of their favorite, rewarded him with promotion until he had attained the highest rank in the service—that of a General Officer—when, having realised the acme of his desires, as many celebrated men have done before, to the regret of all he retired. Hence the dissolution of the Club, a circumstance deeply lamented, as it contained the germs of everything tending to promote a good understanding and convivial society.

Situated at the mouths of the two rivers Ystwith and Rhydol, nothing can be more favorable for the angler than the position of Aberystwith; added to which there are numerous streams in the vicinity abounding in the finest fish. One of the most favored excursions is to the "Devil's Bridge," fishing with the stream back to Aberystwith. In this little trip the beauty of the scenery is rarely exceeded, and from many points it is exquisite—Plinlimmon, and the sea on either hand, the river meandering through the valley over its rocky bed, joined at intervals by tributary streams, rushing in white foam from the adjacent crags, whilst mountains in every direction bound the view.

Mr. Price has recently erected a capital inn at Pontyrwhydd, and this, from the excellence of the accommodations, has of late become also a favorite excursion. Contiguous to the house is an ex-

cellent stream, and in the immediate vicinity several others; so that the angler making the inn his head-quarters may in the season lay his account to good sport, as the trout are most numerous, rarely disturbed, and of the very finest description. One great point is gained in Wales—the *honest* angler may ever be secure that he may pursue his avocation without "let or hindrance." Another point, also not less favorable, is, that the little inns, being accustomed to such guests throughout the season, are in some degree prepared for them in the *larder*—not always the case in England.

With those devoted to the sport a walk to Pen-y-bont is not considered too great an effort. On the route numerous streams are to be found, and the little inn on the banks of the Severn affords every facility to the sportsman. The most pleasing feature in excursions of this kind is the almost affectionate welcome with which the angler is everywhere received—the rod and basket are his passport. There is in this part of Wales scarcely a town without a river, or a village without a stream, and at every point he meets a brother of "the craft;" some locality in the neighbourhood is recommended to his attention; a hint as to the fly most killing at the moment; and the stranger bids him adieu with best wishes for success.

In a country where sport of every kind may be said to be indigenous, and every man a sportsman of no mean degree, it may be considered invidious to point out any individual as excelling his peers; yet if it may be permitted to pay a tribute to real worth, and accord the *palmarum qui meruit ferat* to any one as a

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FLY FISHING. SCENE ON THE DARENTH.

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sportsman, that individual would be Captain Davis of Criggie—good at sport of all kind. As a shot and true disciple of the “gentle Izaak,” he was in his day unrivalled. Mr. John Davis of Tan-y-bwlch might also be mentioned, particularly for his judgment in riding to hounds; but as we purpose offering a few remarks on the Nimrods of Cardiganshire in a future paper, we defer anything further till then.

Grouse are tolerably plentiful at the commencement of the season. Lord Lisburne’s hills are considered the best stocked. The Hon. Mr. Vaughan is esteemed a good sportsman, and tolerably liberal. Perhaps the best sport is to be found about four miles from Hafod, recently become the property of the Duke of Newcastle. His Grace may fairly do here “what he pleases with his own;” in many parts he will meet with little interruption—he *has* purchased it.

“Wherever you go, it is Almack’s and St. James’s Street, the *coterie* of a few London drawing-rooms*.” This is the remark of an able writer of the present day. To the honor of Wales, it is in no degree applicable to its gentry; in no other part of the world are the rights of hospitality more liberally maintained. The freest intercourse is preserved, and with the happiest results; and the stranger of character at all times meets with the reception to

be expected from such a community. Further, that connecting link which once bound the landlord and his tenantry elsewhere together, is in old Wales yet unbroken. The Welsh Gentleman is generally a resident, and takes an interest in promoting the welfare of his inferiors; and, amongst other things, the manly sports and amusements are not forgotten, frequently at the present day too much neglected in “merry England.” Merry England!..... alas! where is merry England?—where are the sports and pastimes that once obtained for her this enviable appellation? Of all the old sports one only remains in much practice—CRICKET; and even that, from many circumstances, is far beyond the reach of that class whose greatest enjoyment it once constituted. The rest are fled.....let us hope not for ever! Who is he that hath attained a middle age that cannot recal from his youth some traces of the “merriment of the olden time?” Where are the morris-dancers—the May-day revels—the festivities of the harvest home? The first are a race extinct; the second are no more; and the droves of “the finest peasantry under the sun,” who annually overrun this country, have hastened the abolition of the latter. The old pastimes belong to and are the reminiscences of a past age, of bye-gone days, and it is no longer merry England! ☿.

* Vide *Blackwood* for January 1834.

FLY-FISHING ON THE DARENTH.

Painted and Engraved by SMITH.

THE River Darenth takes its rise in the parish of Westerham, Kent, at a small distance

southward from Squiries (the seat of John Ward, Esq. of sporting fame), and having supplied

the grounds of it, runs along near the south side of the town, and having turned a mill, it takes its course north-east, and in about half a mile passes by Hill Park towards Brasted. Two small tributary streams join it, one flowing through the grounds of Hill Park, the other arising on the northern side of Brasted. After leaving this village it passes through the grounds of Combe-bank, once the seat of Lord Frederick Campbell, but now of Lord Templemore. The late Mrs. Garrick being on a visit to Combe-bank, Lord F. was conducting her through the grounds, which are very beautiful, and had no doubt promised Mrs. G. a view of the Darenth in a tone and manner calculated to raise the lady's expectations of seeing a magnificent river. His Lordship, after shewing his guest the beauties of the place, handed her over a plank that crossed a stream; "and now, Mrs. Garrick," said this worthy Nobleman, "you see the river Darenth."—"The Darenth!" exclaimed the lady; "if I was a river I would not run in such a ditch!"—However contemptuously Mrs. Garrick spoke of this stream, the lover of fly-fishing cannot with justice do so. She expected to have seen "streamers waving in the wind;" but the angler would rather see the graceful reed or drooping willow lave through the rippled surface of a trout stream.

The Darenth, after leaving Combe-bank, passes Chipstead, crosses the Seven Oaks road at

Riverhead, and so on to Otford, once a place of some consequence, but now an insignificant village*. The stream between Riverhead and Otford is beautiful, having that desirable essential of deep and shallow water in succession, and being partially studded with alders and willow pollards, that overhang its capricious and pretty winding banks. When Mr. John Nash lived at Bradbourn, this part of the stream was full of trout, although his kindness permitted any of his neighbours to throw a fly as their pleasure suited. The text of old Izaak, speaking of trout, says, "I know a brook in Kent that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but *none* greater than about the size of a gudgeon." The quantity taken in so short a time makes one think this is the stream he alludes to, but the "*none*" is an opponent to that inference, as a great many fine fish are taken in this stream. From Otford it passes Shoreham through the grounds of Lullingstone, the seat of the Master of the West Kent Hounds, and so on to Dartford, and empties itself into the Thames at Long-reach. The Darenth may truly be called a trout stream, as it seldom holds any other fish, and the few that are in are stragglers from some pond on its margin. Eels must be excepted, which are numerous and fine, and are found mostly at the heads of the mills.

S.

* The "Plain of Otford" figures in history as the place of two famous battles: the first fought in the year 773, between Offa, King of Mercia, and Aldric, King of Kent; Offa gained the victory. The other battle was fought in 1016, when Edmund, surnamed Ironside, defeated Canute, the Danish King, with great slaughter. The fields are here full of the remains of those slain in these battles. Offa, in 791, gave Otford to the Church of Canterbury. The palace was rebuilt by Archbishop Warham, excepting the hall and chapel, at the expense of 30,000l.—a large sum at that time. The Archbishop here entertained Henry VIII. several times, most likely on his way to Hever.

A FEW WORDS FROM MR. GEORGE GOOLD, OF SWAFFHAM, TO RINGWOOD, IN REPLY TO HIS REMARKS ON NORFOLK HORSES.

MR. EDITOR,

Swaffham, March 26.

I Am perfectly aware of the disparity under which I must labour in contending with a writer of such popular talents as RINGWOOD undoubtedly displays in some of his descriptions of subjects relating to sporting: he is moreover fortified by another and most decided advantage—that of concealing his real name (but of which I scorn to avail myself): he can fire right and left from a masked battery, and securely enjoy the high satisfaction of killing and maiming at pleasure: he can chuckle at the confusion and mischief that he sometimes creates, and all the while take as especial care of his own carcass as did the redoubtable *Falstaff* of old.

As was before said, I am fully conscious that writing is not my province, and I am also equally certain that if RINGWOOD did not gain more by his pen than I do, "his occupation would very soon be gone," and we should never hear of his volunteering so many of his "humble lucubrations for the perusal of the young ones." If, however, he will only suffer me to remain unmolested, I still hope to be able to obtain a good living by the sale even of "Norfolk trotting brutes;" and I promise him never to stir a single inch out of my way to make any unprovoked attack either upon his conduct, or his "lucubrations," or (I had almost said) the dishonourable security that is too frequently attached to a fictitious name.

It is not my present object, Mr.

Editor, in addressing you, to make any comments on the general contents of RINGWOOD's letter in your last Number (February), only so far as I feel myself implicated by his unkind insinuations: this task I consign to some of your more talented Correspondents; and for them it remains to discuss the "Comparative Merits, &c."—RINGWOOD there says, that "the late Sir Harry Goodricke was for the most part furnished in horseflesh by a Norfolk horse-dealer." All this is very true, and true it is also that "George Goold of Swaffham" was the person in question. It is, moreover, equally true, that Sir Harry was "one of the few who dared to have an opinion of his own:" he possessed too (what is a much more rare and valuable qualification) a sound off-hand judgment; and upon which I always found that he not only could, but "dared" to act promptly and judiciously: and if you will permit me to offer my testimony, I cannot refrain from saying, that I never before met with any individual (and more particularly a Gentleman of such rank) who was so much the man of business in his transactions, so quick in his discernment, and so successful in his selection. But it seems, as RINGWOOD will have it, that if any other person of "less calibre" had gone and bought a thousand Norfolk horses, "the county alone would have been enough to have damned them all as to Leicestershire pretensions!" We will therefore pur-

sue this subject a little farther; and, in order to see that RINGWOOD's assertions are not at all times entitled to implicit credit, mention one or two Norfolk Gentlemen (though perhaps of "minor calibre") who have exhibited horses in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, and with some pretensions too: and without presuming to affirm that every horse was actually bred in that county, it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that most of them were *natives, and first trained there as hunters*. Richard Gurney, Esq. had four horses at one time, which were all brought up in Norfolk—viz., Sober Robin, Clinker, Pioneer, and a chesnut mare. Sober Robin, rode by Mr. Gurney (19 $\frac{1}{2}$ st.) in *Leicestershire*, after a run of fifty minutes, jumped a gate hanging to him on a bridge, which only one horse besides (out of a field of one hundred) did, and that was Sir Chas. Knightly on Mariner. Sir Francis Burdett offered a thousand guineas for him, which was refused.—Clinker, rode also by Mr. Gurney the same season in *Northamptonshire*, was one out of only five horses up, of a field of two hundred, after a run of one hour and fifty minutes, killing their fox in the canal near Harborough: the other four riders were on their second horses. Ah, poor Clinker! you too was a "Norfolk trotting brute!"—Pioneer also was an extraordinary horse, bred in the adjoining county, but reared and trained in Norfolk, and for which Mr. Gurney refused 500l. — The chesnut mare also possessed the most valuable qualifications as a huntress.—The late Mr. Philip Hamond kept a most superior

stad of Norfolk horses, which were more particularly known in Northamptonshire. Also the late Mr. Caldwell, of Hilbro', who was never to be easily beaten. The present Mr. Burroughes, who formerly hunted with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, was also noted for his valuable hunters. It would be tedious to particularize; but these, among many other instances which could be enumerated, would go some way to establish the "pretensions" of the despised Norfolk machinists.

In my intercourse with sporting characters (and many of them have been in the constant habit of riding up to hounds in *Leicestershire*), I have frequently heard this remark made—"that if a horse could only go in Norfolk, he could go in any county;" and this observation I am anxious to endeavour to justify. Within a circle of ten miles from this place I could select "ten trotting brutes," all horse-flesh furnished from my stables, and now metamorphosed into hunters for the "amusement" of their different owners, but for which from two thousand five hundred to three thousand pounds would be refused.

Very likely, says RINGWOOD; and what after all does this prove? price affords no argument: "in the stable of John So-and-so they would be nothing but vulgar brutes!" Be it so: RINGWOOD, if he is master of a horse, would like to feel such "between his knees," and would be amongst the very first (as these Gentlemen also do) to estimate their value by their known *qualifications as hunters*, and not because, from a sudden gust of fashion, they "had six inches more hair on their

tails" than those which had already "gone through the mill," and had only been a little longer out of the dealer's hands.

I find, Mr. Editor, that I am much better winded than I had any notion of, and am also like the women, who, when they write letters, generally contrive to include the main points in the last sentence or postscript. In the absence of more convincing argument, I propose now (as the man somewhere mentioned in *The Spectator* did) to resort to the following challenge.

I have at this time in my possession four horses (or "brutes," as RINGWOOD would call them), which I am prepared to match against any four that he may select, subject to these terms, and to similar conditions. The four to which I refer are now *bona fide* my own property, and the terms are these. The first horse to carry myself, 19st. 7lb.; the second, my brother, 12st. 7lb.; the third and fourth, the Norfolk huntsman and whip, 12st. each. It is therefore required that RINGWOOD should produce four horses belonging to, or to be found

at this time in, the same stable and establishment, which shall carry equal weights, viz.: four miles over Norfolk, and the same distance over Leicestershire, FOR ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS!

I do not exactly know what to infer from the term "Norfolk couper," but I should fear that it carries an opprobrious reference to myself: nevertheless, in order to manifest that I entertain no hostility towards RINGWOOD, I, the aforesaid "Norfolk couper," do hereby, heart and hand, invite RINGWOOD to come over to Swaffham, and make my house his head-quarters during his stay; and he will then have an opportunity (and I should think it will be the first) of seeing for himself, and forming an accurate opinion of the "county," and the "pretensions" of the horses, hounds, and riders: and that he may be enabled to do this more effectually, I also promise to mount him upon one of my "trotting brutes," who shall not disgrace such a rider and so accurate a judge.

I remain, Mr. Editor, very respectfully, yours, &c.

GEORGE GOOLD.

DEATH OF OCTAVIAN.

SIR,

IT must ever be an object of considerable importance to the sportsman, the breeder, and every admirer of that noble and generous animal, the pride of our nation, "the Horse," to have the exact data of the demise of every animal, who, by the excellence of his performance or the rich vein of his blood, is considered worthy of being preserved among the breeding studs of the nation,

placed upon an imperishable record; because such a register has for its object the prevention of fraud, by placing a barrier before the unprincipled, who, without such a record, would no doubt be found not unfrequently manufacturing pedigrees by wholesale to suit their profit and advantage. The General Stud Book professes this aim to be its object; and who can but say such an object is very

greatly realised by its publication! With a similar object, I have from time to time furnished you with some notice of the deaths of such celebrated horses and mares as have dropped around that circumscribed circle amid which I am destined to wander; and being a few days ago in the neighbourhood of Lancaster, where I knew was placed, and remember to have seen that, winner of the Leger, OCTAVIAN, of course amid the inquiries after old friends and sporting faces the horse was not forgotten: but the reply was, "he is now under the turf!" and as I have seen no notice of the event, I send you this short scrawl concerning his birth, parentage, and demise, as a memorial due to his name.

OCTAVIAN was bred by a Mr. Crosier, who resided at that time at Hummanby, near Scarbrough, a speculator in the foreign trade for the sale of horses, and who then had a sort of partnership or connection with a Mr. Allison, a blacksmith, in Tanner-street, Scarbrough, a person famous as the owner and runner of leather-platers. Allison had purchased OCTAVIAN's dam of the late well-known Mr. John Peverill, of the Black Lion Hotel, Stockton, a celebrated breeder of blood horses and cocks, whose attested pedigree of the Oberon mare, in his own hand writing, I have now in my possession. Allison, in his partnership with Crosier, sold the mare to him; and Stripling then being the property of Allison, and stationed at Scarbrough, the mare was put to him in the spring of 1806, from which was produced the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger in 1810. Scarbrough then, as it is yet, was the resort during

the blooming months of summer of considerable crowds of fashionables, &c., including Nobility as well as merchants, and not a few of the fair, who hither repaired to renovate their charms by the bracing breezes of the Ocean, or from repeated ablutions in its briny waves. About the period of OCTAVIAN's being foaled the present honored and respected Duke of Leeds was a frequent visitor at this favorite watering place, possessing at that time an estate at Seamer in the neighbourhood, which he some few years after sold. During one of these visits the Duke was taking an airing, and his attention was attracted, on passing a field, to a man guiding a mare in a plough, and a colt foal, some few weeks old, following at her side. The appearance of the young one being in the eyes of the Noble Duke promising, he stopped to make some inquiries about him, and, ascertaining he was thoroughbred, instantly bargained with his owner for the foal, and I believe afterwards purchased the dam. Thus accidentally was OCTAVIAN placed in the road that led to his future fame, where otherwise he might not improbably have been destined to join in the joys of the Chase, or have sailed on the "open sea," and shewn his goodness on a foreign shore.

His parentage shews him to have possessed as much, if not more, of the Eclipse blood than perhaps any other horse now existing, and in very close crosses. His sire was Stripling (a son of Phenomenon), his dam by Oberon, his grandam by Ranthos, own Brother to Pumpkin, &c.; his great great grandam by Sir Charles Turner's Sweepstakes;

his great great grandam Sister to Hutton's Old Careless*, by Spot—Fox Cub—Coneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Hutton's Royal Colt—Byerley Turk—Bustler.

Thus we see that OCTAVIAN possessed a more than ordinary portion of the Eclipse blood, from Stripling, Oberon, and Phenomenon, who were each out of Eclipse mares—viz., Laura, Queen Mab, and Frenzy.

PERFORMANCES.

On reaching the proper age he was placed in His Grace's training stables, then under the management and direction of the late well-known Frank Jordan, and was first introduced by him to the public gaze at Catterick Bridge Meeting 1810, on Thursday, April 26, for a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for colts and fillies then rising three years old—two miles: but although he retained a respectable character, he sustained defeat, coming only second to the late Sir Wm. Gerard's Corderoy, and beating in the race Lord Strathmore's Corrector, Brother to Benedict, Mr. Shaftoe's b. c. by Shuttle out of Driver's dam, Mr. Cock's b. c. Occator (afterwards Offa's Dyke), Sir John Lawson's b. c. Rovedino, Mr. J. Crompton's ch. c. Percy, Mr. Peirse's gr. c. Memorandum, Mr. Morley's b. f. by Stride, dam by Pipator, and Mr. Brandling's b. c. Nota Bene:—5 and 6 to 4 agst Corrector, and 5 to 2 agst Corderoy.

His next appearance was at York August Meeting, on Saturday, August the 28th, when he (rode by Benjamin Smith) won the Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10 ft., for three-year-olds, one mile and three quarters, beating very easy Mr. Peirse's b. f. Florette and Mr. A. B. Hodgson's b. c. Woodman:—5 to 4 on OCTAVIAN.

At this time, although he was the favorite and won his race cleverly, his

four heels were in a dreadful state from very bad sand-cracks; and I well remember, that, after the Meeting, it was deemed advisable not to travel him home to his training ground, and consequently he remained at Smallwood's stables at Middlethorp, near the York Course, and where he had stood during the Races, until the Doncaster Meeting, where he appeared with the same sore, if not worse, feet. Although labouring under this great disadvantage and consequent lameness, he, however, possessed abilities to achieve a victory that crowned his name with fame and celebrity in the annals of the Turf, by carrying away the Great Prize, the Doncaster St. Leger, in which race he beat Major Wheatley's b. c. Recollection (second), Sir Wm. Gerard's b. f. Oriana (third), Major Wheatley's b. c. Sir Marinell (fourth), Sir Wm. Gerard's gr. f. Atalanta by Delpini, Mr. Barlow's b. c. Pope by Shuttle (afterwards called Shuttle Pope), Mr. Garforth's gr. c. Albion by Delpini out of Rosalind, and Mr. Morrey's br. c. by Sir Oliver, dam by Revenge:—5 to 4 agst Oriana, 7 to 2 agst Recollection, 8 to 1 agst Albion, 12 to 1 agst OCTAVIAN, and 100 to 6 agst Sir Marinell: 7 to 4 on Oriana and Recollection agst the field. The contest brought out a most beautiful struggle between the two favorites, Oriana and Recollection, until near the Stand, when the veteran Clift came up on OCTAVIAN, passed both, and won uncommonly easy.

After the race His Grace of Leeds went up to Old Clift and inquired why he won so very far; to which Clift replied, that he deemed it dangerous to pull a horse with such bad heels (which bled profusely) out of the pace he was going lest he might stop—a reason which appeared to satisfy the Noble Duke.

On Wednesday in the same Meeting, he walked over for the Gascoigne Stake of 100gs. each, 30gs. ft. (seven subs.), St. Leger Course.

* The pedigree of Hutton's Old Careless has, I believe, never before appeared in print. This pedigree of him I have obtained from some MS. pedigrees of the late Mr. Wm. Pick (of York), which are now in my possession.

The following year (1811), at York August Meeting, on Monday, August 19 (rode by John Jackson), he won a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each (12 subs.), four miles, beating full two lengths Mr. T. Duncombe's Ceres and Lord Milton's Cervantes:—11 to 10 on Cervantes, 11 to 8 agst OCTAVIAN, and 7 to 4 agst Ceres, who made the running until near home, when OCTAVIAN came up and won easy.

His next appearance was at Doncaster, for the Fitzwilliam Stake, in which he was destined to encounter defeat from perhaps one of the best two-year-olds that ever trod upon an English course—I mean the late Mr. Garforth's ches. colt by Camillus, his dam by Ruler out of Treecreeper, which was sold soon after the race to Ireland for a great sum, and was afterwards named Oiseau, and became celebrated as a stallion, being sire of Rowton and several other English and Irish horses. The young one, to the admiration and astonishment of all, won in a common canter, beating a field of six others.

At the same Meeting, on Thursday, September 26 (rode by Sam Barnard), he won a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each (seven subs.), four miles, beating, though with some difficulty, the Duke of Hamilton's Ashton and Mr. T. Duncombe's Ceres:—6 to 4 on Ashton, and 2 to 1 agst OCTAVIAN.

On Wednesday, August 26, 1832, at the York August Meeting (rode by S. Barnard), he won one of the three Great Subscription Purses, value 233l. 15s., for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, beating Mr. Hodgson's Woodman, Lord Milton's Amadis, and Mr. Clifton's Roderick Dhu:—13 to 8 on Octavian, 4 to 1 agst Woodman, and 4 to 1 agst Amadis.—The race was an exemplification of the assertion advanced in the Old Ballad, that

"Misfortunes but seldom come single 'tis plain;"

for when about a mile from home, Clift, who rode Amadis, broke a stirrup, and soon after Roderick Dhu did still worse, for he broke down.

The next and last time of his starting

was at Doncaster, on Thursday, September 24, for the Sweepstakes of 25gs. each (7 subs.), four miles, which he won cleverly (rode by W. Clift); beating Sir M. M. Sykes's b. c. Sir Malagagi, Lord Darlington's br. c. Amadis de Gaul, and Mr. T. Duncombe's b. f. Phantom:—6 to 4 agst Sir Malagagi, 2 to 1 agst Amadis de Gaul, and 5 to 2 agst OCTAVIAN.

He was then put to the stud, and was stationed at Oran Farm, near Catterick, at the low price of six guineas and a half, from the season of 1814 to 1819 (in which year Antonio won the St. Leger): he was then advanced to twelve guineas and a half, and continued at Oran till 1822. The Duke of Leeds then sold him to Mr. James Ferguson of Catterick, where he remained at ten guineas for mares until the great sale of Mr. Ferguson's stud at Catterick Bridge, on Thursday, December 22, 1825, when he was sold to Mr. Bradshaw of Houghton Haugh, near Lancaster, in whose possession he remained some years, covering in the town and neighbourhood of Lancaster.

Another sale of Blood Stock (belonging to Mr. Bradshaw) brought OCTAVIAN once more to the hammer, when he was purchased by a Mr. Cox, a wine merchant at Lancaster, who afterwards transferred him by gift to Mr. Worthington of the Sun Inn, Ulverston, where he died in the month of November last, at the age of twenty-six years.

I believe, during these latter years of his life, he obtained but few mares, and proved to his owner more a source of taxation than profit, which may be attributed perhaps to the country in which he was stationed—that sublime district among the splen-

did mountains and lakes of West-
moreland and Cumberland—a
country

“ Ever charming, ever new—

When will the landscape tire the view ?

The fountain's fall, the river's flow,

The woody valley warm and low ;

The windy summit wild and high,

Roughly rushing on the sky ;

The pleasant seat, the sacred tower,

The naked rock, the shady bower.”

But these beauties, where good

land is absent, do not compose a
spot propitious for the breeding
of blood horses, and consequently
but few brood mares are retained
in that district.

The following is a list of the
several winners of OCTAVIAN'S
get, shewing the year in which
each was foaled, the number of
prizes each has won, and the
value of each horse's winnings:—

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Name and Owner.</i>	<i>Prizes.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1815	Hornby, Duke of Queensberry's	3.....	£180 0 0
	Octaviana, Duke of Leeds's	3.....	525 0 0
	Joker, Mr. Booth's	3.....	152 5 0
	Bay Mare, Mr. James's	1.....	63 0 0
1816	Antonio, Mr. J. Ferguson's—(including the Doncaster St. Leger)	6.....	1756 5 0
	Pecunia, Mr. Stewart's	13.....	848 1 0
1818	Champaigne, Mr. J. Ferguson's	4.....	302 0 0
	Brown Colt, dam by Bay Trophonius, Mr. Barrett's	1.....	50 0 0
	Chestnut Colt out of Miss Blanche's dam, Mr. Howard's	2.....	262 10 0
	Jonathan, Mr. J. Ferguson's	6.....	614 5 0
	Miss Wilks, Mr. Robinson's	3.....	134 0 0
	Northern Light, Mr. Frankland's	1.....	50 0 0
1819	Bay Filly out of Miss Cliffe, Duke of Leeds's	1.....	157 10 0
	Harriot, Mr. Frankland's	1.....	63 0 0
	Tuberoose, Mr. Alderson's	1.....	52 10 0
	Brother to Antonio, Lord Darlington's	11.....	1053 0 0
1820	North Star, Mr. J. Ferguson's	7.....	523 0 0
	Sir Anthony, Mr. J. Ferguson's	2.....	100 0 0
1821	Nobe, Mr. Heathcote's	1.....	125 0 0
	North Briton, Mr. J. Ferguson's—(besides the two horses).....	10.....	657 10 0
	Mountaineer, Mr. J. Ferguson's	1.....	84 0 0
	Equity (afterwards Happy Jack), Mr. T. Peirce's	3.....	220 0 0
	Don Antonio, Mr. Skipsy's	9.....	482 10 0
1822	Bay Filly, Sister to Equity, Mr. J. Ferguson's	4.....	230 0 0
	Cymbeline, Mr. Ferguson's	3.....	270 0 0
	Purity, Lord Kelburne's	9.....	885 11 8
1823	Garcia, Lord Muncaster's	6.....	1630 0 0
	John o' Gaunt, Mr. Wilkinson's	1.....	50 0 0
1824	Duchess of Lancaster, Mr. Wilkinson's	5.....	305 0 0
1825	Gameboy, Mr. Darnall's	18.....	1190 0 0
1826	Stottforth, Mr. Darnall's	7.....	630 0 0
1828	Chestnut Colt out of Splinter-bar's dam, Mr. Bradshaw's	1.....	26 5 0
Unknown.	Randolph, Mr. Harrison's	1.....	42 0 0

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Ebor, March 27, 1834.

A RIGMAROLE.

IT is curious, and not otherwise than amusing, Mr. Editor, to observe the different changes and fashions that every age has given rise to in the manner and form of horse furniture, harness, saddles, bridles, &c. &c. The collection of military curiosities which has so recently passed under the property-converting hammer of Mr. George Robins, afforded some curious specimens of the manner in which horses used formerly (I mean in the days of Chivalry) to be laden with cart-loads of iron. Conceive a horse out of your stable caparisoned with a huge piece of jointed steel denominated a manepiece, extending from the poll down the mane to the withers, and lapping over on either side so as entirely to conceal the neck; a plate of steel, or brass, called a champein, covering the front of the face, with openings for the ears and nostrils; add to this a bridle cumbrous in the extreme, no end of leather, half a dozen chains, and a curb a foot long in the cheek; a high huge saddle, ponderous stirrups, crupper, and all the *etcetera*, *quæ nunc prescribere longum est*: put on his back a portly rider, steel to the teeth, with sword, axe, mace, &c. &c. and you have before you a picture of what the horses used to undergo in the time of old Harry the Eighth, and which cannot be better described than in the words of Scott, when he speaks of William of Deloraine, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—

‘For he was steel from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail.”

If we consider the circum-

stances of the case, we cannot, I think, but come to the conclusion that the horses who had to undergo this enormous encumbrance could never have been capable of half that agility which is now absolutely necessary for the military evolutions of our modern troopers. Strong backs must indeed have been at a premium; and the truly awful spurs which were then worn attest the fact that the steeds must have been slow and heavy, and not free from that sluggishness which marks the movements of horses that partake of the cart breed. Flanders and Norman horses were then almost universally in use. The Normans of the present day, from their flat sides and long legs, are, I should think, much more fit for the carriage than for welter weights; and what I have seen of the Flemings enables me to speak anything but favorably: those I have known have been invariably clumsy and heavy with strength, and sluggish and sullen without courage or spirit. So that we have either the alternative of supposing that the Flemish and Norman horses have degenerated very much, or else that the Knights were carried very badly: and the latter conclusion is, I think, the best founded of the two.

When we read of tournaments, and jousts, and tiltings at full speed, it goes down very well: our imagination is excited by the contemplation of the stirring scene, and, measuring the speed of their horses by our own, we are lost in admiration at the desperate daring of the men, and the feats of activity that are per-

formed by their steeds; or, as they are floweryly denominated,

"The noble chargers of black, white, or sorrel."

No wonder the nags were tractable; the weight they had to carry was enough to tame them—there was no room for play or vicious tricks—and he must have been a horse of no common bone and sinew who could throw up his heels under so overwhelming a burden. The charging pace must have been a slow, heavy gallop or canter; and if we bring down things to that standard, there can have been no great occasion for the excessive address and agility of the Knights. Their horses were no doubt highly trained; and at the pace they must have gone, the exactness of their lance's aim must have been a feat much less worthy of admiration than that of *touching a fly off a near leader*.

I am always glad to bring forward these speculations when people affect to groan about the decay of Chivalry, and all that sort of thing; for, in my humble opinion, modern fox-hunting is worth all the tournaments in the world.

No one will deny that much better horses are required; the men are unincumbered, and every bit as good in other respects; and greater skill and agility is absolutely necessary both in man and horse, than were required in chivalric pursuits, which were all very well in their way, inasmuch as they brought to light, and polished highly, that fair jewel—Honor! and paved the way for the introduction of civilisation and the Arts.

I will therefore not quarrel with Chivalry (*though not because*

I am afraid of being called to account for so doing), but will content myself by praising the chivalry of our own times, namely, Fox-hunting, with a hope that it may last longer than its predecessor, and not be brought to a check by those inventions, brought forth by the Devil, or the *Shopocracy*, viz., Rail-roads, and which are threatening to convert the fair fields of our agricultural districts of England into one great stinking manufacturing town; to consign hounds and horses to his Satanic Majesty; and to turn huntsmen and whippers-in into unwashed operatives, and members of those enlightened bodies, Trades Unions!!

In every sort of harness and horse accoutrements simplicity is now the order of the day. Breeching has departed from the hind quarters of all our crack coach horses; bearing reins are exploded from gigsters; snaffles are coming into fashion as fast as possible; and blinkers appear to be going to go. Yet methinks it will take some time before we of this generation can persuade ourselves to ride on a coach where the tits are driven in snaffles. That sort of bit is all very well for a trusty gig horse, with which a man is well acquainted, but it will never go down with coaches. On the Continent they seldom drive with anything else; but it must be borne in mind that their horses are a very very different sort of animal to ours. Our coach horses are now so well bred that the attempt to drive with the snaffle would be hazardous in the extreme.

In the hunting field everything is elegance and simplicity: cruppers have been defunct for years,

and everybody short of a Two-penny-post-boy would be ashamed to wear one. It is true *breast plates* are worn, but they are a *trifle* different in form, and are not worn *quite* for the same purpose as breast plates of yore were wont to be; they have dwindled down from the original breast plate, in about the same proportion as the gorget of an Officer in the Guards of the present day has degenerated from the gorget of a pikeman of the sixteenth century.

Every day brings a change; but after bearing reins, breeching, blinkers, and curbs are defunct, I have yet to learn what will remain to be taken away: and as the world will never be satisfied without some alterations, I suppose we shall gradually begin to put on that which during past years we have been so sedulously taking off.

It will be well for us if things now remain *in statu quo*, for in my opinion the perfection of

horse tackle is simplicity: the useful contains in itself the ornamental; for the less gear a well bred horse has about him the greater is the advantage to his appearance.

Fox-hunting is now about to close for the season, and though a better one has, I believe, been never known, and though in many parts of the country I can bear witness that the weather has been too open for the horse, who have been worked on from the beginning to the end without intermission, I cannot but look forward with an anxious hope, that, with next November, brighter prospects may dawn. Popular feeling is strongly against the agriculturists. Fox-hunting and agriculture are interwoven by a thousand indissoluble fibres; when one falls, the other cannot stand. That both my live for ever, and grow green, is the hearty wish of your constant reader,

RASPER.

April 8, 1834.

SINGULAR TERMINATION OF

A RUN WITH ABERCAIRNEY'S FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,
ON Tuesday, March 18, Mr. Moray of Abercairney's hounds, now hunting Strathearne in Perthshire, met at Duckhalley in their Blackford country, where they drew the coverts without finding. They then went on to the fine whin covert in the Glen, where there were evident symptoms of a drag, which carried them on to Kincardine Wood, out of which, the moment the hounds reached it, puggy bolted away for the Ochills, the hounds getting away close at him in a

body at the best pace. He went up by the Tump of Cloon, away over the crest of the hill, turned again to his left, and by Forwell Bank and Fannihill, down across the Glen, over the adjacent hills for the Craggs of Pirnie and the Castle Rock, at the foot of Craig Rossie, the highest of the Ochills, in the easternmost pinnacle of which he rocked. The field, who had with considerable difficulty kept with them or near them thus far, over nine miles of a mountain country try-

ing beyond measure, were now forced to give up, and the hounds even were almost beaten, going up the Alpine and bare scaurs of the mountain, the loose fragments of rock frequently giving way with them, and precipitating them downwards, and several were severely hurt, as they testified *vivâ voce*. At first it was supposed that the fox had effectually beaten them, and John Arber—formerly with Col. Wyndham in Sussex, who has hunted them this their first season under every possible disadvantage, except that of being excellently mounted, with no little credit to himself—was proceeding on foot to try and get his hounds together and away, when he perceived, on the pinnacle abovementioned, a staunch old hound bay- ing at a fissure in the rock. It was not a very likely thing to get him out, but Abercairney does not stick at trifles, and he resolved to attempt it. Leaving their horses with the foot people, many of whom had assembled, most of the field, after a toilsome effort, scaled the rock, and then certainly a curious scene presented itself. The fissure into which puggy had rammed himself was narrow like the loop-hole of an old Castle, but expanded and terminated inwards about five or six feet, so that the staunch veteran who was still baying at the cleft could not enter; but on looking in, there sat the Rockite, looking very much as if he felt safe at home. But Fate decreed otherwise, for Abercairney sent a footman off full tilt to the village of Smithyhaugh, about two miles distant, and got a large iron hook made and attached to the butt of a salmon rod. On trying this,

which arrived sooner than could have been hoped, the stick was found too short, but a few self-sown ash were growing out of the rock, and some set to with their knives and cut a short one down. The hook being well secured, Arber, to whom such a job and in such a location must have at least possessed the merit of *extreme* novelty, introduced his new subsidiary, and, passing it through the cuff of the caitiff's neck,

"Dragged the struggling savage into day!"

But though it was to 2 to 1 he again rocked, fair play was shewn him, and he was turned down clear of the hounds, and might have in such a stronghold saved his bacon, but on rounding the first crag he was met full butt by an old hound, who flung himself at, and fastened on him, a compliment which the mountaineer returned with interest, and away they went fast locked, over and over, near ten feet down, amid loose stones and shingle. where the rest of the pack decided the business, the mountaineer still keeping his grip in the very pangs of death. He was a greyhound fox of great size, and the darkest coloured one almost ever seen. But the wonders of the day had not reached their climax: on getting the hounds together, the howling of one somewhat similar to that of one caught in a trap was heard, and in another cleft of the rock, but a long way down, out of reach, so perpendicular too that he could not re-ascend, a hound called Rattler was discovered. How he got there no one can say. Abercairney offered a handsome reward to any one who would extricate him; and several

maisons, &c. tried for two days in vain, when, to save poor Rattler from the horrors of expiring by famine, he was shot.

These hounds have had a much better season than could have been expected: the men and horses are all that can or could be wished, and a little time will make the hounds equally so. Arber says he has no really objectional fault to find with any of the country, over which he makes his way gallantly; and John, the head whip, I believe from the

Old Salisbury, is as clever a fellow as ever spoke to a hound, and a straight and steady rider. Every sportsman must wish the undertaking success. Their spirited proprietor is well known to be the life and soul of everything he undertakes; and it is to be hoped that the ensuing seasons will reward him for attempting, with no aid whatever, and at his own sole cost, to uphold this gallant and national sport in his own district.—I am Sir, &c.

OLD NORTH.

FRACAS BETWEEN MR. RIDSDALE AND MR. GULLY.

AT the time when this transaction took place we received a long account from "an eyewitness;" but as in all cases of this nature the most unprejudiced are apt to be led away by the feelings of the moment, and "Rumour with her hundred tongues" is too prone to run riot—understanding also that the aggrieved party intended appealing to the law for redress—we declined entering into an *ex-parte* statement, however authenticated. The trial came off at York on the 27th of March before Mr. Justice Taunton and a Special Jury, of which the following is a correct report:—

RIDSDALE, ESQ. v. GULLY, ESQ.

Mr. Knowles opened the pleadings, and Mr. Pollock stated the case to the Jury.

The plaintiff was a gentleman who had long been connected with the Turf, as well as the defendant. The former resided at Murton, near York, where he kept a considerable establishment; the defendant was Mem-

ber of Parliament for Pontefract, and was well known by his celebrity, not only to every person in that Court, but almost to every body in the kingdom, and that was all he should say respecting the defendant personally. Both these persons lived in the society and rank of gentlemen, and associated with men of rank and fortune. The occasion of this action was an assault of a most violent and unprovoked character by the defendant on the plaintiff. They had formerly been on terms of great friendship with each other, and a sort of partnership had existed between them in respect of their race-horses: but, somehow or other, on account of some differences which arose in the year 1832, that connection had been broken off, and each pursued his way by himself. Before he proceeded to detail the circumstances under which the assault for which this action had been brought was committed, he would observe, that the action of assault was of a nature susceptible of every shade

of variety, from the pot-house brawl, which ought never to go beyond the place where it began, to the grossest and most degrading insults which one man could offer to another, and he believed the present case would be found to be of the latter description. The transaction occurred in the morning, when there was no pretence for violence, and when it must have been premeditated: the parties were there together; and he (Mr. Pollock) thought there could be little doubt that the defendant came there for the purpose of doing what he did. He should call before the Jury two gentlemen who were present, who would state what passed. He would now detail the cause of action. It happened that on the 13th of November last the plaintiff was at a place called Londea-brough-gate, where he had gone for the purpose of enjoying the diversion of hunting. Other gentlemen assembled there for the same purpose, and among the rest the defendant. The plaintiff was on horseback, and had two servants behind him, also on horseback, and had been shewing a horse to Mr. Hall, who was also on the ground. The defendant came riding up on the off-side of the plaintiff, and commenced a conversation with him as to whether he had said, that he (Mr. Gully) had won a large sum of money on the Great Doncaster Race. Mr. Ridadale said, that he had stated Mr. Gully had won a sum of £12,000. Mr. Gully said he had not won so much, he had only won £1200. He (Mr. Pollock) could not see, if Mr. Gully could with integrity after a race win £1200, why he should not with equal integrity pocket

£12,000. Mr. Gully said, "you knew I had not won so much, I told you so myself." The defendant appeared irritated, and without the least provocation came round from the off to the near side of the plaintiff for the greater convenience of effecting his object, and struck the plaintiff on the back, not lightly, but with as much force as the arm of a Gully could bestow. The plaintiff was in point of strength by no means a match for the defendant, and of course did not enter into a personal contest with him, but called some of the gentlemen who were near, and said they would see it was perfectly useless for him to enter into an affair of that kind with Mr. Gully, and desired them to observe what had taken place. Now, said the Learned Gentleman, it was not merely the pain of a blow given under these circumstances that the plaintiff had to complain of, but the pain of mind, the abominable insult, the degradation which he must feel and suffer from its infliction in the presence of gentlemen with whom he had long been in the habit of associating, and also in the presence of his own servants. The occasions were rare, and it could not be pretended that that was one of them, that would justify a human being in inflicting a blow with a horsewhip upon any individual. He (Mr. Pollock) did not mean to say there might not be cases where the aggressor would not find sympathy from his fellow men; but this was an occasion where Mr. Gully sought the society of Mr. Ridadale; and having addressed each other, he horsewhipped him upon the spot. Both the plaintiff and defendant live

among gentlemen—maintain the character and station of gentlemen—the outrage was committed in the presence of gentlemen; and he thought it was no small aggravation that a man in Mr. Ridsdale's situation in life should, because Mr. Gully happens to be stronger, and at the same time more irritable than his neighbours, be horsewhipped in the presence of his own servants. The Jury would hear the case from the witnesses, and they would give, not enormous damages, but he trusted such honest and exemplary damages as would mark their sense of the outrage and insult which had been so wantonly inflicted by the defendant upon the plaintiff, in the midst of his friends, and in the presence of his servants.

John Singleton, Esq. of Great Givendale, examined by Mr. Knowles, stated, that on the 13th of November last he went to Londesbrough-gate to meet the hounds. He saw both the plaintiff and the defendant there. The plaintiff was riding, and Mr. Hall and Mr. Watt were with him. Plaintiff dismounted, and Mr. Hall mounted his horse for the purpose of trying it, and the plaintiff mounted one of his horses which his servant was leading. In a few minutes the defendant came up, and rode on the off-side of the plaintiff. The defendant said to plaintiff, "So you have been setting it abroad that I won £12,000 at Epsom. You know better. You know enough of those things to be perfectly aware that I could not win above £1200." The plaintiff said he knew no such thing; he could not tell that defendant had won £12,000; or less than that sum,

but for aught he saw he thought it quite possible it might have been the larger sum of the two. Defendant then gave the plaintiff the lie, and called him a scoundrel, and, coming round to the left side for the greater convenience of striking, gave plaintiff a very smart blow over the shoulders with his stick. It was not so heavy a blow as the defendant could have struck, but it made the plaintiff shrug up his shoulders. The plaintiff used no violence or irritating language. He called to the gentlemen who were near, and told them that a personal contest was out of the question between him and the defendant, and begged they would observe what had taken place. Mr. Gully then rode on. Witness thought the plaintiff's servants were not in sight when the blow was struck. It was a misty day and not easy to see far. For the same reason, though many gentlemen were in the field, and many came up when they heard the noise, not many saw the blow struck.

On cross-examination by Mr. Blackburne, who appeared for the defendant, witness said that plaintiff and defendant had previously been partners in their race-horses, but a difference took place between them in May 1832, at Epsom races. Londesbrough was fifty or sixty miles from the residence of the defendant, and about ten miles from the house of Mr. Hall and Mr. Watt. They were all there for the purpose of hunting, and the plaintiff continued in the field during the day. Witness had never been a jockey, but lived on an estate which his father had left him. He was educated at St. John's College in Cam-

bridge, where he took a Degree, and was intended for the Church, but never entered it. His estate was his own, or he could not keep company with such men as either plaintiff or defendant, nor with Mr. Hall or Mr. Watt.

Mr. Jonathan Harrison said he resided upon his own estate. He went to Londesbrough-gate on the day before mentioned to meet the Holderness Hounds, and saw both the plaintiff and defendant there, as well as the last witness, and Mr. Hall and Mr. Watt. Hall was Watt's son-in-law.—The witness corroborated the statement of Mr. Singleton, with some addition to the opprobrious language used on the occasion; such as, "you are a d—d liar and a scoundrel." After the blow was given, the plaintiff said he had come there to shew Hall a horse, and had got a licking from Gully.

Mr. Blackburne addressed the Jury for the defendant in mitigation of damages. Though a great deal (said the Learned Gentleman) had been said by his Learned Friend at the opening of his case about the severity of the blow which had been given, it was clear that there was nothing in it to occasion any real pain or damage to the plaintiff. If, as his Learned Friend (Mr. Knowles) had got the witness Singleton to say, it had really been one of Gully's blows, in the sense in which it was intended the Jury should understand it, they would have heard nothing of that action there, for everybody knew that such a blow from the defendant would have abated the suit by the death of the plaintiff at once. Undoubtedly a blow was given, he did not deny it, but only its seve-

riety; and if he could have got at the real truth of the case, he should have shewn the nature of the provocation which had produced it. Though his Learned Friend (Mr. Pollock) could not understand how it should make any difference whether it was said Mr. Gully won £12,000 or only £1200, persons who were acquainted with these affairs knew that there were cases under the circumstances of which such an assertion would fix a lasting stigma upon the person to whom it was imputed. For instance, at Epsom races, up to which the plaintiff and defendant had been partners in race-horses, two horses named St. Giles and Trustee, belonging to them, ran. It was easy to see, that by betting large sums upon one of them, and small sums on another, and then by collusion managing that the one upon which the large bets were made should win, an imputation might arise of the most provoking character imaginable. He did not, however, mean to put any such facts in evidence. It was quite plain a great number of angry words arose between them, and that Mr. Gully did that, not for the purpose of inflicting an injury, but for the purpose of shewing the contempt he had for him, that he struck him. It was for them to say under all the circumstances, what damages they would give for that. If he (Mr. Blackburne) were to talk to them all day, he could not change the circumstances: they would have to take into their consideration the character of the parties—the character of the transaction, as well what was likely to take place, as that which they had heard; and when they saw that

it was next to an impossibility that any person should so conduct himself without some provocation, they might be assured Mr. Gully never could have been induced to do that with which he was charged, unless he had received some provocation from the plaintiff. The real injury inflicted was trifling, and a very moderate sum would be sufficient for the pain, both of body and mind, which the plaintiff had sustained, especially as it was plain that the defendant did not go there to seek the plaintiff. The meeting was accidental, for it could not be believed that the defendant went sixty miles from his own house for that purpose.

Mr. Justice Taunton, in charging the Jury, said, the only question for their consideration was, what should be the amount of damages that the defendant Mr. Gully should pay to the plaintiff. Upon the testimony of both the witnesses who had been examined, the plaintiff gave no provocation, but that the blow was altogether a wanton and uncalled for assault. Although the plaintiff did not receive any injury, they were not merely to consider the injury a man's body sustained, but what

a person having the station, the rank of a gentleman, in which rank both the plaintiff and defendant were acknowledged to move, should receive for such an insult as that. The case was with them, and they would give the plaintiff such damages as they thought he ought to receive, and the defendant ought to pay.

The Jury, after retiring above ten minutes, returned into Court, finding a verdict for the plaintiff — Damages £500.

It is a singular coincidence, that in the cause tried at the same City on the 6th of August 1808, "Colonel Thornton v. Flint"—which originated in the latter having horsewhipped the plaintiff in the Grand Stand for refusing to pay a "demand for money due," which the Colonel denied—the damages were to the same amount (500l.) as in this case.—the Learned Judge (Mr. Baron Wood) directing the Jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff, the assault (considering the dignity of the company) being a violation of decency and good manners.—The particulars of this trial will be found in our 32d volume, page 274.

STEEPLE CHASES

IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND FRANCE.

THERE is an old saying, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and equally incongruous is the opinion as regards the now-fashionable amusement of Steeple Chases—one party designating them as despicable pieces of chicanery, concocted in roguery, and at the

best only made up for disposing of an inferior horse (got up for the occasion) at an enormous price: whilst others consider a race across country as a truly national sport, shewing the stoutness and goodness of the animal, with the nerve and judgment of the rider, and forming an excel-

lent school towards perfecting the fox-hunter and his horse. It is not our intention to take up the question in defence or in derogation of either opinion: we have a plain duty to perform, and that is to detail each and every "transaction of the Turf, the Chase, and every other diversion interesting to the man of pleasure, enterprise, and spirit," and in that spirit we proceed to give a brief account of such of these races as have come under our notice.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

On Saturday, March 22, two Steeple Chases, long previously announced, came off in the immediate neighbourhood of Bedford—the first for a purse of 50*l.* given by the town, and 5*l.* to the second horse:—the horses, to be *bona fide* the property of Gentlemen-farmers of the county, to carry 12st. each, and the winner to be sold for 150*l.* The ground, four miles, was flagged out by the side of the Kimbolton turnpike-road to a paddock near the toll-house, about a mile from the town. This being the first Steeple Chase that had occurred in Bedfordshire, some thousands of spectators assembled on a hill near Et-tick's farm, midway on the line, where they had an excellent view of the horses as they passed the bottom. About two o'clock the following horses appeared at the starting-place, a field belonging to Colonel Mackay, at Raven den:

Mr. J. Walker's Dinman.
Mr. C. Higgins's Tomboy.
Hon. G. F. Berkeley's Silvertail.
Mr. James Whitworth's Magic.
Mr. Henry Walker's bay gelding.
Mr. Booth's Seducer.
Mr. Sharman's Charley.
Mr. J. Whitworth's Woodbine.

Seducer and Tomboy (both well-known in the Oakley Hunt as first-rate fences) were the favorites, the former having rather the call from his known speed; but there was very little betting. The fences, double-

ditches with cut-down quick hedges, were heavy at the commencement of the race. At the word "Go," the horses started nearly at the top of their speed, Tomboy (Captain Beecher) taking the lead over the headland, closely followed by Dinman (Mr. Jenkins), Seducer (Mr. Westley), Silvertail (Marquis of Clanricarde), and Magic (Owner). Mr. Bolton, on Woodbine, took a line of his own, in preference to that taken by the other horses. At the second fence, the "Chapter of Accidents" commenced by Mr. Westley making a fair fall from Seducer, which, by the time he was remounted, left him two fields behind. On crossing the first lane, Magic, Tomboy, and Dinman were together. Tomboy, followed by Magic, then made strong running for the next half mile; when Dinman came up to Tomboy, and they went nearly together at a slashing pace until within two fields from home. At this time Magic, Seducer, and Woodbine were all within a respectable distance of each other, all taking the fences admirably. Seducer was making ground fast, when he turned up a ditch instead of taking a hedge, and a second fall was the consequence. The race between Dinman and Tomboy was truly beautiful, and it was a doubtful matter as to which was to be the winner, until Tomboy hesitated at an open drain in the field next but one to the home flag, and lost his chance. Dinman then led the way, and won the race, Tomboy being a length behind. The umpire, the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, placed but two horses; the third was claimed by Woodbine and Seducer, but they both came in so close upon each other as to render it impossible to say to which the honour belongs. Lord Clanricarde, on Silvertail, had a severe fall when in a good place, and pulled up. Charley (Mr. Eyre) when near home leaped into a pond.

The second and more difficult race was started from a field near Wildon Shrubbery, the winning-post being placed in a field near the Goldington Road. The horses were, Mr. Tho-

mas's Dreadnought (Mr. Seffert), Mr. Fleisher's Don Cossack (Owner), and Mr. Price's Newport (Mr. J. Whitworth). This was a well-contested race, Newport taking the lead throughout the greater part of the race in gallant style; but at the second fence from home he bolted, and threw his rider. Dreadnought passed him, but refusing to go over, Don Cossack rushed past, and took the lead. A pretty race then followed over the two next grass fields, and the last fence, a very difficult new-made double hedge-row, with a ditch between, was well cleared by both horses. Don Cossack won by about twenty yards. In the last leap Dreadnought cleared nine yards.

The company was very numerous, but it would no doubt have been still larger if the sports had not been held on a market day. In both races bets were decidedly against the winning horses. An ordinary at the Swan, attended by between forty and fifty Gentlemen, the Hon. G. F. Berkeley in the Chair, finished the day's amusement.

ROSSINGTON BRIDGE.

This race was appointed to take place on Wednesday the 26th of March. The ground agreed upon was from a field adjoining King's Wood, near Bawtry, to a field behind the Inn at Rossington Bridge, a distance of about four miles. On that occasion five horses started; but in consequence of so many falls having taken place, it was declared by the umpire that there was no winner. It was therefore agreed by the respective parties that the race should be finally decided on the following day. Accordingly soon after the hour appointed (ten o'clock in the forenoon), the following competitors appeared on the same ground:—

Mr. Addeman's b. h. Rossington, 6 yrs.
Mr. Willmott's b. h. Deceiver, 6 yrs.
Mr. Griffith's b. h. Rakewell, aged.
Mr. Pearson's br. h. Comical, 6 yrs.

At starting Rossington took the lead, which he maintained in gallant style for upwards of a mile. In cross-

ing the fence, however, adjoining the lane at Partridge Hill, his rider, by some accident, got the bridle over his horse's head, and he was consequently compelled to decline the contest. The running was then taken up by Deceiver, leaving Comical and Rakewell considerably to the right, and taking a parallel line with the turnpike road, until he reached Poverty Hill, where he deviated a little to avoid the buildings. Proceeding to cross the Finningley Lane he entered a soft teazle field—which proved a *teaser*—where the rider pulled up his horse into a slow trot, being at that time at least three hundred yards in advance of his competitors. After having crossed the teasles, Rakewell was soon afterwards seen advancing, and making good play. He was extremely well ridden, but was unable to give a decided challenge. Away, away went Deceiver in admirable style, winning the race easily, and beating Rakewell by about forty yards. Deceiver took all his fences in the most gallant manner, and was ridden by the owner in a masterly style. The Duchess did not start, in consequence of having lamed herself in a fall on the previous day. After the termination of the race, a large party sat down to an excellent dinner at Rossington Bridge, provided by Mrs. Addeman, and consisting of every delicacy of the season, with the choicest wines. The utmost hilarity and good feeling prevailed; and the company separated at a seasonable hour, highly delighted with the sport of the day, and the excellent entertainment at Rossington Bridge.

CHELTENHAM.

At the Berkeley Hunt Dinner, on the 18th of January, a sporting match was made, and the following conditions were drawn up by the Hon. Craven F. Berkeley:—"Mr. Pearson Thompson's b. m. Primrose, Mr. Hurd Lucas's ch. g. Harlequin, 11st. each, 200 sovs. a-side, half forfeit; Gentlemen riders; from Chosen Hill to Bay's Hill, the day after the Cheltenham Meeting." By mutual

consent, however, the day of running was afterwards altered, in order to allow both or either of the horses to be in condition to run at the Spring races.

The race came off on Easter Monday, and up to Saturday Mr. Thompson's mare was the favorite for choice, the odds being 5 to 4; but owing to the rain on Sunday and during the night, which was supposed from the heaviness of the ground to be against the mare, the odds in the morning turned in favour of Harlequin.

Previously to starting Colonel Gilbert, umpire for Mr. Thompson, and Captain J. Probyn, umpire for Mr. Lucas, went over the ground, and had it marked out with crimson flags, which the riders were to keep on the right hand. Capt. Jeuner, who rode Mr. Lucas's Harlequin, wore a pink jacket with a white cap; and Mr. H. Peyton, (the son of a father who brought him up in "the way he should go,") on Primrose, wore a purple jacket, with crimson cap. The signal was given at four minutes past two o'clock, and they went away gallantly, the Lady leading, and getting first through the brook: at the second fence she fell, but Mr. Peyton, who is accustomed to such trifles, was up and at it again in a twinkling. Capt. Jenner, of course, was awake to this advantage, which he kept at steady work, till, at the end of about a mile, Mr. Peyton was with him: but in running for a gate, which was closed, the mare was again thrown out; the horse taking the fence, saving some distance thereby, and getting the advantage. But she again came up, and passed him, when there was a desperate rally at the fence, which they took at the same instant. Harlequin, now in hand, took the lead, and kept it to the close, winning by a neck only, after an admirably contested race. The horses reached the winning-post, in the field in front of Mr. Thompson's new house, in fourteen minutes from the time of starting, a distance of four miles and a half, and that's not to be grinned at. The riders experienced great diffi-

culty in making their way through the dense crowd that thronged the course. The interest taken in this race was sufficiently evinced by the immense concourse of people assembled to witness it. There were at least 10,000 persons collected on the occasion, and the weather was most favorable throughout.—Mr. Peyton, just previous to the race, put *Primrose* into his stud, a characteristic addition for one who is the *Pink of Gentlemen Jocks*.

Friday, April 4.

"The liver is the lazaret of bile:" so said the Noble Bard of *Juan*; and if that be true, surely "happy are they who have their *stomachs* full of it:" for never were seen merrier groups than every corner of Cheltenham presented this morning—a colony of individuals, all professing the *interesting malady*—(see the description of the votaries to these health-giving Springs in another part of the present Number)—to witness a Steeple Chase, which had long excited great interest in the town and neighbourhood. The match was

"A Sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, h. ft. for horses that have been *bona fide* the property of subscribers from January 1, 1834, 12s. each, over the hill country in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham. The ground to be selected by Lord Segrave, or by such person or persons as he may appoint. The winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, in the usual manner. No rider to open a gate or ride on a carriage road or drift way more than one hundred yards. No innkeeper, trainer, jockey, or servant to be permitted to subscribe or ride. Lord Segrave to be umpire, with power to appoint such assistants as he may require. Entrance five shillings for the scales, and the winner to pay five sovs. for expenses."—There were 16 subscribers, by whom ten horses were named, all of them starting except one.

The morning was as lovely as heart could wish; and "there must be sport to-day" was written on every

man's countenance. The only drawback was the indisposition of Lord Segrave, who is so decidedly a favorite with all classes here, and which prevented his acting as umpire as he had promised: he, however, deputed Captain Jenner and Mr. Pryce Lewis to act as his *locum tenentes*, who proved themselves most efficient representatives of the Noble Lord. The rendezvous was at Andoversford Inn—the turn-outs very splendid—the equestrians numerous, upwards of eight thousand persons being on the hill beyond Andoversford, whence, owing to the excellent choice of ground for the race, they were seen the whole way. At length, all preliminaries being adjusted, the articles were read over to the competitors. Mr. Pryce Lewis had gone to Clay Hill; and, contrary to Scripture practice, where St. Paul sends his Epistle to the Corinthians—in this case the *Corinthians* went to *Paul's Epistle*, each being the strange name of the spot from which they started. The event did not come off till a late hour, as follows:—

Mr. D'Oyley's Fugleman (owner)..... 1
Col. Gilbert's Conrad (Mr. Cromwell), 2
Mr. Doyne's Wooden-legged Sailor ... 3

The following also started:—Mr. Taylor's Giantess (Mr. Baillie), Mr. Dutton's Emperor (Mr. Smart), Mr. Patrick's Columbus (Owner), Mr. Bluck's Don Giovanni (Mr. Bryan), Mr. Harkshaw's Colonel (Owner), and Mr. Crowther's Danseuse (Owner). The old 'un, for Fugleman is *seventeen years old!* took the lead down the hill at a tremendous pace, which left the others very far behind, taking all the walls and fences, and clearing the brook in a splendid manner. Here the timber-lee'd one made a strange attempt: on seeing the water he stood still; took a second notion, and then hopp'd over, with a jerk enough to have thrown his saddle off, to say nothing of the rider. At the last fence leading into the winning field Fugleman got "a shocking bad fall, cutting his head severely against a post, and the rider being terribly shaken: recovering himself with ex-

traordinary celerity Mr. D'Oyley remounted, and ran in in prime style, finishing his four miles all but a trifle in eleven minutes. Emperor jumped into a brook, in which he remained long enough to ascertain its temperature; Giantess refused it altogether. Colonel Gilbert's Conrad, who won the Berkeley Hunt Stakes and the Ladies' Cup at the Spring Meeting, on Thursday, and proved himself a good horse, came in second. When coming down the hill home, there was something unearthly in the appearance of the winner: he is a white horse: Mr. D'Oyley wore a white jacket; and nothing could be seen but the black cap to know that "the horse and his rider" were there.

STOURBRIDGE.

A Steeple Chase took place near Stourbridge on Wednesday the 9d of April for 100 sovs. The celebrity of the horses and the riders drew together a vast concourse of spectators to witness this interesting match. The parties were, Mr. Joseph Anderson of London, and Mr. Ball of Cotes-hill: they each rode their own horses over four miles of country, selected by Mr. Quartermaster, of Oxford, and Mr. Weston; and this was admirably managed for the pedestrians, who, from a rising field, could witness the whole of the race, which was two miles out, and to return to the starting place. Mr. Anderson took the lead with Donna Maria, clearing a high and strong gate, followed closely by Mr. Ball on The Fiddler. They kept together for about four fields, taking their fences admirably, and going at a good pace; but a double high and stiff park paling induced both horses to refuse several times; and, finding this insurmountable, they both took another line; and it appeared evident at this point that The Fiddler was the fastest horse. Donna Maria, however, took the straightest line, and in returning it was awfully's race; and Mr. Anderson, hoping that his mare would take the double paling, returned to the spot she had refused in going; nor was he

more fortunate, for the mare would not face it at all. It was now evident that The Fiddler must win; for, taking a further line, he avoided the difficulty; and the mare having refused obstinately, Mr. Anderson was obliged to decline all further effort, although, had the mare got over the paling, she had every chance of winning. Thus terminated a Steeple Chase between two of the most celebrated hunters in this part of the kingdom. The parties and their friends afterwards met at the Talbot, in Stourbridge, when the day terminated in the greatest harmony and conviviality. Donna Maria was purchased, at a great price, from Mr. Smith.

NORTHAMPTON.

Two Steeple Chases, which had been long on the tapis, and announced to come off after the Pytchley Hunt Races (April 2), took place on Friday the 4th of April. The ground fixed upon was the same in both cases, namely, the Hermitage, to the road leading from Kellmarsh to Harrington—all grass. Cannon Ball was first at the last fence before the brook, and cleared it in beautiful style, followed by Vanguard and Vivian. Cannon Ball then cleared the brook, but Vanguard floundered in the attempt, so as nearly to unhorse his rider, who, however, recovered his seat cleverly. Vivian followed. At the next fence, Cannon Ball lost ground, Mr. Osbaldeston turning him from a double fence, which he had nearly reached. Here Vivian gained upon Cannon Ball. The ground began to rise, and, over Mole-hill field, Cannon Ball was visibly distressed. Vivian here passed both Cannon Ball and Vanguard. All three were near together over the last fence, but Vivian won apparently without much difficulty, Vanguard being second, and Cannon Ball last. The winner was ridden by Captain Beecher, the others by their owners.

About an hour after, Mr. Cooper's The Pony, Mr. Carrington's Premier, Mr. Higgins's Tomboy, and Mr.

Shaw's Splinter Bar started for a Five Sovereigns Stakes over the same ground. All cleared the brook well except one. They were most of them much beaten towards the close. The Pony was the winner, but the Stakes are withheld, in consequence of a charge brought against Mr. Cooper, of some foul riding, by which Mr. Osbaldeston's huntsman was thrown, and considerably hurt. The concourse of spectators and horsemen was immense. Among them was the venerable Earl Spencer, who came from Althorp to see the race, and appeared much delighted.

HERNE BAY.

A Steeple Chase for a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, with 50l. added, took place on the 3d of April—the distance marked by red flags, extending from Blean Bottom to Mr. Tassel's land; thence to Bullockstone Bottom, over the rise to the Common bearing that name; thence bearing off in the direction of Eddington, to the Eighteen-acre Field belonging to Mr. Collard at Herne Bay.

At four o'clock, the now fashionable hour for starting,

Mr. Hodges' Fair Ellen.....Mr. Seftert,
Mr. Darrell's The Swerver, Owner,
Mr. Hemley's Nimrod,
by Figaro.....Mr. Palmer,
Mr. Fyfe's Lucifer.....Mr. J. Mason,
Mr. Singleton's Kentish
Pippin.....Mr. Gibbs,
Mr. H. Jennings's Election.....Mr. T. Neame,
Mr. Fallager's Thunder.....Mr. Hemley,

appeared at the post in Blean Bottom, and at the word "Go," Lucifer, Ellen, Nimrod, and Election went off at score, the others close up, and the whole taking their first fences nearly together. Nimrod fell in a rough shaw, but was promptly recovered by Mr. Palmer with great judgment, immediately afterwards topping a rough hedge gallantly. The horses took the brook in Bullockstone Bottom, fenced on both sides, admirably. In dashing at a hurdle with a deep gap, to make the hill, Lucifer fell with his head doubled under his fore foot, rolling over Mr. Mason, who was believed to

be killed. Fortunately a surgeon was present, who gave the most prompt assistance, and he was taken to Herne Bay. Thunder, Nimrod, and Election topped the hurdle with ease, Swerver, Ellen, and Pippin following close up. In rising the hill Swerver's rider plied the whip pretty freely, Nimrod and Election pushing on at a slashing pace, the whole smartly clearing the different fences. Nimrod, however, again unseated his rider, who dexterously avoided a fall, and at top speed pushed into the bottom, with Election, Pippin, and Swerver, Ellen leading at a winning pace; but in leaping the last brook she plunged in: Nimrod also failed in the same leap; but Mr. Palmer recovered himself instantly, and again dashed forward, and came close up with Election, Swerver being considerably a-head. After a run, the most difficult that could have been selected, the horses arrived in the Eighteen-acre Field as follows:—The Swerver, Election, Kentish Pippin, Nizarod, Thunder, and Fair Ellen—The Swerver of course winning the match, but not without great labour and difficulty. Altogether there were twenty-one leaps.—Mr. Mason was the winner of the St. Alban's Steeple Chase; and the general opinion was that he would have been successful here, but for the "untoward accident."

KILDARE HUNT.

A numerous field of the Members of this old and celebrated hunting establishment, as well as of military, and the resident gentry, met on Wednesday the 5th of March at Kilkenny Castle, six miles from the Hunt's old station at Ballitore, to witness this event. The peasantry congregated in vast numbers, but were orderly and peaceable. The principal race was for 50l. given by the Hunt, for which fourteen horses were entered; but previous to this there was a Sweepstakes of 10l. each, *p. p.*, for horses *bona fide* the property of Members of the Hunt, and in their possession one month before the day of running, 12st.

each, two miles, for which three well-known good ones were entered—viz., Mr. Rynd's ch. g. Musician, Mr. Armstrong's gr. g. Paddy Kelly, and Mr. C. Henchy's b. h. Merry Andrew. Musician was the favorite at starting. There were twenty-four leaps, several of them slapping double ditches; a finer country there is nowhere. At starting Mr. Armstrong took the lead, which he maintained for about a mile, when Mr. Rynd took his place, Mr. Armstrong's horse having fallen; and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Rynd experienced a similar capsize, which left Mr. Henchy an open way to the winning post. The winner was got by Waxy Pope, and is a very good like horse; though how the matter might otherwise have terminated, there are different opinions. Mr. Rynd rode; 7lb. above his weight.—The next race was for the 50l. given by the Hunt, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of, and to be ridden by, landholders within the Kildare district, two miles, each horse entering to pay one pound, to go to the second; the winner to be sold for 70l. if claimed within half an hour after the race. The following fourteen horses started, and came in as follows:—

Mr. O'Reilly's Diamond (rode by Mr. Meley of Timolin)	1
Mr. H. Wilson's Mary Anne	2
Mr. Martin's Trinculo	3
Mr. Homan's Robert.	
Mr. Metcalf's Paganini.	
Mr. Rawson's bay mare.	
Mr. Breonan's Repeater.	
Mr. Greirson's Gypsy.	
Mr. Disney's Hawk.	
Mr. Flood's Moss Rose.	
Mr. Whyte's Skylark.	
Mr. Mealy's Flight.	
Mr. Dunn's Tagioni.	
Mr. J. Dunn's Little Tom.	

WICKLOW CUP.

The challenge for the Wicklow Cup came off on Tuesday the 4th of March. The course laid out is about a mile and a half from the town. The day was very fine, and a more numerous assemblage was never witnessed in the county. The following horses started:

Mr. Manning's gr. h. 12st. 11lb. (rode by Mr. J. Manning).....	3	1	1
Mr. O'Reilly's b. h. 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Miley).....	1	2	2
Mr. Dunn's br. 12st. 11lb. (Mr. Clarendon)	2	3	0
Mr. Tashill's br. 12st. 11lb. (Owner)	4	0	0

Mr. Young's br. g., Mr. Wright's gr. g., and Mr. Lynch's gr. h. (who bolted) also started but were not placed.

WEST LOTHIAN.

This event, for which no less than seventeen horses were entered, and of which twelve came to the post, was decided on Friday, March 21. The line of country had been chosen with considerable judgment, the starting point being at Linthouse Mill. The first two miles were on a gradual ascent through the plough, with some fair fences and some regular rasps; then through a small plantation, and along under Corston Hill through meadow ground terminating in a yawner; thence into a moor, with a flight of hurdles and several new-made fences. The winning flags were in a large field near a lane leading to Little Vantage Road. At a few minutes past three, and in sight of an immense and anxious crowd, the horses, as named underneath, got away well together:—

Mr. Wilkie's Polygar.....	Mr. Angus.
Mr. Scott's Bob Shots	Mr. W. Spiers.
Mr. Ferme's Ayrshire Pride	Owner.
Mr. Bonar's Kitty	Mr. Austin.
Mr. Henry's Ruby	Owner.
Mr. Daly's Adjutant.....	Mr. Butler.
Mr. Maxwell's gr. g. by M'Orville	Capt. Ralitt.
Mr. Ramsay's Albion	Mr. T. Spiers.
Mr. Craig's Will-o'-the- Wisp	Owner.
Mr. Brown na Harry Roe.....	Mr. Ainsworth.
Mr. Laing's Linkboy	Owner.
Mr. Powell's Shark	Owner.

Immediately after starting, in the second field, Albion leading, swerved, went the wrong side of a flag, and had to be turned round; on coming up the rising ground, however, he again got to the head, Will-o'-the-Wisp and Linkboy lying close be-

hind. On clearing the meadow Will-o'-the-Wisp went in front, where he stayed until the fifth fence from home, where he and his rider were capsized, and Albion again led: but at a little distance from the winning flag, before reaching the lane, he again went on the wrong side of a flag, had to turn, and left Linkboy an easy winner.—It was a day of mishaps, however, to these two leading horses; for on going to scale Mr. Laing was 4lb. short of his weight; on which the Umpire adjudged the Stakes to Albion; Harry Roe second; rest not placed.—Albion was considered to have the superiority, and, had he not gone wrong, would probably have been the actual winner. Before starting The Adjutant and M'Orville gelding were well fancied, but the pace, which was top—the four miles being done in 14 min. 10 sec.—soon put them *hors de combat*. Perhaps Polygar was not far behind any as to real goodness, as he carried *thirteen* pounds over his weight. Harry Roe, taking into view his size and condition, proved himself a regular trump; and Will-o'-the-Wisp might have led the dance had he not given his rider so severe a fall. The rest were left a long way. Albion was bred by Lord Dundas, was got by old Woldsman, dam by Oberon, and has since been said to be sold for two hundred guineas. Linkboy, the actual winner, was got by Tramp, and is the property of Mr. Laing of the Horse Bazaar. He is eight years old, and, though bleached in one hock, perfectly sound, a pleasant and safe road-horse, with great bone and muscular power.

In the advertisement announcing Linkboy for sale by auction, he was set forth as "winner of the West Lothian Steeple Chase, with ease to himself, in gallant style;" and this elicited the following letter, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of Thursday, March 27:

"100, Rose Street, March 26, 1834.

"SIR—An advertisement having appeared in Monday's *Courant*, stating that Linkboy won the West Lothian Steeple Chase 'with ease to

himself, in gallant style, I now offer to match Albion against Linkboy for 400gs., the same riders, weights, and course as on Friday last: the match to come off within a fortnight, and subject to the regulations of the late Steeple Chase.

"THE OWNER OF ALBION.

"Mr. J. Laing, Royal Horse Bazaar."

To this Mr. Laing replied in the same print of Saturday the 29th, and in that reply has mooted a most curious and novel question, which, as steeple chases are not certainly subject to the acknowledged laws of racing, may be well worthy the general perusal of the *Sporting World* :—

"Royal Horse Bazaar, March 28.

"SIR—I observed your statement in the *Courant* of Thursday 27th current; but in my opinion we had better settle the former steeple chase before we make any other. Albion's claim to the Stakes does not consist with the printed conditions of the steeple chase, as his rider, I am informed, came to the ground, and was assisted on his horse by two men. It is also said he ran on the wrong side of two posts, and did not turn back in both cases—in one he did. This disqualifies him in terms of the conditions. Should the horses run again, I suggest that we endeavour to get the use of the Musselburgh Race-course weights, and send them to the winning post, which may prevent further mistakes: after which I will have no objection to meet your horse again.—I am, &c. &c. JOHN LAING.

"To the Owner of Albion."

The following is the copy of a letter sent by Mr. Laing to the Umpire, on Monday after the race, viz. March 24th :—

"SIR—In consideration of your decision as to my son and his horse Linkboy on Friday last, the 21st of March, at Mid Calder, I beg to direct your attention to the following, viz. In your conditions, article 1st, a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, F.F., free for any horse, &c. carrying 13st.

that has been regularly hunted with an established pack of fox-hounds North of Tweed during the seasons 1833-4. Now, Sir, you made the weight 8lb. short of 13st. after coming three miles from the winning post, although he was 13st. 1lb. at starting from Calder; then it is inserted in the *Courant* of Monday the 24th current that he was 4lb. short. Well, Sir, supposing this to be the case, you must admit that shoes are no part of a horse; so that they were carried by him in terms of your conditions, and these shoes were weighed this day before witnesses, and found to be 4lb. 3½oz. I trust, Sir, when you take this into consideration you will see the propriety of ordering the amount of the Stakes to be paid over to my son, which there is no doubt he is justly entitled to receive.—I am, Sir, &c. J. LAING.

Now certainly shoes do not form part of a horse, and though by the laws of racing perhaps not allowable, indeed racing plates would avail little, yet here, where of the above weight they do amount to the full weight stated to be deficient, and over, and as a bridle is allowed in weight in racing, the horse certainly carried them. How the umpire will act remains to be known; and though it was stated that the course was laid out with judgment, other arrangements, especially that of leaving three miles between the winning post and weighing scale, would appear to have been far otherwise, and, as might be expected, productive of confusion and dissatisfaction.

Another party concerned has also addressed the public as follows :—

"To the Editor of the *Courant*."

"SIR—I perceive in your paper of the 24th an account of the late West Lothian Steeple Chase. As this account is erroneous in some instances and partial in others, I have to request your insertion of a few explanatory observations on the subject. You state there were only three horses placed. This is a mistake: the four

first horses came in as follows* :—Mr. Laing's Linkboy, 1; Mr. Ramsay's Albion, 2; Mr. Maxwell's h. by Mac-Orville, 3; Mr. Brown's Harry Roe, 4. Mr. Laing having lost weight, the Stakes were assigned to Albion. The next question was as to the second place, which apparently belonged to the M'Orville horse; but his rider, Captain Raitt, finding no weighing machine *where he naturally expected to find it*, and having received no instructions to return to Mid Calder, a distance of three miles, to be weighed, concluded all was over, and dismounted to rest his horse, having been upwards of three hours on his back. This was seized on by Mr. Ainsworth, who rode the fourth horse, Harry Roe, as a reason for claiming the race. It was strongly urged in favour of M'Orville that the rules of racing are never applied to steeple chasing, and that, as his rider had complied with the printed rules of the Umpire, he could be bound by no other. But to this it was replied, 'he must be distanced on *general principles*.' On the other hand it is urged that it was the *deviation from general principles*, in the scales not being at the post, that caused Captain Raitt to dismount. This reasoning, however, has not been deemed valid, and the second place given to Harry Roe. There seems something extraordinary in the manner in which all allusion to the M'Orville horse is avoided, except where such is made for the apparent purpose of depreciating him, as 'that the pace was too much for him.' Now *he came in fresher than any of them*; and had not Capt. Raitt been too diffident of his horse's condition, from his having been only three weeks in training, and called upon him sooner than he did, there was no doubt he would have occupied a better place. A circumstance was mentioned to me by a gentleman, which, if correct, adds much to the strength of the objection which was made to the decision of the M'Orville horse 'being

distanced on *general principles*. When Mr. Laing came to the winning post, one of the Judges was desired to keep his eye on him, and not to lose sight of him until he had seen him in the scales, *as by his appearance* he had lost weight. Now if there was such necessity for watching Mr. Laing, did not the same apply to every rider who came to be weighed, but who were all left to find their own way to the scales, a distance of three miles, unwatched and unquestioned? I have endeavored to place the subject in a fair and impartial light, and leave it to the Sporting World at large to decide whether the decision which pronounced the M'Orville horse distanced was correct or not

FAIR PLAY."

To Mr. Laing's answer to the owner of Albion, the latter has replied as follows:—

"100, Rose Street, March 29, 1834.

"SIR—The former steeple chase was settled at Mid Calder, and the allegations now made by you as to Albion's disqualification were there discussed and disproved. Having no objections to Musselburgh race-course weights, or any others, being used 'when the horses meet again,' I conclude, from the last clause of your letter of the 28th, that my challenge is accepted. I shall be ready to meet you at Mr. Inglis's stables in Rose-street on Monday next, at two o'clock, to settle preliminaries, &c.

"THE OWNER OF ALBION."

"P. S. I have no doubt the umpire will answer your letter; but for your future information I beg to quote from the Rules of Racing—'horses' plates or shoes not allowed in the weight.'—Vide *Wetherby's Calendar*, p. 26, rule 16."

Notwithstanding this Postscript it can hardly be denied that Mr. Laing's claim as to this point must be null and void from the Jockey Club Rules, and, if so, the simplest and best way to state so in the Articles, and there would be no use for the Rules always

* They might come in so, but not be placed; neither does it appear they were from the casualties which occurred.—F.D.

made in such cases by the Judges, &c. Whether it be a fair thing or not is another question.

Monday, April 14.

The owners of Albion and Linkboy did not meet, and the business has dropped by Mr. Laing's writing the following letter:—

"To the Owner of Albion.

"SIR—As I have not heard from you, it appears that you do not agree to my offer made on the 31st ult. to run Linkboy against Albion for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds against said gelding; so that the match may be considered to be off.—I am, &c.

JOHN LAING."

"Royal Horse Bazaar, April 5."

The umpire has vouchsafed no interference in the above Correspondence, clearly not wishing to stultify his formal predecision: and although we by no means admit the validity or weight of Mr. Laing's assumption as to the shoes, still, as steeple-chases are not as yet governed by the laws of racing, but by local and varying rules, it might admit of a question, and in that view we have thought fit to lay it before our readers.

The Correspondent who kindly favored us with the foregoing particulars of the West Lothian Steeple-Chase has also sent us an account of several others from the Sister Kingdom, which, we regret to say, we cannot find room for in the present Number.

STEEPLE CHASE IN FRANCE.

A steeple chase took place on the 1st of April in the Valley of Bievre, near Jouy. The horses entered were, the Duke of Orleans' gr. m. Guitare, rode by M. Carrey; M. W. Wilkinson's b. h. Leamington (Owner), M. Gould's b. h. Napoleon (M. Allouard), M. C. Laffite's ch. h. Sidney (M. Horlock), M. de Normandie's gr. h. Sir Bob (Owner), and M. Vaublanc's gr. m. Mayfly (Owner)—the distance about a league, over heavy and in some places marshy meadows.

The first part of the ground presented numerous and strong hedges and fences, mostly between four and five feet high; after which a few posts and very low rails, and several ditches not very wide, were the only obstacles to be encountered till within five hundred yards of the winning post, where they had to leap a very high paling, and, after going over a piece of good turf, jump a low wall with a ditch in front into an inclosure; the weight 144lb. French, and the stake 250*fr.*; the last horse to pay the stake of the owner of the second horse. There was no decided favorite, but Mayfly had rather the pull. At three o'clock precisely the signal was given, and the horses went off together, their riders distinguished by silk caps and jackets of different colours. They took the first hedge nearly in a line. M. Normandie then went a-head, taking the five following fences with the utmost steadiness and resolution: Sir Bob, indeed, seemed to fly over the last, which was nearly six feet high. Guitare, on jumping the second fence, touched, and fell upon his rider, who lay stunned for several minutes. Mayfly also committed the same fault at the same place, but M. de Vaublanc, although thrown, kept the bridle and immediately remounted. Sidney obstinately refused the third fence, and thus lost all chance. Leamington and Napoleon first reached the road from Jouy to Bievre, going over a very difficult gate hanging towards them. Sir Bob got completely hampered with it, and M. de Normandie lost several minutes to get over. Leamington and Napoleon lost time in bogging at the inclosures of a small field beyond, and this gave Mayfly an opportunity to come up with and pass them, keeping the lead thus gained till within half a mile of the post, when Napoleon again came alongside of him, and would in all probability have won the race had he not refused the last paling, which M. de Vaublanc took in gallant style, as well as the last wall, and thus came in first; M. Allouard second, and M. Wilkinson third, notwithstanding he got a terrible summerset in a slough.

M. Carrey fell three times, and once deviated from the line. The Judge placed only the three first horses, but Guitare came in fourth, Sir Bob fifth, and Sidney last.—The Dukes of Orleans and Nemours were present, and

took great interest in the scene, which was much enlivened by the appearance of the 1st Regiment of Carbiniers, which happened to be out exercising within view of the chase. The weather was very favorable.

A PARTING BROADSIDE FROM THE WATER WITCH.

SIR,

I Shall not enter into a detailed reply to NCON DAY's last production; but as he terms MY CHALLENGE a "*vaunting paragraph, which means nothing*," and my intention being that it should mean a GREAT DEAL, I am compelled to repeat it in plain terms, that your Correspondent may satisfy himself, and your readers be aware, that I am in *sober, serious, and downright earnest*:—

WATER WITCH IS READY TO SAIL AGAINST PANTALOOON FOR ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, TO CARRY IN *bona fide* STORES AND MEN (NOT WEIGHT, WHICH NOON DAY COMPLAINS OF), BUT THE ACTUAL THINGS THEMSELVES, OUNCE FOR OUNCE, AND PINT FOR PINT, FOR ALL PANTALOOON HAS ON BOARD, &c.—(TO SAVE TROUBLE AND TIME I SHALL BE PERFECTLY SATISFIED WITH THE WORD OF THE GAL-LANT OFFICER IN COMMAND OF PANTALOOON AS TO THE WEIGHT OF STORES, &c. &c.); AND PLACE SUCH WEIGHT, WHATEVER IT MAY BE, ON BOARD WATER WITCH: AND THAT THERE MAY BE NO REASON TO QUIBBLE ABOUT EXTRA WEIGHT, WATER WITCH SHALL CARRY A LEATHER AND CANVAS BAG, FILLED WITH NOON DAY'S HEAVY COMPOSITIONS, EQUAL IN SIZE (HEAVIER IT WILL NATURALLY BE) TO THE USUAL MAIL-BAG CARRIED ON BOARD PANTALOOON; AND WATER WITCH SHALL AWAIT PANTALOOON'S

Brighton, April 12.

CONVENIENCE AT FALMOUTH, OR PLYMOUTH, OR PORTSMOUTH, AND ACCOMPANY HER TO SEA ON THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO OPORTO OR LONDON.—I WILL FURTHER EXTEND THIS CHALLENGE, WITH THE SAID WEIGHT OF STORES AND MEN, &c. TO EVERY SHIP (OF ALL SIZES) NOW AFLOAT IN HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY; AND, TO OBLIGE NOON DAY, WILL SAIL MR. TALBOT'S GALATEA OR MR. LYON'S MISCHIEF FOR ANY SUM THEY PLEASE (NOT LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED POUNDS) OUTSIDE THE ISLE OF WIGHT—ALTHOUGH SCHOONER-RIGGED VESSELS OUGHT TO HAVE A DECIDED ADVANTAGE OVER SQUARE-RIGGED VESSELS.

As to NOON DAY's assertion, that increase of tonnage is so material, that a cutter of forty-five tons is superior to one of forty; and that Water Witch has an advantage of one or two hundred tons over other vessels, *he there shews his usual ignorance*, for it is well known that at the tonnage of 250, or thereabouts, all additional power and advantage ceases, as *was well shewn when PANTALOOON beat CALEDONIA and BARHAM, and WATER WITCH DONEGAL and VERNON*, it being clearly established that, except under peculiar circumstances, a vessel of 250 or 300 tons is equal to anything of the same rig.

NOON DAY would wish your

readers to believe that I was disappointed at not winning His Majesty's Cup, and that I was astonished Water Witch did not eat the ALARM and ALBATROSS, two exceedingly fast cutters, in beating to windward. That I never anticipated or fancied such a result, I can refer him to my two opponents, Mr. Weld and Mr. Leveson Gower, whom I feel certain will do me the justice to say I laughed at the idea, and that I remarked to them, as I did to many others, "that my race must end at the *Nab Light*, without the wind should veer so as to enable me to run home again." But even with all disadvantages, and having had the "*Alarm on my weather quarter most of the time*," Water Witch actually fetched round the *Noman Buoy* first on the return. Wishing, however, not to leave NOON DAY a loophole to creep out of, and to satisfy the public that I am not *vaunting*, I will sail *any CUTTER in existence for One Hundred Pounds, three points off the wind, outside the Isle of Wight; and I'll bet NOON DAY another Hundred Pounds that he does not produce a SQUARE-RIGGED VESSEL that will do the same.*

These are, I hope, plain and intelligible statements, and will, I trust, convince your readers that I neither wish to vaunt nor say more than I am ready to perform.

Justice is all I require, all I seek. *Pantaloön* went out with Sir Edward Codrington's Squadron with (as I understand) sand boxes for guns, no weight for stores, no solid bottom, acting as she pleased and found convenient, going in and out of port, and various other advantages which

Water Witch had not when she was with Sir Pulteney Malcolm. She had her eighteen-pound caronades and slides and long sixes on board, weight for every article on board a man of war of her class, and obedient to every signal made, which I can prove by affidavit if required; and which the Gallant Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who did me the honour to inspect the vessel from truck to keelson, can also vouch for; yet in the case of *Pantaloön*, "whose trial was only with the old ships," every merit was given, while in the case of *Water Witch* everything was done to run her down.

NOON DAY says, "it is a curious fact, that every shaft aimed at 'J. B. G.' seems to inflict a wound upon his Lordship, and every cap I weave for that worthy personage, the Noble Earl seems resolved to appropriate to himself." Why NOON DAY is a fool, or he would recollect that he so far mixes me up with "J. B. G." as to head his correspondence "NOON DAY in Reply to the EARL OF BELFAST and 'J. B. G.'" I must entreat of him to think a little before he writes, and hope he will pardon me if, in taking my leave, I beg his acceptance of a CAP and BELLS, with which he is so thoroughly entitled to decorate his head. It only now remains for NOON DAY, thus equipped with his cap and bells, to present himself with his own letter, so ably drawn up, before that Gallant Officer Sir Francis Collier (whom he so confidently declares would give a Reply at variance with my statement), and request his signature to it. If NOON DAY does not produce this—and it is now incumbent on him so to do—setting aside

the liberty he has taken with the Officer's name, *he stands convicted of all that is laid to his charge, not forgetting the unpardonable and wilful falsehoods as to the alteration of the FALCON.*

I remain your obedient servant,

BELFAST.

P. S. To prove how correct NOON DAY's statements are, and how much they ought to be relied upon, I annex a copy of the Order (just received from the Admiralty) relative to His Majesty's Ships passing the Needles:—

(COPY.) "Admiralty, Nov. 23, 1811.

"SIR—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, having taken into their consideration that the passage through the Needles can never be

attempted in the ~~night~~ without some risk, and (in the event of losing sight of the marks and lights) without serious danger—have commanded me to signify to you their positive directions never to attempt going through the Needles with any of His Majesty's Ships under your command, ~~DURING~~ THE NIGHT, except in cases of extreme necessity and in order to avoid a greater danger than you are likely to incur by making the attempt: and I am further to direct you to communicate this Order to any of His Majesty's Ships returning from abroad which you may happen to speak.

(Signed) J. W. CROKER.

"To respective Captains."

This is the only Order on the subject, and relates to NIGHT, not TIDE. So much for NOON DAY's ACCURACY! B.

BIBURY RACES.

IF we may judge from the rapid progress of these Races since their re-establishment, only two years since, we may safely predict the return, in a great measure, of their former splendour, especially as they are under the immediate auspices of Sherborne's Noble Son, who, independent of his own personal influence and exertions, has been at the expense of erecting a new weighing-house, commodious in itself and convenient in its situation. It is delightful to imitate the excellence of our predecessors, and to endeavour to revive the spirit of the days gone by.

The Meeting on Friday the 11th inst. was most numerous and fashionably attended; many dashing equipages were upon the ground, and the Grand Stand, as in days of yore, was graced by the inspiring presence of female

worth and loveliness. The turf was in beautiful order; and the well-contested races of the day afforded universal gratification. Amongst the Gentlemen Jockeys were, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Codrington, Mr. Peyton, Colonel Gilbert, Captain Pettatt, and Mr. J. Bayly, who in riding, spirit, and gallantry, bid fair to be worthy inheritors of the lasting fame of a Sackville, a Delmè, a Germaine, a Hawkes, a Rawlinson, and a Lindo, in their high and palmy days, when Royalty gave a magnificence to the scene, and caused the humble cottages of the surrounding villages of Burford, Bibury, Alsworth, and North-leech, to be tenanted for a time by families of the highest rank and distinction in the kingdom.

Mr. Dutton, on the day preceding the races, entertained a distinguished party at Bibury.

We subjoin an account of the races, which took place on the 11th of April.

Hunters' Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., 12st. 7lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Beech na. Mr. Matthews's Ace of Diamonds (Capt. Pettatt) 1
Col. Gilbert's Kilmarnock..... 2
Mr. Codrington's Robin, Mr. Waller's Encore, and Mr. Neeld's Orion also started but were not placed.—Won by half a length.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for half-bred colts and fillies:—two-year-olds, 10st.; three, 11st. 9lb.—Red-post in—about three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Goodlake's ch. g. The Bugler, by Dr. Eady (Capt. Pettatt) 1
Mr. Codrington's b. f. by Godolphin.... 2
Mr. Dutton na. b. f. by Burgundy..... 3
Mr. Mackay's bl. g. Mungo..... 4

Match.—One mile.

Mr. Pettatt's ch. g. Antelope (Owner), 1
Mr. Waddilove's b. g. Harlequin..... 2

Sherborne Stakes of five sovs. each.—Billesdon Coplow weights—Two miles.

Mr. Codrington's br. g. Dodington, 10st. 9lb. (Owner) 1
Mr. Waller's ch. m. Encore, 11st. 7lb... 2

Bibury Stakes of five sovs. each, 11st.—One mile.

Mr. Peyton's br. g. Euxton (Owner)... 1
Col. Gilbert's bl. g. Cantab 2
Mr. Bryer's ch. m. Camilla 3
An excellent race. Won by half a neck.

Free Handicap of five sovs. each.—One mile.

Mr. Codrington's br. g. Conservative, 11st. 11lb. (Owner)..... 1
Mr. Wynniatt's Pantaloon, 9st. 12lb... 2
Col. Gilbert's Kilmarnock, 10st. 7lb... 3
Col. Gilbert's Cantab, 11st. 9lb..... 4
Mr. Peyton's Euxton, 12st. 7lb..... 5
Mr. Stevens's Taxman, 9st. 6
Mr. Bennett's br. m. by Orion, 9st..... 7
Won by a length.

The Marquis of Worcester and A. T. Rawlinson, Esq. are the appointed Stewards for the year ensuing.

LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1834—CONCLUDED.

(Ages as at May Day 1834.)

12. BROWNLOCK, at Bath, at 5gs. and 10s. (others at half-price; mares having won 100l. at any one time, gratis):—by Blacklock out of Diana by Kill-devil; grandam by Pot-8-o's.

6. BUTCHER BOY, at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Bawtry, at 2gs. and 5s.:—by Catton out of Eleanor by Governor, grandam Elizabeth by Spadille.

— CONGRESS, the celebrated Trotting Blood Horse, at Cawston, Norfolk, at 1l. 11s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

20. DUPLICATE, at Barnby Moor and the neighbourhood, at 2 sovs. and 5s.:—by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Benningbrough; grandam by Delpini—Schoolmistress by Ranthos.

14. LOEIC, at Moreton's Stables, Croydon, at 7gs. (half-bred mares, 2gs.):—by Selim out of Piquet by Sorcerer; grandam Prunella by Highflyer.

— MAHMOUD, a Barb of the same caste as Godolphin, at Harpenden, near St. Alban's, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d. (half-bred mares, 2gs. and 5s.)

8. OCEAN, at Walkington, near Beverley, at 5gs. and 5s. (country mares, one guinea and 2s. 6d.):—by Comus out of Britannia by Orville; grandam (Rovedino's dam) by Coriander.

5. PERION, at Kirkleatham, Guisbro', at 10gs.:—by Whisker out of Darioletta by Amadis; grandam Selma by Selim.

— ROMULUS, at Campestall, at 5gs. (country mares at 2gs.):—by Hazard, dam by Fitz-Teazle; grandam by Hyacinthus.

— SHACABAC, at Swaffham and the neighbourhood, at 5gs. (half-bred mares at 2gs. and 2s. 6d.):—by Duplicate, dam by Dragon out of Queen Mah, Sister to Venus and Mercury.

10. TINKER, at Walkington, near Beverley, at 5gs. and 5s. (country mares, 2gs. each):—by Tramp, dam by Remembrancer; grandam Loom by Shuttle.

10. **TRUMPETER**, at Clearwell Court, Newland, Gloucester, at 10 sovs. and 10s. :—by Waxy Pope out of Bella Donna by Seymour; grandam Gramaris by Sorcerer.

9. **VANISH**, at the Rock Hill Stables, near Mansfield, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Phantom out of Treasure by Camillus; grandam by Hyacinthus.

8. **VELOCIFEDE**, at Ainderby, near Northallerton, at 12gs. and one guinea (mares that have bred a winner of the St. Leger, Derby, or Oaks, gratis :—by Blacklock, dam by Juniper; grandam by Sorcerer.

8. **VOLTAIRE**, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 10 sovs. :—by Blacklock, dam by Phantom; grandam by Overton.

11. **WAMBA**, at Ludford, near Ludlow, at 10 sovs. and one sov. (half-bred mares at 3 sovs.) :—by Merlin out of Penelope by Trumpator; grandam Prunella by Highflyer.

17. **WAVERLEY**, at Driughouse, near York, at 10gs. and 10s. :—by Whalebone out of Margaretta by Sir Peter; grandam by Highflyer.

14. **WISEACRE**, at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and 10s. :—by Rabens, dam by Skyscraper out of Isabel by Woodpecker.

12. **YOUNG PHANTOM**, at Walkington, near Beverley, at 10gs. :—by Phantom out of Emmeline by Waxy; grandam Sorcery by Sorcerer.

HUNTING THE BOAR.

SIR,

YOU will oblige a Constant Reader by the insertion of the following *Chanson du Chasse*. NED TUSLE.

THE BOAR, the mighty Boar's my theme,

Whate'er the wise may say—

My morning thought, my midnight dream,

My hope throughout the day.

CHORUS.

Then pledge the Boar, the mighty Boar,

Fill high the cup with me—

“Here's luck to all that fear no fall,

And the next grey Boar we see!”

Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,

Firm hand, and eagle eye,

Does he require who dare aspire

To see the grey Boar die.

Then pledge, &c.

We envy not the rich their wealth,

Nor Kings their crown'd career :

Our saddle is the throne of health,

Our sceptre is the spear.

Then pledge, &c.

We rival, too, the warrior's pride,

Deep stained in purple gore,

For our field of fame's the forest side,

And our foe.....the FORMER BOAR !

Then pledge the Boar, the mighty Boar,

Fill high the cup with me—

“Here's luck to all who fear no fall,

And the next grey Boar we see!”

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING 1834.

SIR,

HAD it been the chance of a Foreigner, particularly a Frenchman, to alight from his carriage at one of the Hotels in this town to-day, by what astrology could he be instructed that it is the eve of a great Sporting Meeting, in which all its inhabitants are deeply interested, and on which large sums of money are depending? I defy all the Saints in the Calendar, and the House of Commons to boot, to find fault with the observance of the Sabbath at Newmarket. Morally, or politically considered, there are traits common to every people; but England is essentially the land of Racing: and here, where the Genius of the Sport sits enthroned, and keeps her princely revels, as I look on the order and decorum which reigns everywhere around me, I pronounce her Court to be a pattern for all others in Christendom. *Apropos* to Courts: I cannot but wish the Palace, which fronts me as I write, had periodically a Royal occupant, and that the purple and scarlet once more cheered the Heath with the light of its countenance. Surely the bill of fare which these Meetings furnish offers many "a dish to set before a King!"

One can form no opinion of what the week will produce from the appearance of the Sunday. People do not seem sanguine about it, but I hope the best: the Dukes of Rutland and Cleveland are arrived, and some few other leaders of turf affairs; but the feeling is that things will be slack. At the closing of the Rooms the betting was (I suppose I may give a Sunday's quotation), on the Riddlesworth for to-morrow, 7 to 4 agst Viator, and nothing else doing on the race. Four to 1 was taken that Viator don't win to-morrow, and Glencoe on Tuesday. All this will be to you like *Dennis Brulgruddery's* prediction, prophesied after its fulfilment: but here at this moment these are affairs of interest: 16 to 1 was taken about Glencoe for the Derby; but

Newmarket, Sunday, April 13.

till after Tuesday's race his place in that betting of course is uncertain.

MONDAY, APRIL 14.

At an early hour I left my couch to salute the morn, which

"With breath of freshness and with cheek of rose,"

so gloriously dawned upon the first Craven day. The Heath looked beautifully, but sounded awfully hard, ringing beneath the horses at exercise as though frost were in it. However one was prepared for this by knowing that scarcely a shower of rain has fallen here for the last month. The continued fine weather has told well for the training stables: nothing could exceed the condition of every lot I saw out. Coats of satin, and legs that seemed never to have been sullied by a splash, told most eloquently the story of the season. There have not been many hours since the first of January to keep a horse in the stable; and as trainers are not men to give a chance away, what has been done may be conceived.

Notwithstanding all the croaking, a goodly appearance did the Heath put on at one o'clock, with a very considerable sprinkling of Exclusives. The first race, the Craven Stakes, a subscription of 10 sovs. each—for three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 9lb. A.F.—brought nine to the post with very spirited betting—Belshazzar the favorite with only 20 to 12 agst him, plenty of offers to take 2 to 1, but none to give it; 40 to 5 agst Octave, 40 to 5 agst Clarion, same agst Old Bill: Bon Ton and Crusoe were in no odour, and Colwick was not spoken about. They all came almost abreast to the Bushes at a very moderate pace; Belshazzar in the centre, held so fast by the canister that he appeared almost doubled up: he did not look to run kind, and when Clarion and Colwick began to shew in front, he either could not or would not leave his horses. Towards

the finish it was very severely contested, Colwick winning by a neck; Clarion second, and all well up. Those who saw Colwick to-day must admit the coat he wears in Lord Chesterfield's service becomes him far better than the manner in which Mr. Beardsworth dressed him for the Derby.

The Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds, Ab. M. produced a large assemblage—a dozen, with no speculation however. George Edwards's filly by Camel out of Hare had the call, it being had in mind that she won the Epsom Stakes at *four heats* last year: still those who offered to bet of course preferred the field with such a crowd. There were two false starts, Mr. Sowerby's Malcolm by Dunsinane, in spite of a new pair of winkers as a bribe, refused to budge an inch; he distinguished himself in the same way for the July Stakes last year. On the third attempt, when the rest had got away about two hundred yards, somebody gave him a whack with a stick enough to stave his ribs in, and away he went like an arrow from a bow. He certainly rattled after them as hard as he could, but they were too far gone to be caught in that distance. Sir Sandford Graham won it with Jason, Mr. John Robinson's Land second. Lord Verulam's Little Cassino, who started but was not placed, positively won my heart as I followed him after saddling to see the start, with a step light as Taglioni in the *Sylphide*, and bestrode by that Brummel of jocks Connolly—satin jacket, leathers, boots, all looking as if he had stepped out of a bandbox into his saddle:—it was impossible to imagine a more perfect picture of an English race "horse and his rider."

For the Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards, seven started and two placed. Mr. Bloss's Water Witch won it after a hard struggle with Mr. Greville's Gondolier, beating him only by a nose. Datura was last, and I thought lame; but Robinson, who rode her, said he did not perceive it, and he ought to be the best judge. There

was very little interest about it, all being absorbed in the next race. And now came

The Twentieth Riddleswortl Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1890:—colts carrying 8st. 7lb.; fillies 8st. 4lb., Ab. M., the produce of untried mares or of untried stallions allowed 3lb.; if both 5lb.—Six to 4 were the latest odds agst Viator, and more takers than backers of the field. Mr. Houldsworth's Darius, by Reveller out of Fanny Davies, in the Derby, struck me as a superior nag, and, as Connolly said, he was a very nice horse to ride; so also was Lord Jersey's Oaks filly Nell Gwynne, out of Cobweb by Sultan; but Robinson, who rode her, had no hopes. Out of twenty-four named, six only started—seven dead, and eleven paid. It were useless to describe the running: it was Mr. Gully's race from the start, Viator winning by a good length and plenty to spare, most carefully ridden by Wheatley; Darius second, Nell Gwynne third, and the others all placed. Directly after the race the winner was backed at *very heavy figures* at 15 to 1 for the Derby: he was allowed 3lb., his sire Stumps being an untried stallion. It may suit some persons to bet their money so—it may suit others to make him a favorite; but in my mind he is no Derby horse: and better opinions than mine go that way too. He went well doubtless among those opposed to him to-day, but he is too *weedy*, and wants strength behind to shove him up the hill at Epsom.

James Robinson, on The Saddler, beat John Day and Glaucus for 300, h. ft. D.M.—a very severe business, and won by a short length. Glaucus changed hands this morning, having been sold by Mr. Ridsdale to Lord Chesterfield, it is said for 1700l.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, D.M. made some stir, as a Derby and Oaks nag, each of some pretension, contended for it. Col. Peel's Harum Scarum was the one fancied at only 15 to 10 agst him, with a field of four. This was a most rattling affair from end to end. Mr.

Greville's Oaks filly, Pickle out of Mustard, winning after rough usage enough: Harum second, Duke of Grafton's Montrose third, Mr. Shard's Zitella fourth. This will, I should think, give the filly a good lift in the betting.

Circassian received forfeit from Camarine, reported amiss. The loss of this Match was much regretted, but Sir Mark was right not to hazard the laurels of his mare if she was not up to the mark.

Mr. Greville's Hernani, by Mame-luke out of Sycorax, received 80 sovs. from Lord Tavistock's colt, by Royal Oak out of Leeway, in consequence of his (that is the colt's) being gathered to his fathers.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15.

A morning as bright as ever shone upon the Valley of Roses has filled the town, and smiles and good humour are the order of the day. In fact Newmarket is chock full, to use their own expression here; and a bed or a stall are things not to be hoped for. The crowd at the Rooms, and in the street, is extraordinary, and evinces the interest which to-day's business creates in the Betting World, in its present as well as prospective character. The quotations I reserve for the last moment at the Heath.

The first race of the day, "the first Tuesday's Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 sovs. each, for the produce of mares covered in 1830, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., Ab. M.; the produce of untried stallions or of untried mares allowed 3lb.; if both 5lb."—20 to 12 the field agst Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 6 to 1 agst Sir Sandford Graham's Zulima, by Sultan out of Emma, in the Oaks—Lord Burlington's br. f. Bizarre out of Barossa, and Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan out of Advance, not mentioned. At starting Glencoe took the lead at a moderate pace, was never headed, and won by two or three lengths, with Robinson standing in his stirrups, and patting him on the neck as he cantered past the winning post! Zulima second.

Previous to the Riddlesworth a Match was run off between Mr.

Thornhill's b. c. Mouser, by Merlin out of Surprise, and Mr. Sloane Stanley's b. c. by Little John, or Whalebone, out of Lamia, 8st. 7lb. each, D.M., 100, h. ft. Won by the former with ease.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for colts 8st. 4lb., and fillies 9st. 11lb.—Rowley Mile—then three years old, out of mares which never produced a winner of more than 200 sovs. at any one time before the 1st May 1832.—This brought out four: Mr. Batson's c. Plenipotentiary by Emilius, in the Derby; Lord Lowther's c. by Emilius, dam by Wanderer, out of Caroline, foaled in 1824, another Derby colt; Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan out of Zealot's dam; and the Duke of Portland's c. by Tramp out of Manto by Tirerias, dam by Walton out of Marmion's dam, foaled in 1824. The odds were 100 to 80 and 2 to 1 on Plenipo, 4 to 1 agst Lord Lowther's, and 6 to 1 agst the other two. They came in as above, Connolly winning as he pleased, and sitting as much at his ease as if he had Parson What's-his-name's "*Velvet Cushion*" under him. This horse with the wicked name is a most magnificent animal, and was the admiration of every man who saw him. Sam Darling did not let Emilius's other son go to sleep, but it was all in vain, as the colt himself told the spectators by an awful swerve within the distance.

We now had the Oatlands Stakes of 50 sovs. each, D. I.—This was an extraordinary betting race: people seemed not to know what to do with their money. Compared with the tumult of tongues at the Post, the turn-out of the operatives at Babel must have been as a Quaker's meeting:—3½ to 1 agst the Duke of Cleveland's Trustee, 4 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's Galata, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Ann, and 6 to 1 agst Chantilly.—Seven started, and five paid. They all got to the Turn of the Lands like the horses of the Suu, and here a terrific struggle ensued. Within the distance Vespa, Trustee, and the Lottery colt shewed in front; twenty yards from home Sam Chifney tried his rush with Trustee, but it would not do:

Chapple on Vespa was awake to him, and won by a good half length after as beautiful a race as ever was looked at. People shouted for Sir Mark, who is very popular in these parts; and if the countenance be an index of the mind, then was Chifney troubled in spirit as to the result of the Oatlands.

There was a 100 sovs. Sweepstakes each, h. ft., 8st. 7lb., D. M., in which Mr. Hunter's Morotto, by Gustavus out of Marrowfat, received forfeit; Mr. Greville's Zethus, by Mameluke out of Antiope, withdrew his stake, and Sir Mark Wood's Mourad, by Mameluke out of Vulcan's dam, paid: and a Match, Sir M. Wood's f. by Figaro, dam by Whisker out of Jack Spigot's dam, received 50 sovs. from Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin out of Madelina, T.Y.C., 200 sovs., h. ft. No weights mentioned.

I cannot close my account of this day's running without a passing observation on the winners of the two Riddlesworths, and the 50 sovs. Sweepstakes to-day. The perfect ease with which these three races were won goes to shew one of two things: either that the fields which they met were very inferior—a conclusion not to be rashly come to with such horses as Darius, Nell Gwynne, Bizarre, Zulima, Lord Lowther's Emilius colt, and others, before us: or they are three of the most promising three-year-olds Newmarket has seen for years. Plenipotentiary is the model of a race-horse: his shoulders and haunches much resemble his half-brother by the sire, Priam; and from his style of doing the Rowley Mile to-day, which has more Derby work in it than the Riddlesworth course, it may be conjectured how matters will be at Epsom. Glencoe and Plenipo left off at 6 to 1 against them for the Derby, and lots of friends.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16.

When next I hear a vinegar-faced old grumbletonian croaking away about cash-payments, and paper-money, and security, and all that fudge, I'll refer him to this town, and if he finds any lack of the medium, or its

circulation, it will be his own fault. Bushels of "Henry Hases" are hawked about, like the pigs with knives and forks in them in the olden time, seeking who will devour them. Here the Reform Bill is in its fullest operation: no stuff about distinction. This morning I beheld a young Peer, odorous as Price and Gosnell, hand a hundred *flimsy* from a pair of virgin primrose kids to old B—, who took a gripe of it with his greasy, filthy mittens, which I heard him boast that he had worn for a couple of years! It is a treat to see some of the right sort pitch the *rage* away! they do it with such a grace! Sad is it to think that a day may ever come—

What with race-horses here,
And keeping good cheer,
And drinking neat wines just the same as
small beer,
They'll exhaust all their rent,
And the money once spent,
They must borrow their coin at two hundred per cent.!

The weather is still lovely, but the muster to-day on the Heath was rather meagre, and the bill of fare not attractive. The first race on the list was a Subscription Plate of 50l.; for three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; and five, 9st., T.Y.C., with some little speculation on it. Mr. George Edwards's Ambrosio, the old horse as the boys called him, was selected at 15 to 10 on him, and some talked of 2 to 1, whilst in the town they had been backing the field at the same odds, and 6 to 4 and 7 to 4. Crusoe, like his namesake, was a banished one—he was no man's fancy. At starting Ambrosio, with George Edwards on him, took off with two leaps, all the rest after him, for he jumped away like a tennis ball. They came home with a fair proportion of running, but Pavis landed Mr. Yates's Ince, a Derby colt, first a good length—him of the uninhabited island next, and then Ambrosio, and then Bamboozle, and then Sister to Marcus; and, Reader, there's as many *THENS* for you as Harriette Wilson honored My Lord Ponsonby with—or thereabouts. The next, a Match between Lord

Chesterfield's c. *Fortunatus*, by Sultan out of *Babel*, 8st. 7lb., agst Lord Tavistock's f. by *Rasping* out of *Morisses*, by *Morisco* out of *Waltz*, 8st. 4lb., h. ft., was a proof that two bad horses and two good jocks can make a race. There was anybody's for choice to the betting, and God knows there was little to fancy between them. This was the D. M. In the bottom My Lord Chesterfield's cattle began to roar away like a steamer, but Billy Scott shook the puff out of him, and set at it in earnest; so "rattle away" was the notion, and Robinson basted My Lord Tavistock's *Rasping* because he was a shade the worst; and so that ended.

Sweepstakes of 150 each, h. ft., for fillies, 8st. 4lb., D. M.—For this there was a field of seven, and but two appeared. Now some of these were *dead*, and that was an excuse for *their* not coming to the scratch; but what could keep *anything* from meeting the two that *did* start, with life in it, I cannot guess. Lord Exeter's b. f. *Mimosa*, by Sultan out of *Dahlia's* dam, rode by Darling, beat Connolly on My Lord Verulam's *Mameluke* filly out of *Varennas*. These two young Ladies are in the Oaks, but neither of them will bea *Belle* at Epsom.

The 50 sovs. Sweepstakes for fillies, 8st. 7lb. each, A. F., out of an entry of eighteen, brought out but five.—Mr. Pettit's *Splitpost*, with Connolly on her, went gaily away, leading to the Bushes: here Mr. Vansittart's *Slight*, by Lottery, came up and snaffled her, as Robinson *will* do when he measures his customer and sees his time is come. So they all went to work "pretty tightish," and Pavis on *Rosalie*, with *even* on her against the field, did *his* devoir; and the "tight Irish lad" pitched into the daughter of *Mameluke*, and a "pretty damn'd considerable deal" of steel and whalebone was lavished; but it was a fruitless "prodigality of pain," for *Slight* had it, and Robinson only had enough to do to make his ride interesting.

The Sweepstakes for 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; D. M., untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb. Here Lord Orford's c. *Airy*, by St. Patrick out of *Stays*, received forfeit: Lord Lichfield's Brother to *Mount-eagle* withdrew his stake; Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. *Constance*, by *Leviathan* (horse untried), paid; Colonel Peel's c. (dead), by *Emilius* out of *Bee* in a *Bonnet*, untried.

The day's sports were over soon after three; so I took a stroll among the paddocks, to look at the yearlings. The doctrine of Malthus does not seem popular among turf people, for the younglings were even as the sand upon the sea shore. In my ramble I fell in with those of My Lord Verulam. On one of them, upon a plain tablet inserted in the wall, is the following inscription. Your readers will recollect the event it records, and the fortunate escape Connolly had, who was riding at the time.

Near this place lies

ALBERT*,

by Waterloo, or Moses, out of *Varennas*, Who died from the bursting of a blood-vessel whilst running in a Trial Match, March 7th, 1831.

ALBERT, alas! thy race is run;
Untimely sank thy setting sun.
But spotless is thy racing fame,
Unconquered is thy name!
When other steeds forgotten be,
Still must my memory rest on thee.
I saw thee breathe thy latest sigh—
I saw thee struggle, fall, and die!

THURSDAY, APRIL 17TH.

There were some prospects of rain early this morning, an event which would be universally welcomed. Towards ten, however, they all cleared away; and on the Heath at one the broiling sun and easterly wind made the turf as hard as the hearthstone. Though not so numerous as Tuesday (which, being market day, always ensures a crowd), the company to-day was very select, and quite plentiful enough to give a cheering reception

* A Portrait of Albert will be found in the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. iii. *Second Series*, p. 337.

to the sports. Previously to the racing there was a sale of miscellaneous animal stock—cocktails and thorough-bred—offered, with all the advantages of Mr. Tattersall's eloquence, to public favor.

The first race for the day was a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M. For this there were four entries, and three contended. The betting was 15 to 10 on General Grosvenor's Dick, by Lamplighter out of Blue Stockings; 20 to 12 agst Lord Lichfield's by Sligo out of Ina; and 2 to 1 agst Duke of Portland's by Catton out of Tragedy. Just as Robinson rode the General's colt out of the saddling house, and his trainer let his head go, away he bolted for home at a pace fit to burst him: he ran a mile at least before he could be pulled up; and this put his chance out, if ever he had one. After they were got together and started, Dick took the lead at strong running, but he could not hold it. Ina and Tragedy had it between them at the last; and it terminated in favour of Lord Lichfield, for whom Mr. Wheatley officiated on the occasion. Pavis rode His Grace's colt, and looked not well pleased that he was only a middling second.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb., D.M., with four nominations, brought out two only—Viator, the winner of the Riddlesworth on Monday, with 2 to 1 on him and all the ring for backers; Wheatley rode him again with the same success; in fact he had only a fair exercise canter—Robinson on Ina losing in a gentlemanlike style, never attempting any force; indeed it would have been absurd.

The next, a race of as much interest as any event of the like nature for a long period, had given rise in the morning to all kinds of reports, and even till the last moment, at the betting post, the most likely to be well informed did not know how things had been arranged: that the contest, in which nine were to take part, was given up to the two big-wigs was notorious: but will they di-

vide the Stakes or run? that was the question. It was a great national concern to see the two most superior horses of the year engaged in the Derby put the question of their relative pretensions beyond dispute. It was soon no longer matter of uncertainty, and there was a rush to the Ditch, where they were saddling; and two such nags were enough to make any man stir his stumps for a peep. The race was for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; Rowley Mile—Mr. Batson's Plenipotentiary, by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles, and Lord Jersey's Glencoe, by Sultan out of Trampoline. The orders to each was to make all running; and Connolly told me he had never been so fast over that ground since he rode Priam over it. At starting they both took off at an awful bat; in about a quarter of a mile Plenipo shewed that it was not his best pace, so he went by Glencoe, of whom Robinson was making the best without hurting his horse; and thus the race ended at a rate of speed which those who were lucky enough to witness will long remember—Plenipo first two lengths, and many more to spare. Should this horse continue as he now is till four o'clock P.M. on the 29th of the ensuing May, at that hour Mr. Batson will possess the Derby for 1834; but there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip." There seems to be but one opinion of this splendid racer—that he is one of the most superior animals seen at Newmarket within most men's memory. There is no ground to cavil with one point about him; and to crown all, for the hill at Epsom, be it remembered, that, like Major Longbow, "*damme, he's lots of muscle.*" No disparagement this to Glencoe, who is "a gallant steed and good," as all his former opponents found to their cost: the odds were about even between them at starting; perhaps the Sultan colt for choice.

The Forfeit Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 10 sovs. each, D. I., had ten entries, and three started. Mr. Houldsworth's David won with 20 to

12 agst him; Colonel Peel's colt, by Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam, the same; and Mr. Smith's The Witch, at 6 to 4. This was not an affair requiring an able chronicler. Connolly rode the winner again, and with ease to himself and profit to his master. I fancy he found the pace somewhat different from the last.

The Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; D. I.; the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.—Six entered, and four went. Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus won bravely with Will Scott on him, and from my soul I wish him joy! It did my heart good to see the satisfaction with which all seemed to participate in his success, and in the radiant smile with which his lovely fascinating Countess declared that "*she, too, had won a little on it.*" The Duke of Rutland's Shylock was second and saved stakes, Titus third, and Cactus "a shocking bad horse," last.

Sweepstakes of 40 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, T. Y. C.—Mr. Greville's Pickle rec. forfeit and walked over.—Mr. R. Stephenson's c. Gale Middleton, by Middleton, dam by Tramp, withdrew his stake; Mr. Wm. Stanley's Skimmer paid.

Mr. Greville's b. c. Zethus, by Mameluke out of Antiope, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Lord Tavistock's c. (dead), by Royal Oak out of Leeway, 8st. 4lb.; Rowley Mile, 200, h. ft.

Produce Sweepstakes reduced to a Match.—Colonel Peel's b. c. Harum Scarum, by Bedlamite out of Fille de Joie, rec. ft. from Lord Tavistock's c. (dead), by Royal Oak out of Leeway, 8st. 7lb. each, Rowley Mile, 100 sovs. h. ft.

FRIDAY, APRIL 18TH.

The appearance of the Heath was less prepossessing to-day than on any of those which I have spoken of. There was no lack of company, but a painful preponderance of the masculine gender; in fact, a woman was as great a rarity as they are reported to be in the Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons. I do not speak *à cavalcadôr*, for I am of the uninitiated,

and *unsinged*. Still there were some brilliant exceptions; and in a light-bodied yellow barouche, with iron grey horses, shone "one bright particular star," which from out the galaxy, for me, was the ascendant. Hers was indeed one of those forms on which it is sometimes permitted us to look,

"and feel

It would not be idolatry to kneel."

God grant that she be not returned to her native skies before the First Spring, and that once more I may behold her ere she for ever quit this "terrene," of which she is not akin!

The Ale Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb., D. I.; three entries, and two to run.—Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam, and the Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery out of Pledge. John Day on Pledge made the running at a very moderate speed, the chesnut about three lengths behind him; so they ran to the Turn of the Lands, when Arthur Pavis went up, passed, and, without an attempt at a struggle, defeated His Grace, winning by several lengths. There was little or no betting on this duet, and apparently no interest.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.: for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. two-year-olds, T. Y. C.—Mr. Marson's f. Chance, by Patron out of Ramona, and Mr. George Edwards's Wellington, by Cannon Ball out of Psyche; three paid.—These two juveniles went off, as a matter of course, as hard as ever they could split; but, if there was a momentary doubt before starting, it was quickly solved—the young gentleman had no chance against this Chance—Frank Boyce having the luck for once in his life to meet with a mischance. She is in the Oaks for 1835, and looks like one that would be a favorite. The loser, a fine colt, is in the Derby for the same year, and it was a feather to defeat him.

The Subscription Plate of 50l.—for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, 9st. 4lb.; and aged, 9st. 8lb., D. M.—had six

who intended to try for it, but only four at last to find the courage. This affair produced speculation, as there was 5 to 4 on Old Bill, and at even; 10 to 4 agst Roadster; and lots of chaff about the other two. This was done with as little delay as possible. *Old Bill*, a three-year-old, rode by little Rogers, with the Sheffields going merrily, won it, the other three evincing a strong anxiety, if the exuberant use of cold iron be any criterion.

The next was the Hare Park Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; untried mares or stallions allowed 3lb. D. M. There were five subscribers; casualty and fear reduced the number actually engaged to a brace. Sir Sandford Graham's Oaks filly Zulima first, with James Robinson quite *à son aise*; Paddy Connolly on Mouser, to stick to the Gallic, *tout au contraire*. I had a reason to regret the way this went, for the "dear sake of one." Now, no impertinent questions—

"Gin a body ask a body, need a body tell?"

And now came the great betting race of the day, the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. (not named in the Claret), T.M.M., the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake. There was the devil's own hubbub at the post; every one, Peer and dingy shank, shouting for a customer. This is the nearest quotation I could come at:—40 to 5 agst Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge, 100 to 12 agst Lord Exeter's Sir Robert, the Duke of Cleveland's (or Sam Chifney's) Muley Moloch the favorite at even on him, 100 to 8 agst Jason, 7 to 1 agst The Whale, 10 to 1 agst Revelry, 200 to 5 agst Catalonian, 100 to 10 agst Mussulman.—"With one consent" off they went like the wind, and approached and passed the Ditch pretty well together: here Catalonian sang out "*peccati!*" thinking of his mother: and now Chifney, on the nag "frac the North," began to reconnoitre the ruck: gently pulling off

to his hindmost horses, he let them all land with him on the rise where they start for the Two-year-old Course. Here he read the story of each individual prad "as in a book," and went beside them to the bottom. Here the race was won. Nothing had a chance with him, and he was first half a dozen lengths. There was a bruising business for second place, which Revenge got after a mortal deal of what is genteelly termed "persuasion." Mr. Walker was third, and his was not the first "Mussulman" who has been disappointed in "*the Porte*." Multitudes of abominable puns were exploded upon this stake, such as "why don't he keep his heels quiet?"—"tapping the Claret is not the way to draw the Port," and the like abominations in parts of speech, against which I set my face.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb., foaled in 1831, D. M. The Duke of Grafton's Derby nag Olympic frightened five others, and walked over, receiving one forfeit, Lapdog getting two. "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., D. M., those out of untried mares, or got by untried stallions, allowed 3lb., but only one allowance: for this Lapdog again received forfeit, five paying for the pleasure of seeing him "canter alone."

A Match for 500l., h. ft., between Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla, receiving 200l. from Sir Mark Wood's ch. f. by Reveller out of Leila—the colt 8st. 6lb., the filly 8st. 2lb.—D. M., terminated the week's play.

Epilogues are out of fashion, so I let the baize fall, without more than a parting congratulation to the turfite on the promise which the season holds out which has so splendidly begun.

CRAVEN.

Newmarket, Friday night,
April 18, 1834.

THE FIRST LETTER FOR THE YACHTING SEASON FROM "J. B. G."

SIR,
ON the 15th April 1833, I commenced my first series of letters from Cowes, which had for their object alone the amusement of your numerous subscribers, the supporting the interests of the R. Y. S., and also the explaining from time to time the different improvements in naval architecture which might be brought forward, and which must inevitably create so much competition both in the Government and private building yards. It was not, however, my intention *this* season to have commenced my correspondence on these subjects at so early a period; but having seen in your last Number a letter from NOON DAY to the Earl of Belfast, in which he has taken the liberty of asserting that he, NOON DAY, has been the means of causing the retirement of "J. B. G.," I feel it necessary to take the earliest opportunity of publicly undeceiving your readers, and of shewing how much that "*veracious*" and MISCHIEF-ous personage is to be depended on in the several statements he has on this as on former occasions put forth. Let me preface my observations by expressing an earnest hope that Lord Belfast will not be tempted into any further correspondence on the subject, as every unprejudiced person must have been thoroughly convinced, before he put pen to paper, of his Lordship's most straightforward and honorable conduct in all affairs relating to the R. Y. S.

I now proceed at once to expose the MISCHIEF-ous assertions of NOON DAY, for whose attacks on me I am utterly at a loss to account, feeling innocent, as I do, of the most remote intention to injure or even mortify any individual in existence: and in proof that I had never such intention, I am sure that I need only refer to the text-book of NOON DAY's sarcasms, and court examination from stem to stern of my several letters in

the *Magazine*. My ungenerous antagonist states in his last letter to Lord Belfast, that "J. B. G. has been wielding the Water Witch as an engine of offence ever since the 15th of April last—against the Admiralty, for not purchasing her; against Captain Symonds, for reasons only to be guessed; and against vessels belonging to Members of the R. Y. S., because they outsailed her." Now it will be seen, in my letter, No. II., June 8th, page 232, of the July Number, "that praise is given to the *present Board of Admiralty* for liberally following up the improvements in the construction of ships which were absolutely forced upon the Government of that day:" that credit is also given to Lord Vernon for "*having brought forward the present Surveyor of the Navy (Captain Symonds)*, when his Lordship obtained permission to build the Columbine sloop of war;" as well as to the Duke of Portland for building the *Pantaloön*: and these remarks were, moreover, made *nine months* subsequent to the Admiralty's refusal to take Lord Belfast's brig into the service, and when I understood that his Lordship had resolved to convert her into a yacht, she having shewn so decided a superiority over the vessel that she was built to contend with, as to have outwinded her five miles in four hours and three quarters! It must be certainly admitted that a fine opportunity was allowed to escape of adding a splendid vessel to the list of the Navy, the brig in question being so excellently qualified either for war or despatch; but I cannot discover that in any letter of mine there has, in consequence, been *any engine of offence* wielded against either the Admiralty or the Navy Surveyor, though I, in common with many others who admire the latter's talents, do not approve of his system of full bows, such as belong to *Pantaloön*, Vernon, Vestal, &c. &c.; and

in the end it will be seen that my objection is a well founded one. To return, however, to NOON DAY. You will find it stated by me in the August Number, page 302, "that the race for the King's Cup would probably lie between Lord Belfast's Water Witch, Lord Durham's Louisa, and Mr. Weld's Alarm; and that though the W. W. may not be a match for large cutters in short tacks, it is expected, *if there is a strong leading wind*, that she may yet stand a chance." And again in the January Number, page 260, I said, "there was nothing to prevent the magnificent Alarm from winning the race, save some accident, &c. &c." Surely then, all this demonstrates as clearly as moon ever shone on a struggler, that the Water Witch has not been "*wielded as an engine of offence against the vessels of the R.Y.S. because they outsailed her*;" and it was never expected, moreover, unless the wind was in her favour, that she could by possibility beat the large cutters.

So much, therefore, for one unfounded assertion. Let me now grapple with another equally sea-worthy. In the December Number NOON DAY positively assures us that "Mr. List was about to alter the bows of the Falcon from lines drawn by Mr. Fincham, to be a fac-simile of those of the Vestal, she having shewn so great a superiority over the Falcon." Indeed! pray how comes it then that *Mr. Joseph White is now preparing to haul her up on his patent slip at East Coves to lengthen her and give her bows on his own plan*, which may be supposed, without difficulty, I think, to be anything rather than a fac-simile of those of the Vestal. It is very easily to be proved, too, that the Vestal never has beaten the Falcon. How comes it also, I now proceed to ask, that NOON DAY has not favored us with the production of the order which he boldly stated was given to the Sylvia cutter to tow a yacht over to Cherbourg? As he appears to possess so happy a talent of inditing forms of correspondence, let me recommend him to vary the

one contained in his last letter a trifle, and favour us with the full publication of the replies to it which he may obtain from the Sylvia's Commander, and also the late gallant Captain of the Vernon!!

In what position, then, does this "*veracious*" Gentleman now stand? Is it not, both by implication and inference, as well as downright and notorious matter of fact, in that of having asserted what he is not in a condition to prove? I must here observe, too, that he has most carefully avoided all reply to a remark or two which I made respecting some transactions at Cherbourg, well known both to him and his *stave* Achilles Ben Block (who no doubt is in the secret). I beg him to bear in mind, however, that I shall keep this subject in reserve; and, as in the Number for February, NOON DAY tenders me his advice to pause, and beware lest I catch a Tartar, I crave permission to return him the compliment, with the addition of my best wishes that he may speedily catch an uncompromising *douanier*, being well convinced that even Wombwell's lion that escaped the other day could not effect more mischief than your Correspondent is endeavoring to work and accomplish in the R. Y. S. His unwarrantable assertion of there being an Admiralty order, prohibiting His Majesty's ships from going through the Needles except with a FLOOD TIDE (to serve as an excuse for the Serpent sloop of war tiding down to Lynnington when bound with despatches to North America), deserves the severest censure.

Let me hasten, however, to conclude this letter, as I wish not to be tedious, with a word or two on the subject of tonnage—a topic on which NOON DAY appears to be grossly and even childishly ignorant, conceiving, as he does, that, because five or ten tons may be an advantage to small vessels, the same scale holds good with large ones. Every one knows that a cutter of 150 tons will beat those of 100 or less tonnage; but who ever heard that a good brig of 250, 300, or 400 tons was inferior to a frigate or ship of the line? Surely the feats of the Panta-

loon with Sir Edward Codrington's fleet must be remembered even by NOON DAY himself! I will not hurt his feelings by reminding him of those of the Water Witch with Sir Pulteney Malcolm; but as Mr. Talbot, I find, refused a match last season for his schooner, I have no doubt that Lord Belfast will be happy to close with the offer that NOON DAY makes of *Captain Lyon's Mischiefs*. In the event of such match taking place outside the Isle of Wight, I am prepared to back the Water Witch on any point of sailing, for the value of as many skins of Cherbourg leather as may be judged sufficient to fit out and store two vessels of their respective tonnage, and to make Stakes anonymously forthwith in the

hands of the Secretary! *I puer, et tecum versus meditare canoros.*

As the season is now advancing, I shall hope next month to be able to give your readers some interesting communications from Cowes, where I shall be in a few days. Meantime let me announce, that it has been determined to allow vessels of a smaller tonnage to compete this season for the King's Cup. This will give an opportunity to many fine cutters to try their chance, and will afford much more general amusement to the company, there being hitherto only one or two cutters that could contend with Mr. Weld's Alarm.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. B. G.
London, April 12, 1884.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

THE Jockey Club have resolved that in future no horses shall be considered to be struck out of his engagement, unless the owner, or some person authorised by him, shall give notice to the Keeper of the Match-book, or to his Clerk, or to one of the Stewards present.

We repeat, by request, that, by a late Resolution of the Jockey Club, horses are to be considered at Newmarket as taking their ages from the 1st of January, and not, as heretofore, from the 1st of May.

There will be no races at Preston this year.

The Produce Stakes at Burton-on-Trent (1837) is off by consent.

At the Malton Meeting, a Produce Stakes was opened for the produce of mares covered this year by Humphrey Clinker (sire of Rockingham, winner of the St. Leger), to which W. Allen, Esq. added 20l. and also 25l. to the second horse.

Egham 1834.—The following are the nominations for the Magna Charta Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., the winner of the Riddlesworth, the 2000gs.

Derby, or Oaks Stakes, to carry 7lb. extra; the New Mile.—Second day.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Nisus, by Velocipede.

Mr. Theobald's f. Stockwell Beauty, by Mameluke.

Mr. Edwards's Intriguer.

Mr. Cosby's Stradbally.

Mr. Gardiner's Comet.

KIPLING COATES, Thursday, March 20.—The Annual Plate for horses, &c. of all ages, 10st. each, four miles, was won easily by two lengths by Mr. Williamson's Pluralist by Ambo, dam by Comus, beating Mr. Smith's b. g. by Minos and Mr. Jennings' Laurel Leaf by Brutandorf. "This prize," says John Cheny, "was founded by a body of fox-hunters, appointing it to be annually run for on the third Thursday in March, who taking an affection to the wolds of Yorkshire, in some respects resembling the Downs of the southern counties, were pleased to deposit the sums whence the prize annually rises; and although but sixteen guineas, yet as the time of running for it is in the infancy of the season, it is looked upon as a proper *taste-trial*, or proof how horses have come through the winter." Indeed many of considerable form have com-

tended for this free prize; among others, that honest mare (the great favorite of Stephen Jefferson), Miss Neesham, by Hartley's Blind Horse, dam by Croft's Commoner, who won it in 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, and 1734.

CANTERBURY, April 1st.—The Easter Plate was walked over for by Mr. Howard's Rose Bradwardine. We gather from the same authority, that "the ten guineas at Barham Downs, appointed to be run for annually on Easter Tuesday, is said to have been founded by a well-meaning public-spirited Lady, who, at her leaving the world, was pleased to bequeath a donation, in order to add her latest mite towards the perpetual support of those elegant diversions."

About 1680, two prizes were instituted at FARNDON in the county palatine of Chester, by subscription (from the interest of which the funds arise), to be run for on the Monday and Tuesday following St. Chad's day, free for any horse, &c. The value of the first, by the foundation, is nine guineas, and the second twenty-one guineas. The entrance of the preceding year is always added to the respective prize. As regards the larger prize, the conditions evince sharp practice: non-subscribers to pay five guineas entrance, and five guineas additional if distanced. The entrance and forfeits, as well as the entrance of subscribers or their successors, are all added to the twenty-one guineas in the following year. The above are all exempt from the operation of the Act of Parliament, passed in the 13th of George the Second, for the regulation of horse-racing, by which it is declared illegal to enter, start, or run any horse, &c., for less than fifty pounds, except at Newmarket or Black Hambleton—a clause providing that "this Act shall not extend to prevent the starting or running any horse for any plate or prize now issuing out of, or paid for, or by the rents, issues, and profits, of any lands or tenements, or of or by the interest of any sum of money now chargeable with the same, or appropriated for that purpose."

The following notice is given in the *Racing Calendar* for 1803:—The

Public, and Sporting Gentlemen in particular, are hereby respectfully informed, that the races at Farndon, in the county of Chester, must be unavoidably discontinued; as the proprietors of the Race-ground are come to the resolution of having it immediately inclosed. Dated January 10th, 1804. Signed, Chas. A. Wighton.

The conditions of the Newmarket Town Plate, as ordered by Charles the Second in 1664, will be found in the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. ii. *Second Series*, p. 144.

Col. Peel has sold Harum Scarum, by Bedlamite (engaged in the Derby), to Mr. Thornhill.

Mr. Hobson has purchased of Mr. Osbaldeston his celebrated mare Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery (winner of 14 prizes last year, value 1075*l.*, including two King's Plates and a Gold Cup). Mr. Hobson has sent her to Ireland, where he purposes racing her at the Curragh.

Report states that Darling has tendered his resignation of the post of rider to Thomas Houldsworth, Esq. The cause is attributed to some disagreement with individuals engaged in the establishment.

By the death of Colonel Hargreaves, *Revolution*, by Oiseau, engaged in the Manor Cup; *Theodore*, by Comus, in the Borough Cup; and *Fitzdictor*, by Predictor, in the Shrigley Cup, at the ensuing Newton Meeting, are disqualified from running, they having been nominated by that Gentleman.

RACES TO COME.

Chester	May 5
Bristol and Clifton	7
Newmarket	12
Liverpool, M. C.	14
York	19
South Shields	19
St. Alban's	21
Manchester	21
Epsom	27
Newton	June 4
Ascot Heath	10
Buxton	11
Tenbury	12
Newcastle	16
Knighton	17
Hampton	18
Bath	25
Ludlow	25
Liverpool, A. C.	July 1
Newmarket	7
Lancaster	8

Cheltenham.....	18
Bridgnorth.....	23
Gloucester.....	23
Worcester.....	August 5
Aberystwith.....	19
Stourbridge.....	26
Burton-on-Trent.....	27
Pontefract.....	September 2
Warwick.....	2
Ilchfield.....	9
Morpeth.....	9
Doncaster.....	15
Heaton Park.....	24
Walsall.....	24
Newmarket.....	29
Richmond.....	October 7
Newmarket.....	12
Northallerton.....	16
Newmarket.....	27

KELSO SHOW OF STALLIONS.

At the meeting of the Union Agricultural Society held at Kelso on the 1st of April, the show of Stallions generally, and particularly blood ones, excited much attention and admiration. The two most admired were, the Duke of Buccleuch's Canteen, by Waxy Pope out of Castanea by Gohanna, bred in Ireland by the Marquis of Sligo; and Mr. Taylor's (of Presson) horse Percy by Walton, dam (Warkworth's dam) by Delpini. The demand for this species of the horse is greatly extended of late years in Scotland, there being now more thorough-bred horses covering in the vicinity of Edinburgh than formerly were to be found in all North Britain. At Lyndoch, in Perthshire, there is a grey Arabian, "Osman," of the true Kohlanee breed, who perhaps for size, action, and power, has never been exceeded, of late years at least.

A PROMISING COLT.

A Gentleman residing at Derby has now in his possession a Sir Gilbert colt entire, twenty-three months old, fifteen and a half hands high, shewing remarkably great power, which night and morning jumps over a gorse-wattled bar (to his feed of corn), the height of a moderate-sized man's shoulder, or what is generally understood by the "top bar." Almost incredible as it may appear for so young an animal, he has been seen to walk up to it and fling himself over in the form of an old-experienced Meltonian fencer. A month ago, his owner, walking in one of two paddocks which are divided by a thorn

fence, called to the colt, being accustomed daily to notice him, when he trotted to the fence, and without apparently the least effort took it, in doing which scarcely a twig appeared to be put in motion. The scope was (as soon as a measure could be procured) noted, and covered seventeen feet—evincing blood, bone, and a most delightful temper—promising much credit both to his sire and dam (a President mare).

BUCK HUNTING.

On Saturday, March 15th, the Buck Hounds belonging to James Hamilton, Esq. of Sheep Hill, afforded to a numerous field of sportsmen one of the finest runs that has been seen this season in the Dublin country. The deer was enlarged at one o'clock at Kilrue, and after very short law the hounds were laid on. Having settled to the scent, they went away at top pace for Killester, leaving Peacock's Town to the right, thence for Wood Park, leaving Norman's Grove to the left; thence to Ballymacool, through Ravensdale to the Canal, when they turned to the right, through Music Hall, and killed in Carton Park (Duke of Leinster's), near the Canal Lodge Gate. The distance as a crow flies from Kilrue to Carton is eleven miles: the distance gone over fifteen, in a magnificent grass country; the fences, including a brook or rather young river, severe and numerous. The run lasted one hour and forty minutes. Out of a numerous well-mounted and hard-riding field but three went fairly through and were with the hounds at the finish—Mr. James Hamilton, owner; S. Garrett, Esq.; and Captain King, 5th Dragoon Guards.

ROYAL VICTORIA AND ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

A special meeting of the late "Royal Yacht Club," was recently held on occasion of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria having honored the Club by becoming its Patronesses, and signified their gracious pleasure that it should bear the name of the Princess: at which meeting it was unanimously resolved, that the Club should adopt the name of the "Royal Vic-

teria and Royal Yacht Club;" and that Addresses expressive of the high sense of gratification experienced by the Club should be prepared by a Committee, consisting of all its Officers, and presented in such manner as should be most congenial to the sentiments of the Duchess of Kent. At the last General Meeting, held at the Club House, York Hotel, Waterloo Bridge Road, the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Henry Cope, jun. announced that the Committee of Officers had, in accordance with the desire of Her Royal Highness, presented the Addresses through the medium of Sir John Conroy, K.C. H., who had in reply written to him, the Honorary Secretary, by the commands of the Duchess of Kent, requesting him to convey to the Commodore and Members of the Club the satisfaction which their Royal Highnesses had derived from the Addresses; and adding, that the Duchess is always desirous to lead the Princess to partake in amusements so national as those for the encouragement of which the Club was instituted. After the reading of the correspondence in question, the Members proceeded to make the necessary arrangements consequent on the change in the name of the Club.—At the same meeting a report was also read from the Committee for conducting the Foreign Affairs of the Club, which recommended the printing of the certificates for the Club Yachts on entering foreign ports free of dues, and the engraving and printing of an appropriate drawing for their distinguishing flags, designed and presented by Mr. H. Cope, jun. which lay upon the table, and was much eulogised.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A fine young rhinoceros, the only one which has been in this country for the last twenty years, sold at Tattersall's on the 31st of March for 590*gs.*, has been added to the collection of the Surrey Zoological Gardens.—For a plate and description of this very curious animal, see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xiii. p. 160.

Wild Ducks.—These birds, which formerly were so very plenty in Scotland, are every year becoming scarcer,

and it is only lately that the cause, which will end nearly in their extinction, has been discovered. In spring these birds invariably pair in the drains, &c. bordering new-sown corn lands, and then repair to the Mountain Lochs, in whose sedges, &c. they lay. But the Highlanders have discovered, not only that ducks' eggs are a very good addition to bannocks, &c. but that they are also marketable; so that when the ducks reach these lochs there is a general egg crusade, from auld granny down to the youngest bairn than can gang its nane lane (go by itself), and every place is ransacked and rifled. Report says, that in auld lang syne similar courses drove that splendid bird the Capercallie (Cock of the Wood) from the country, and the ducks, it is to be feared, will share a similar fate.

EQUESTRIANISM.

A letter from Vienna states, that Count Sandor, the Hungarian Nobleman who figured so conspicuously in Leicestershire in the year 1839 (see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiv. N. S. p. 53), lately made a bet of 4000 ducats, that he would ride from Pest to Vienna, a distance of 72 leagues, in nine hours; and he performed the task, having 30 minutes to spare. There was a great deal of money depending upon this match against time. He suffered so little from the fatigue, that he appeared in the afternoon on the Prater in high health and spirits.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

The *Derby Mercury* says, Mr. A. Bass, residing at Burton-upon-Trent, recently killed with his rifle a hare sitting at the distance of 245 yards. This extraordinary feat was performed in the presence of several persons, and the distance was accurately measured. The rifle was made by Mr. Court, of Stapenhill, near Burton-on-Trent, one of the most skilful workmen in the art of the present day.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

April 13th, in Portman-place, Edgware-road, Launcelot Harrison Carr, Esq. many years Master of the Brookside Harriers.

The stallion CRUTCH (whose portrait appeared in our fifth volume,

Second Series, p. 285) died lately on his passage to Germany.

Lord Exeter's Oaks filly Sister to Patron broke her back while taking her gallop.

Grey Orville.—This celebrated Stallion died suddenly March 28th (Good Friday), in the paddocks of his owner, Mr. Silvester Reed. Grey Orville was bred by the late William Garforth, Esq., of Wiganthorpe, and was foaled in 1813. His sire was that eminent horse Orville, his dam the well-known mare Vesta, by Delpini out of Faith (dam of Marcia) by Pacolet; great grandam Atalanta, by Matchem out of Lass of the Mill, by Oronooko—Old Traveller (Sister to Clark's Lass of the Mill)—Holmes's Miss Makeless by Y. Greyhound—

Old Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb Mare. Grey Orville exhibits a forcible proof, that the sports of the turf have, by judicious crossing, contributed in a very eminent degree to the production of our superior breed of horses, not only racers, but also hunters, hackneys, draught horses, &c. in all their classes, the envy and admiration of our continental neighbours, who annually resort to this country to procure them by purchase. Grey Orville was buried in the grounds of his owner shortly after his decease.

April 25th, at Reigate, aged 56, Mr. W. Roffey, many years Huntsman to H. Jolliffe, Esq.

PROSPECTS OF THE APPROACHING DERBY AND OAKS.

SIR,

NOW that the excitement of the last week has subsided, and that the bustle is over, a review of its results on the prospects of the approaching **DERBY** and **OAKS**, and "a plain unvarnished tale" of the pretensions of the Favorites in those two important sporting events, cannot fail to be acceptable to your readers. To the favored few, who were present at the Craven Meeting, these remarks may not be of much value—"those who are whole need not a physician:" but to the many, who will peruse your May Number, who have had no opportunity of forming a judgment for themselves, yet who "sport the Spanish" on these races, the observations of an unprejudiced and attentive eye-witness will not be without some interest. The change in the odds effected by last week's running will be familiar to all sporting men: and as regards the leading Favorite in the Derby, they are likely, if they do not improve, which I think they will, certainly not to retrograde; for I do not think it probable that Mr. Batson will put the muzzle on his horse (**PLENIPOTENTIARY**), for the trifling stake in which he is engaged in the First Spring. The more I see of this splendid colt, the more persuaded I am that such an one for the Epsom course has rarely appeared: his constitution, I hear from those who know it well, is extraordinary: he has never had an hour's illness, nor ever left a grain of corn in his manger. These are the grounds on which his backers rely with such confidence, and "the drowsy syrups" which lull those who stand heaviest upon him on their nightly pillows.

The running of Muley Moloch for the Port Stakes on Friday revived the hopes which drooped on the defeat of Trustees for the Ostlands. The heavy metal with which His Grace of Cleveland silences the smaller artillery of the Club-rooms, and "Chifney rides him;" and we have the fairest account of the present situation of **SHILELAH**.

BURASTES has started three times, and been beaten twice; how far this is calculated to create confidence, I am not prepared to shew: he has a party; but if I may be permitted an expressive vulgarism, they appear to "funk" considerably, and I foretel his declining speedily.

BENTLEY is a very fine lengthy chestnut colt, with all the outward signs of a racer: perhaps he is a little leggy, but they are choice props, and his looks certainly

countenances the high opinion of his friends. He won the Clearwell in October, and the Criterion in the Houghtos.

OF VIATOR I have already spoken freely: doubtless he has a turn of speed, and his condition is a great credit to Forth, his trainer; but I repeat, he is *too lathy for his work*, whatever he can do over the level.

BROTHER TO KATE, at 20 to 1, is too much an outsider for particular notice: not so, however, poor GLENCOE, though at the same odds; his "decline and fall" I cannot thus pass over. It was proposed to divide Stakes between Lord Jersey and Mr. Batson on Thursday: these conditions his Lordship refused to accede to without a bonus of 40*l.*, which ultimately broke off the negotiation, and the race came off. The result we have before us; yet do I think the Son of Sultan vastly under-rated in the market.

The Duke of Grafton's OLYMPIC, I should say, was likely to improve his place; he is a bony looking nag; all over like a racer. I saw him go gallop on Saturday morning, and I should not particularly desire to put a large stake against him at the present odds.

For the OAKS, COTILLON, a daughter of Partisan, stands first. She has run with great success in the North, winning once at York, and twice at Doncaster. The Northmen are vastly sweet upon her. She was in the Fifty Sovereigns for Fillies on Wednesday; but I suppose the stake was *infra dig.*, so she did not shew.

ROSALIE, the next in the betting, at 11 to 1, was beaten for this same Stake by SLIGHT, who stands at 20 to 1; but then Robinson, they say, and not the mare, won, and that accounts for it.

PICKLE, the other, with the same figures as ROSALIE, is a rattling lassie, and will give them trouble to beat. Those who saw her stride on Monday, with little Pat putting her along, will, I think, agree in my opinion.

And now a word of exultation. It is a triumph that such a man as Mr. Batson should possess such a horse as PLENIPO. It was known on Friday that the Chifney party had bid 5000*l.* for him, and I know another that had a commission to go to 6000*l.* This report reached the Duke of Rutland, who put the question to Mr. Batson, and this was that Gentleman's reply—"Your Grace, until after the Derby forty thousand should not purchase him!" Had this horse been in other hands, how different had been the result! Every friend to the Turf must deplore the practices which for some years have so often sullied its annals. I am not about to speak individually: indeed it is not necessary: "*ferum habet in cornu*;" each now is marked and shunned. We know there are few flocks without a black sheep: then let us thank Heaven that these "*scabby muttons*" have not infected the prime Southdowns."

Newmarket, Monday, April 21, 1834.

Craven.

To the above view of the pretensions of the favorites engaged in the DERBY and OAKS, we merely add the STATE of the ODDS at Tattersall's on the Monday after the Craven Meeting, and also on Thursday the 24th.

THE DERBY.

April 21st. April 24th.

7 to 2	7 to 2	agst Plenipotentiary, by Emilius out of Harriet—Mr. Batson.
5 to 1 t.	5 to 1	agst Shilelah, by St. Patrick out of Emiliana's dam—Mr. Chifney.
7 to 1 t.	13 to 2	agst Bubastes, by Blacklock, dam by Whisker—Mr. Watt.
10 to 1 t.	10 to 1	agst Bentley, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth—Mr. Yates.
18 to 1	20 to 1 t.	agst Glencoe, by Sultan out of Trampoline—Lord Jersey.
20 to 1 t.	20 to 1	agst Viator, by Stumps out of Katherine—Mr. Gully.
20 to 1	25 to 1 t.	agst Brother to Kate, by Lapdog out of Effie Deans—Mr. Mills.

25 to 1 t.	20 to 1	agst Comet, by Whalebone out of Luna—Mr. Gardner.
25 to 1	25 to 1	agst Delirium, by Filho out of Lunette—Mr. Walker.
25 to 1 t.	25 to 1	agst Brother to Marston, by Muley out of Clare—Sir M. Wood.
50 to 1 t.	50 to 1	agst Guardian, Brother to Trustee, by Catton—Duke of Cleveland.
1000 to 30 t.	25 to 1	agst Olympic, by Reveller out of Whiggy—D. of Grafton.
	40 to 1	agst Colt by Longwaist out of Doll Tearsheet—Mr. Forth.
	50 to 1 t.	agst Colt by Muley out of Rosanne—Mr. Ley.
4000 to 40 t.		agst Defensive, by Defence, dam by Selim—Mr. Sadler.
		The Field agst three; taken.
		Even betting between Comet and Glencoe, and also between Visitor and Olympic.
		6 to 4 on Plenipotentiary agst Bubastes; taken.
		1000 to 500 on Shilelah agst Bentley; taken.
		13 to 8 on Plenipotentiary agst Shilelah; taken.

THE OAKS.

7 to 2 t.	7 to 2	agst Cotillon, by Partisan out of Quadrille—Mr. Walker.
10 to 1	10 to 1	agst Rosalie, by Whalebone out of Electress—Col. Peel.
12 to 1 t.	12 to 1	agst Pickle, by Emilius out of Mustard—Mr. Greville.
14 to 1 t.	12 to 1 t.	agst Filly by Lottery, dam by Ajber out of Slight—Mr. Vansittart.
16 to 1 t.		agst Zulima, by Sultan out of Emma—Mr. S. Stonehewer.
	9 to 1 t.	agst Louisa, by Longwaist out of Miss Witch—Mr. Forth.
	20 to 1	agst Famine, by Humphrey Clinker out of Fang's dam—Lord Sligo.
	25 to 1	agst Stockwell Lass, by Tarrare—Woful—Mr. Theobald.
		12 to 1 offered agst naming winner of Derby and Oaks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much obliged by GROUSE's communication, and only regret that previous arrangements preclude its insertion in the present Number. Indeed the same apology must be made for the omission of several other interesting articles—among which are, DASHWOOD's Concluding Budget of Hounds and Hunting for the Season, containing also some Reminiscences of Mr. Mytton—ALFRED HIGHFLYER—"P. H."—"A Member of the R. C. Y. C."—RINGWOOD's Remarks on Steeple Chases in general—The HERMIT IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

In reply to a querist, the Holywell Hunt was established in 1767, chiefly through the influence of the late Earl of Grosvenor; and on referring to our xliith volume, N. S. p. 233, he will find all the information he requires.

We return our best acknowledgments to numerous friends who have favored us with "Anecdotes and Eccentricities of that thorough-bred Briton Jack Mytton, of Malston." Most of them, however, have already appeared in our pages—his larking with his race horses, his swimming his horse over the Severn—his anticipatory ephaph—his Chaplain—his hard-riding, hard-driving, hard-going, hard-striking, and hard-biting—his pinning a Spanish bull-dog by the nose with his teeth, &c.: and though we are aware that all these may be new to some of our new subscribers, we fear the old ones might accuse us of *fudging up an article* by repeating them. For these articles we refer our Readers to the *New Series*, vol. xiv. p. 116, vol. xvii. p. 327, and vol. xviii. p. 23. In the present Number we have given a brief Memoir of his life, without an attempt to "chronicle the weaknesses which all flesh is heir to, or lifting the veil of the *holy of holies*, the sacred sanctuary of domestic privacy."

ERRATA.—In the last Number, p. 447, col. 2, line 15, for *Orehill* read *Ochill*.—P. 448, col. 2, line 34, for *spring-covers* read *spring* in *covers*.—P. 450, col. 2, line 16, for *light, never sits*, read *alight first, never sits*.—P. 451, col. 2, line 27, for *demi-crossed* read *demi-corpsed*.—P. 452, col. 2, line 7, for *bushes* read *rushes*.—In the present Number, p. 21, col. 2, line 18, and p. 22, col. 1, line 45, for *Mr. Price* read *Mr. Pryce*.

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DOG BREAKING

Painted by J. B. 1874. The artist's name is J. B. 1874.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX,
SECOND SERIES.

JUNE, 1834.

No. L.

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Embellished with

I. DOG BREAKING.—II. THE WATER WITCH.

DOG BREAKING.

Engraved by ENGLEHEART from a Painting by L. MARSHALL.

PERHAPS there is no subject in our Sporting Work that has been better understood, more beautifully described, its most minute as well as its greatest considerations more thoroughly investigated and made clear to the understanding of all who might choose to read them, than the art of breaking dogs, whereby one of the most beautiful of all field sports is made an earthly blessing, and, if entirely neglected,

one of its greatest curses, or rather the cause of the *greatest cursing*. The most able and enlightened of our numerous and kind correspondents have done wonders in removing these evils, if strictly attended to*, while we on our parts should have been happy in seconding their efforts by embellishing their thoughts in our pictorial department; but here arise difficulties of which no one is aware except those who

* See "Canine Lacubrations," in a series of letters by A QUARTOGENARIAN, *Sporting Magazine*, Second Series, vol. v. p. 9, *et passim*.

are engaged in them; for *how many* of our most elegant writers are sportsmen, and *how few* of our painters and engravers of eminence have the time, taste, inclination, conveniences, and, most of all, the means and privilege of making themselves acquainted with these subjects!

This most excellent schoolmaster to pointer, setter, or spaniel, is named JOB! a name given to him by his prophetic Godfathers and Godmothers, as if they had known, when he was a child, what he would do when a man. No name under the sun was ever better applied, and no man ever enjoyed his pursuits with more pleasure, or was more successful in them: sagacious, temperate, industrious, and patient; with one path only to excellence, from which he never deviated. He would never say which he preferred, setter or pointer: "only let me have them thorough-bred, well formed, good noses, healthy constitutions, with legs and feet not spoiled by confinement when young, and I will give them all the rest." His present pupils seem to possess almost every fault amongst them:—the setter seems deaf, or, what is worse, will not hear, with a spirit equal in his own conceit to catch any bird without the aid of either gun, powder, or shot, and so forgetful that he can't remember his own name even; but the collar round his neck, with a few nails in it pointing inwards, with a cord of some length attached to it, called by some a *trashing line*, by others a *drashing line*, but a thrashing line some may think quite as good a name; a few smart pulls at this has the astonishing power of restoring (far beyond anything

Mr. Curtis, the surist, can do) the animal to perfect hearing! answering to the name of DICK! as quickly as if he was called in to dinner by that name every day: it teaches him also to learn the impossibility of catching birds flying, or even sitting, nay even when well drilled with shot and a tempting fluttering before his face. The second dog has a memory too good; he remembers having found some birds three weeks ago among some bunches of thistles, or round a bush on some nice green turf, where he would hunt inch by inch, with his nose on the ground, for hours, and if forced away, his will and memory are so good, that he will slip away and go back a mile or two, and finish his day's sport alone on his own favorite spot: the *muzzle*, or *puzzle-peg*, which he now wears teaches him to forget his old haunts, by not allowing him to enjoy them, being obliged, to hold up his head, as every dog and puppy ought to do—so that it is not *too high*. The dog in the rear is too cunning; the days of his youth are still fresh in his memory: he knows there is no gun in hand to reward merit, but there is a whip in hand for those who may like to "fish in troubled water."—This man was thought to possess a great excellence by not breaking to "down charge" nor "come to heel;" but to! ho! to the point, till a wave of the hand set them "a going." Now all you that would wish to "teach the young idea how to shoot," be sober, be vigilant, be uniform—not punishing one day what you applauded on another; but of all things have patience, and remember JOB!

SUMMER "NOTES" ON FOX-HOUNDS—MR. MURE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

BY THE RAMBLER IN RED.

SIR,

WHILE some men enrol themselves disciples of Willis, and point their fantastic toes among the exclusives of Almack's, and others "go down to the sea in yachts, and occupy their business in the great waters;" behold an enthusiast in fox-hunting, beginning his "tour in search of the kennel-picturesque." Strange as his taste may appear, he is not without hope that his subject will interest many of the *gensie* who peruse your pages. He does not offer his "Notes" to their favour with any of the pretension of an author by profession: he comes not before them "in foolscap uniform turned up with ink;" but as one for whom the princely sport is as a second nature; and in the belief that a ramble through some of the principal Hunting Establishments will best enable him to point out the anticipations of sport for the approaching season, "As coming events cast their shadows before."

When we consider the periods at which both Beckford and Daniel wrote, though each is an admitted master of his subject *at the time*, I cannot but think that some manual might be profitably offered to the lover of the chase at this more advanced era of sporting. Thus then, though comparatively a tyro in "rural sports," I venture to offer these my observations, which, lacking the stamp current of popular acceptance, found their claim to favour alone in keeping pace with the march

of improvement. In the days when Beckford indited *his* good matter, fox-hunters were wont to ornament their *own* tails with cinctures of black ribbon, and those of their *steeds* with ponderous leathern cruppers; triangular hats, of the pattern now prevalent among parish headles, surmounted their fancy-coloured bob-wigs; the remainder of their bodies corporate being endued in wofully long-backed scarlet frocks, profusely ornamented with gold lace after the fashion of the same worthies; and buckskin breeches, with huge bunches of bows at the knees, that would put a recruiting serjeant of our time out of countenance. Such was the toilet *then* in use, in which the Squire *Westerns* proceeded to covert by the *light of the stars* on a bitter December morning, returning from their *day's* sport about the time at which our servants *now* bring boots and hot water, and sitting down to dinner at the hour for which Sir Richard Sutton advertises his fixtures! Daniel lived to record habits less patriarchal; but since his day how great has been the revolution in the manners and customs of the Court of Diana! Fifty years ago a man was a sportsman, *and nothing else*; now, as the Nightingale of the Avon sings—

"Every man in his day plays many parts."

Life is too short for the men of the nineteenth century to get drunk at noon-day, and be committed to their beds by the light of the sun. I am no advocate—

I never was—for what is designated “the good old times.” Are we more immoral than our sires? I leave the question to be answered by those who are competent: for me—God forgive me!—I am disposed to look very leniently upon vice when divested of its coarseness. Knowledge has been extended, new views have been adopted; and, if morality has not been improved, certainly more delicacy has been introduced into both written and spoken discourse. But to return to our subject:—

We are shewn still at Newmarket where formerly they used to start for their eight and six-mile races. What would such doings be thought of now-a-days? Surely the old ‘uns were *rather slow!* Then foxes were hunted up their drags a score or so of miles before it was day-light: *now* we whip them out of an acre of gorse at mid-day, and kill them in a twenty-minute burst, at a pace which none but race horses can live through. To meet such a system, of course a very opposite class of animals is now used in the chase, and managed in a far different manner. Had the shade of Beckford accompanied me this morning in my survey of the kennels at Herenswell, it would have been sadly puzzled to guess for what purpose the establishment of *canines* there was intended; and, had it but partaken my feelings, very unmingled pleasure surely would it afford the ghost of that ancient Nimrod to be permitted to recross the Styx, and try a burst alongside these rattling-looking hounds over the bounding sod of their Suffolk Downs!

Being in the vicinity of Mr. Mure’s residence, I took an early

opportunity, of *course*, of visiting his kennels. I found the hounds, unfortunately, had just been put through the annual ceremony of “dressing,” an operation which consists in anointing the subject profusely with train oil, brimstone, and other odoriferous compounds, much after the custom of the fashionable circles among the Esquimaux. The old stagers looked rueful enough upon it, the Lord knows, but “the juvenilities,” of which there were fifteen couples, in addition to the extreme unction undergone, had also been “*rounded*,” and, what with their blood-stained ears, and coats begrim’d with the aforesaid abominations, the measure of their afflictions overflowed.

“When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!”

I cannot avoid here naming an incident which occurred to me on my way to Herenswell. I had strayed out of my proper path into a plantation extending by the road side, and just as I had caught a glimpse of the lodge, which assured me that I was then going right, I stumbled, and nearly fell over a *monstrous ready-baited fox trap!* I forget exactly the particular prayer I offered up for the future state of the caitiff’s soul who could place such an instrument *in such a spot*, but assuredly if he receives the full benefit of it—and it was made in all sincerity—he will have ample cause to remember the depth of my indignation. Mr. Mure’s people told me they had no drawback to splendid sport in their country but the *scarcity of foxes*. Who doubts it, with such neighbours? Of a verity, the devil himself must have entered bodily into a man who can see a

magnificent establishment, munificently supported, diffusing enjoyment and good fellowship to all the country around, and thus traitorously strike at its very existence. I do not name the individual, because *he is too insignificant*: of course *he is not a Suffolk Gentleman*.

As I was informed, the season before last they killed their twenty-five brace of foxes—last season, sixteen and a half; which, as they said, was more than they could afford; and, unless matters alter, I suppose they will go on gradually diminishing till they are reduced to red-herring drags and assafetida wisps! Under such circumstances, must not a man be *every inch a trump* to lavish thousands a-year to support fox-hounds? Mr. Mure was formerly a leading patron of the *long dogs*, but in consequence of a dispute about a Cup at Newmarket, he abandoned that pursuit altogether: he then took to hare-hunting and the currant-jelly boys, but having a soul above thistle-whipping, he commenced his present career as a Master of Fox-hounds, and with much care, and of course great expense, established his present very dashing pack. Rose, the huntsman, was absent when I visited the kennel, but one of the whips, a very intelligent and well-behaved young man, whose heart seems to be where it should be, afforded me all the information I could require. I think I never saw so much power, *taken altogether*, as these hounds exhibit: in particular a hound called Trimbush, by Lord Mydleton's Trimbush out of his Symmetry, had bone actually like a horse; I understood him to be not remarkably fast, but trust-

worthy, and an industrious hunter. Filer, an odd name by the way, was pointed out to me as one of their best: he is by Sir Thomas Mostyn's Faustus out of Pastime, a bitch of Lord Fitzwilliam's that never was entered. Governor, by the Duke of Beaufort's Governor out of Lord Fitzwilliam's Dashaway, took my notice, as being a singularly fine deep-chested animal; he is not, however, one of their leading hounds, though a good worker and *drawer*; this last quality must be invaluable in the country hunted by this pack, as the gorses they have to contend with are literally almost as impenetrable as stone walls. I passed some to-day that stood over *twelve feet high*, with stems like young oaks. The consequences of these formidable coverts are but too manifest in these kennels, some of the finest hounds they have shewing melancholy proofs of them. Reveller, a rare-looking one, by the Duke of Grafton's Wildfire, has one eye out, and so has Spiteful, a bitch that I liked greatly. The standard size is about twenty-two-and-a-half inches, and they have lots of choice, breeding as they do some sixty couples annually. I saw one immense yearling, "Angler," who measured twenty-four inches and a quarter, with power and substance to carry one of the whips. There were four very handsome bitches with puppies on them; one especially, "Sprightly," had from Sir Richard Sutton's stud, was the very model of a fox-hound; Lapwing, Racket, and Madcap must fall in the way of a strangely fastidious customer to run any chance of being despised. Two or three of the stallion hounds were very

much to be admired: Rummager, and particularly "Minister," an animal of great power and symmetry, by Sir George Sitwell's Rambler out of Mr. George Saville's "Mindful." Their number is generally forty-five couples of hunting hounds in the season, which can easily afford them three days a-week with from twenty to five-and-twenty couple in the field. They work the dogs and bitches indiscriminately together, but allot the smaller-sized gentlemen to the ladies.

To those of the Sybarite School the kennels may appear to be situated inconveniently near the mansion; but I take it that *he* to whom they belong is not one of your "over sensitives," who

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

The plain, yet thoroughly correct style that reigns in everything around his residence proclaims him of that class which I love

to honor—THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESENT DAY. This fine sporting establishment is supported *exclusively at Mr. Mure's own expense*, and it does every credit to his liberality. To my regret he was from home on the day of my visit; for although I have not the honor of being personally known to him, I am too well instructed of his character to doubt the reception I should have met. Still I will hope for the pleasure of meeting him in the field on this side Christmas. I use the word pleasure; for in these days of *cant* and saintly humbug, the sight of a man who gives SUCH STERLING PROOF of being a sportsman, is as refreshing to *my* spirit as the water-brooks to the fainting wayfarer of the desert.

With best compliments to my verdant brother, I subscribe myself

THE RAMBLER IN RED.

LETTERS FROM COWES, No. II. FOR 1834.

"Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes; strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice Nobility."—COWPER.

SIR,

THE arduous task of hauling up Lord Yarborough's ship Falcon on Mr. White's patent slip at East Cowes was accomplished on the 9th instant. Some little delay occurred to retard her progress, owing to her being misplaced in the cradle, and her consequently not taking fairly on the blocks, which caused an undue weight on the starboard side, and thereby strained the machinery. However, at seven o'clock P.M. she was fairly placed in her berth, and her course up-

wards was at the rate of *two feet in a minute*, which, considering the enormous body of a vessel of 360 tons, may be fairly said, I think, to have displayed a splendid example of the triumph of human ingenuity and science. Great indeed will be the benefit of this slip to the port of Cowes, there being only one dry dock for either repairing or re-fitting the usual casualties of vessels coming in in distress; and in all probability the Water Witch brig (she is getting ready for sea with all

expedition) will be the next to be hauled up, for the purpose of having her copper inspected thoroughly.

There appears to be little, if any, relaxation in the building department. Mr. Ratsey has a large cutter to replace *The Flower of Yarrow*, not approved of by her Noble owner, the Duke of Buccleuch; Mr. White has also a cutter ready; and Mr. List, near Ryde, is about launching a schooner of 141 tons for Mr. Lane, as well as a two-masted vessel of larger tonnage, about the middle of the season. There is good reason to expect that these yachts will be of good sailing qualities and of good models, as it will be recollected that a very fine brig, called *The Coquette*, with most excellent accommodations, was built a few years since at the same spot. Mr. Joseph White, it is expected, will be able to finish his alterations of the *Falcon's* bow within a month, but it is feared that unless a somewhat similar operation be performed at the other extremity, the improvement will be still incomplete.

What a pity it is, I often think, that the Members of the R. Y. S. do not take advantage of this the beautiful and delightful month of May; the weather here is and has been most truly lovely; but when August comes we cannot expect other than the usual strong westerly winds, and, of course, all the inconveniences which they bring with them in their train. At this moment, though the houses are engaged, all is as solitary as Salisbury Plain, and not a soul is to be seen stirring; yet, surely, many of those who have retained our charming cottages and abodes must be thinking of

them with regret, and longing to be tenanting their cool and breezy retreats, when stewed up in the heated ball and banquet-rooms of the Metropolis; from which, however, such is the force of fashion, and the attraction of well-dressed dinners and half-dressed *dansesuses*, they have not the courage to tear themselves away. When, however, they do at last make up their minds to move, let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls of finding on their arrival here the long-wanted and long-looked-for level road to Egypt House, which, most unfortunately for the comfort of all visitors, Lord Durham has been unsuccessful in obtaining. I confess I cannot speak without great vexation on this subject; for by no one will the disappointment be more bitterly felt than by your humble servant, J. B. G., inasmuch as in anticipation of this most desirable accommodation having been granted, he has been at the trouble of importing a tidy little four-wheeled carriage and long-tailed pony, with which he promised himself the quiet enjoyment of many an hour, without having to encounter the dangerous road before the Club-house, the dreadfully long and narrow street, the horrid precipices, &c. &c. &c. Really, what with these and other *désagréments* and difficulties, a carriage airing at Cowes is an absolute service of danger; and the only wonder is, that the list of accidents which have occurred should not have been a much larger and longer one. Now the level road to Egypt would have obviated all this completely; but whilst *phaetonising* along it in the fond reveries of imagination, I

had resolved to use all possible caution, and keep a bright look-out all around me, lest my shandy-dan should heedlessly inflict any of the horrors so pathetically pictured and foreboded by your Correspondent NOON DAY in the Number for February.—(It will be seen that he there predestines—in the event of a road being made along the coast—the absolute certainty of *his lady and his and her heart's best treasures*, being run over and demolished, either by some restive and runaway horse, or some cigar-smoking tandem-driving dandy, whilst “they are wandering in quiet security in search of health and recreation, the ever-varying Solent flowing at their feet.”)—Having a little turn and *penchant* for the romantic, I can in some measure enter into the feelings of such a family, dreading every minute to be driven over by the lion and tiger fellows that are let loose every summer; yet I must say, that from the great extent and breadth of beach, I cannot see the slightest possibility of danger, unless indeed *some unromantic coast-guardsmen* should be led to suspect that “health and recreation” were not the only objects sought for on the banks of the “ever-varying Solent!” However, the proprietors of property at Cowes will, perhaps, ere long discover what accommodations are the most attractive to entice amongst them those families which they so justly designate as “of the right sort.”

The entry for the King's Cup is not yet ascertained, as the race will be confined to the smaller yachts; and these forming the most numerous class, there will probably be much competition,

plenty of broken spars, lots of reasons for not winning, and of course a full proportion of protests. No doubt some sport may be justly looked for amongst so many vessels, yet the same degree of interest surely cannot be excited as in the days of the *Miranda*, *Pearl*, *Harriet*, *Arrow*, &c. &c.! Those were the proud times of the Royal Yacht Club, and it was then at its zenith! The competition created by the contention of those fine cutters, and their honorable and public-spirited owners, and the unanimity which then prevailed, form a perfect contrast to what has unfortunately occurred of late. In those the golden days of the R. Y. C., amongst many other excellences, it extended its charities to all ship-wrecked and distressed mariners of the Isle of Wight and neighbouring ports, and gave prizes to be sailed for by the pilot vessels of Cowes, as well as Cups for the yachts; but, now, alas! those who promoted such liberal views and sentiments are obliged to yield to a majority totally opposed to those public-spirited measures, which, with many others, were so highly honorable to the institution, and so beneficial to the maritime interests of the country at large.

In my next I shall be able to give you some intelligence as to the yachts that will enter for the King's Cup; on this occasion they must be *under* seventy tons, there being *eight* classes of yachts. This class is alone to be entered for this season's competition. Meantime, afloat or ashore,

I am, Sir, yours, truly,

J. B. G.

Cowes, May 17, 1834.

ACCOUNT OF SCOLE STEEPLE CHASE (NORFOLK), WITH
SOME REMARKS UPON STEEPLE CHASES IN GENERAL.

BY RINGWOOD.

~~~~~

"Hail, happy BRITAIN! highly favor'd Isle,  
And Heaven's peculiar care! to thee 'tis given  
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those  
Begot by winds, or the Celestial breed  
That bore the great Pelides through the press  
Of heroes armed, and broke their crowded ranks."

SOMERVILLE.

SIR,

"THE race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Now when King Solomon entered this in his notebook, there is no doubt of his having just returned from witnessing an exhibition of the same sort that I am about to describe to you, for nothing on earth so truly exemplifies this text as a Steeple Chase. This species of fun and frolic has been imported from Ould Ireland within the last few years, and seems, as it advances in growth, to flourish and improve on England's soil. On its first introduction prejudice was strongly armed against it; and under bad management, or indeed no management at all, it must fail of affording either amusement or benefit. We know that if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well; and John Bull is the boy for improving upon other folks' inventions. But now for a list of the horses and the names of the riders of this steeple race in particular; and then, with your leave, I will add some general observations.

A Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, 20 subs., was advertised to be run for on the 31st day of March last, at Scole Inn, in the county of Norfolk, over four miles

of ground, to be chosen by competent judges; weight, 11st. 7lb. each; to close on the Saturday previous to the race; open to all horses; Gentlemen riders.—These were the chief conditions of the race, and as it was a contest more for honor than pelf, all brother sportsmen willing for a shy were earnestly invited. The contest, however, as might be expected, was between the two counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and so equally were their merits poised in the public estimation, that each county was favorite by turns, in proportion as the partisans of either brought their *chaff* (not money) into the market. In point of numbers Suffolk had the advantage, claiming five out of the eight horses that came to the scratch. But Norfolk had a host in one of her three, Rocket having been lately imported from the green fields of Leicestershire, over which, with a *Christian* rider on his back, against "all the world in arms," he had earned laurels and a *Brilliant* name. The morning dawned propitiously; and it being Easter Monday there was John, and Tom, and Harry, and Bill, and Humphry from his stall, "all in their Sunday things;" Country

Gentlemen and farmers by dozens, Priests *à discretion*, and weavers from Norwich, "to make up a show."

Under the direction of the Stewards matters had been well arranged. A flag had been placed upon every fence, and two at the brooks over which the horses were to pass; and at twelve o'clock the jockeys, accompanied by the Clerk of the Course, went over the ground to take observations, and to learn the road. The distance was two miles out, and home again; the starting post being also the winning post; all the flags were to be passed on the left hand of the rider, both going and coming: so that although the horses had to leap the same fences forward and backward, they could not come over the same place twice. In the last field before they turned was a brook fifteen feet clear from side to side, with good taking off on both sides, but which in the sequel afforded a theme of honorable triumph for some, of discomfiture and disaster to others. The place of starting was on Stuston Common, from the edge of the turnpike road running from Norwich to Bury St. Edmund's. This spot is the summit of a gentle hill, and commands a view of a valley in the parish of Scole, with the rising ground on the opposite side (the line of country chosen for the race), so that the foot people and those in carriages had a distinct view, as in a panorama, of the first and last three-quarters of a mile of the contest. The race was run in both counties, the ford of the boundary river being in the course.

At two o'clock to a moment, the

time appointed by the Stewards, the contending nags, with their jockeys mounted and appointed in the very best and most correct racing style, mustered in front of Scole Inn, and, attended by the Stewards, proceeded to the starting post, about a quarter of a mile distant. Here they are then, adjusting their stirrup leathers, giving directions to their servants about their clothes, tying knots in their bridles preparatory to the word "off;" and whilst they are so employed I shall have time to tell you who they are, together with the names of the horses and the names of their owners.

Mr. Munro's Cigar,  
sode by ..... Mr. T. Flake.  
Mr. Nurse's Predictor, Mr. Ed. Newcome.  
Mr. G. St. Vincent  
Wilson's Matilda.... Mr. John Wilson.  
Mr. E. Barker's Non-  
parell ..... Mr. T. Land.  
Mr. James Blake's  
Fortunate Youth.... Mr. Fred. Caldicott.  
Mr. G. Good's Rocket, Mr. Green.  
Mr. D. Good's Muf-  
fatee ..... Owner.  
Mr. S. Smith's Gnat, Mr. Dodd.

The bugle sounds for them to face about, and the Clerk of the Course sings out, "Gentlemen, are you all ready?" No objection being made, the word is given to go; and away they went in excellent style, Mr. Good's old white horse Muffatee making steady running in front, and from his appearance and action a dangerous customer. In this order they continued with very little variation for the first two miles, though the fences were frequent, and one or two of them awkward ones: indeed they appeared more like horses running over a course than over a country. But now that most dreaded of all leaps (both by horse and man) was to be encountered, and their beauti-

**"But in the brave true courage never fails;  
In vain the stream in foaming eddies  
whirls,  
In vain the chasm, wide gaping, threatens  
death."**

" Moll'd in the clogging mud struggling  
they lay  
Behind inglorious."

• Brook, Norfolk for brook.

But to proceed :—Muffatee having given his rider leg bail, his chance was out, as were those of Cigar, Gnat, and Rocket, the prominent performers in the disaster just described ; and the race now was contested between Matilda, Nonpareil, Predictor, and the Fortunate Youth—all well together, with their heads set straight for home. It was now an interesting contest, no alteration taking place till within about three fields from the winning post ; when Nonpareil, who had proved his title to the name as far as jumping is concerned, by the splendid manner in which he leaped the brook, gave hints to his rider (Mr. Land), that as the pace was so unpleasant he should never *land* in the right place, and therefore begged leave to cut his stick. This was more than his aspiring jock could bear, and

It was all over with him—as in the case of *Johnny Gilpin* at the Calenderer's door—

**"The horse at once stood still!"**

The remaining three are now in sight of the goal, and all of a *loomp*, as the Yorkshire folk say: the last ploughed field is now before them, and Caldicott gallantly sends the Fortunate Youth at the gate, a high and strong one; but he had over-rated the tit's abilities at this point of the game, and a rattling fall was the consequence: however, horse and rider are both on the right side.

and no bones broken: at them again, and again in a good place; but the mare Matilda is winning in a canter, pulling freely, going beautifully, and her jockey, though a young one, sitting still, and no doubt enjoying the distress that his competitors were feeling and inwardly bewailing: in fact it was a Norfolk turnip field to a bunch of radishes. But "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;" and the laurel, now within Mr. Wilson's reach, fell as he grasped at it. There was only one fence more to pass through, for the foot people had made a breach in the hedge by the side of a gate-post wide enough for a broad-wheel wagon to travel by; and towards this place in an easy canter the mare's head was directed; but, instead of passing straight over the gap, she swerved against the gate and threw her rider. This "untoward event" was fatal: Predictor went in first, and the Fortunate Youth second; but, in consequence of Mr. Newcome (Predictor's rider) having gone on the wrong side of two flags, the Fortunate Youth's claim to his name and the stakes was undisputed; and the luckless but deserving Matilda was second.

The distance measured was four miles within 200 yards; there were thirty-two leaps, and it was done in a few seconds under fifteen minutes.

There is no doubt that on this day and over this country Matilda proved herself the best nag of the lot: she is a racer to look at in every point, and one of the finest goers on earth. She was got by Merlin, and there is but a very small blot in her mamma's scutcheon. The good folks of the soil, from their long intimacy

with trotters (before starting), said she was only fit to carry a young lady in a riding school; and as to her jumping the big brook twice, with 11st. 7lb. on her back, 'twas "all my eye and Betty Martin." But, notwithstanding all this, she did it, and gave away a year into the bargain. She was extremely well ridden by Mr. John Wilson, brother to the owner of her: he is a young jockey of great promise, possessing many of the requisites of a first-rate one, a neat seat, good hands, and a coolness perhaps unequalled by any of his years: a few lessons over the turf under an experienced master would make him rank very high amongst the Gentlemen Jockeys of the day. Messrs. Fiske and Caldicott have been before the public on many similar occasions, and therefore need not now be particularised: their experience no doubt gave them some advantages. Mr. Newcome was a winner of the steeple chase last year in the neighbourhood of Scole, and only wants to *think* a little more to be a dangerous opponent. Mr. Green came all the way from Lincolnshire to steer the Leicestershire tit, but in consequence of the embargo that was laid upon him two miles from home, we were debarred the pleasure of witnessing much of his horsemanship, of which report speaks very favorably. The remainder were chosen for their feareought qualities alone: of course they did not succeed. All save one had the honour of a fall.

The sports of the day concluded with a Match between two ponies under thirteen hands high across one mile of country chosen for them: they were ridden by



boys, and came head and head all the way, charging the fences abreast, and playing this game up to the last fence, into which one of the *young 'uns* dropped, and from which dilemma he could not extricate himself in time to catch his opponent. The winner is the property of Mr. S. Williams, of Diss.

Upwards of fifty sporting gentlemen and yeomen dined together in the evening at the White Hart, Scole, George St. Vincent Wilson, Esq. in the chair; and two races for next year (to come off on the second Tuesday in March) were proposed and subscribed to—one of three sovs. each for horses carrying 12st., and the other two sovs. each for horses carrying 10st. 7lb., distance four miles.

Having now given you the particulars of this excellent day's diversion, which afforded great satisfaction to all who witnessed it, allow me to offer a few remarks on Steeple Chasing, or racing across a country, which certainly seems an amusement gaining ground in interest and patronage every year. To those managers or directors of a day's play of this kind, who may as yet be for the most part inexperienced, a few hints may be acceptable. In the first place, sport should be the great object in view: it is quite a mistaken notion (but one that has been often acted upon), that the chief fun consists in finding fences that horses cannot get over. To those who are appointed to set out a line of country for hunters to run over, it might be suggested that the fairest will always produce the best result. The course for a Steeple Chase should be marked

with all the accuracy of a race-course, and every jockey should know his way as well in riding over the one as the other. The Clerk of the Course, if he knows his duty, will take care that fences are not broken down, nor any unfair advantages taken by either the owners or the riders of horses engaged in the stakes. All courses should end near the starting post; and the business would be much facilitated if the horses were obliged to pass over every fence between two flags. The advantages arising from this system are these. In the first place, it in a great measure prevents a crowd of ill-mounted horsemen from attempting to follow the race horses, and thus preventing injury to the farmers over whose fields the race is run: and in the second place it keeps the horses more together, and gives a better chance for a good finish.

From the want of regulations of this kind, it was my lot to witness the perfect failure of a Steeple Chase that otherwise bade fair to be well contested. About three seasons ago that celebrated Sportsman, Sir Edw. Mostyn gave a handsome silver tankard to be run for over four miles of ground in Warwickshire, by farmers' horses belonging to that sporting shire. Ould Dick Christian rode Umpire, and eight or nine good hunters, ridden by farmers according to the conditions of the race, started in capital order, and came well together at a slapping pace for about three quarters of the way: they had just come in sight of the assembled multitude stationed on the top of a hill, and the greatest excitement was produced from their appearance a quarter of a mile off. Just at this period it so

happened that an old mill dam lay directly in their line, a perfectly impracticable barrier. One jockey alone out of the number, from living in the neighbourhood, was aware of the trap, and as soon as it suited his convenience he drew his nag to the rear of the lot, diverged to the right, and by this advantage, which the other riders ought to have possessed as well as himself, went cantering in the last mile alone, to the great disappointment of some hundreds of the gay world from Warwick and Leamington, who had come to witness the performance.

The fewer restrictions that the conditions of the race impose (indeed the more the thing is simplified) the better. Opening gates may safely be left to the judgment of the rider; for as it has been before observed, if the Clerk of the Course properly performs his office, the man who stops to boggle at gates, and attempts to ride through instead of over them, is a competitor that, if I was engaged in the race, I should like to meet with. Making them pass between two flags will also prevent any advantages that Mr. M'Adam's ingenuity might offer in facilitating their progression. Another great mistake is often made by those persons who do not ride their own horses; and this is in the choice of their jockeys. They should in the first place please to remember, that it is a *race* that their horse is engaged in after all; and that, even in a stiff country, the leaping to a nag qualified for such an undertaking may be by far the easiest part of the task: "it is the *pace* that kills," and the man who does not regard it will find, after a trial or two, that he has begun his bu-

siness at the wrong end. Of what advantage is the best leaper on earth, if by mad riding he is brought to that state that not only incapacitates him from the use of his hunting qualifications, but even prevents his getting up to his fences in time to make a trial of getting over them with a chance of success? To ride four miles over a good hunting country strongly inclosed at the rate of sixteen miles an hour requires not only the nerve of a Tom Smith, but the head and hand of a Chifney—qualities we all know rarely combined, and therefore we must be content in most cases to remain satisfied with a greater proportion of one of these gifts than the other—nerve, or what in English Sporting phraseology is commonly termed pluck, being by far the most common of the two. A man who is afraid of, or will be deterred by, a practicable leap is of course useless as a jockey for a Steeple Chase: but had I to select a person for the purpose, it should invariably be from that class of riders known as fine horsemen, men who always keep a *good place* in a good run, and feel delighted and happy, even though in "the first burst of the chase" twenty or thirty of your kill-devils are as many yards before them. *Respicere finem* should be the motto for the honorable fraternity of jockeys, over a course or over a country. "*'Tis not over yet,*" I once heard Tom Whitehouse call out, whilst riding a race, to a Gentleman who shook his head at him in despair, because he was two lengths behind his opponent, not more than a distance from home; but when it *was* over Tom was declared the winner—*verbum sat*.

With one more observation I shall conclude my letter; and it is, that between two and three hundred yards of good sound galloping ground should always be set out for the finish of the race—finishing at a fence with a tired horse being unnecessarily dangerous, and often the source of wrangling, a thing of all others to be prevented if possible.

I sincerely hope, that, should the foregoing remarks meet the eye of any of your numerous rea-

ders, who may hereafter be engaged in arranging the necessary preliminaries for a Steeple Chase, they may in some way assist them in their labours; and should those persons not feel inclined to act up to the letter of them, the spirit (if they possess any) may suggest some other rules that in the end will prove conducive to sport—" *experientia docet*."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

RINGWOOD.

April 20, 1834.

## DUBLIN GARRISON STEEPLE RACE OVER ASHBOURNE COURSE, &c.

### STEEPLE CHASES AT FERMOY AND IN FORFARSHIRE.

**T**HESE Races took place on the 2d of April, over the celebrated Course at Ashbourne, where the arrangements made by the Stewards—Sir Hussey Vivian, the Hon. G. L. Vaughan, and the Hon. C. R. W. Forester—were such as greatly enhanced the pleasure both of spectators and performers: among others a new Stand was erected, from which an uninterrupted view of the whole course could be obtained. Much was anticipated, and the reality fully sustained these expectations. Thousands, among whom were a numerous body of first-rate fashionables, thronged the course long before the first start, forming altogether as gay a scene as could well be depicted.

The races commenced with a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c., *bona fide* the property of Officers quartered in Ireland, and to be ridden by such; three miles—weight for age:—four-year-olds, 10st. 10lb.;

five, 11st. 10lb.; six and aged, 12st. 3lb.—3lb. allowed to mares and geldings—any winner of a Steeple-chase to carry 7lb. extra. Ten horses were entered for this race, but only five started—Captain Armitt's well known ch. h. Dandy, Lord T. Cecil's gr. h. Nigel, Captain Ward's gr. g. Bob Gore, Captain Guard's ch. m. Countess, and Mr. Colquett's h. were drawn.

Mr. Evans's (74th) br. c. Swap, 4 yrs old (Owner)..... 1  
 Captain Hamilton's (80th) ch. g. Tremaine, aged (Owner)..... 2  
 Captain Belville's (5th Dragoons) br. h. Despot (late Concave), 5 yrs old, (Owner)..... 3  
 Captain Griffiths' (90th) b. m. Bobadilla, 6 yrs old (Mr. Caldwell) .....fell.  
 Mr. Scout's (5th Dragoons) ch. g. Shamrock, aged (Major Scarlett).....fell.

Before starting Bobadilla was a heavy favorite, long odds against the field being offered; and accordingly she led the dance at a good pace, and for some time looked as if she was to verify the golden opinions entertained of her, until encountering a raspar

just at the angle coming out of the fallow field, she baulked, and gave her place to Swap, who was at the time lying close behind her, which lead thence out he maintained all through, winning very cleverly. In striving to regain her lost ground the mare fell, but without injury. Major Scarlett, however, was not so fortunate, Shamrock coming over with him a regular smasher, by which his collar bone was broken. He is, however, since doing well. Despot was the only horse, after the mare was bowled out, who challenged in the run home, but was unable to make any impression on the winner.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of Members of the Garrison Hounds previously to the 1st of February, to be ridden by Members of the Garrison Hunt.—Three miles.

|                                                                              |       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Captain Belville's ch. m. Falcon, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Owner) .....        | 1     |
| Mr. J. Hume's b. g. Mussulman, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. J. Hamilton) ..... | 2     |
| Mr. O'Connor's b. g. Jack, aged, 12st. (Owner) .....                         | 3     |
| Mr. Scott's b. m. Miss Whitefoot, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Owner) .....        | 0     |
| Mr. Alley's b. h. Tom Steele, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Owner) .....            | 0     |
| Hon. Mr. Vaughan's gr. g. Robin (Mr. R. Smith) .....                         | fell. |

The start for this race was beautiful—the horses going away in a ruck close together, and so many dressed in green, that it was hard to distinguish what was likely to result. Mr. O'Connor, however, on Jack, took the lead, which he maintained until a capsize deprived him of "his pride of place." He was up instantly, and again got into the race. Coming home, however, the contest lay evidently between the winner and Robin. The latter

unshipped his rider at one of the last fences, but he was quickly in his berth again; at the last fence the mare baulked, was quickly brought up, however, and won easily.

Match for 50 sovs.—Mr. Armstrong's gr. g. Paddy Kelly, "one wot can do the trick," beat easily Mr. Bird's b. g. Restless (over the same course); owners up.

Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, to which the Stewards added 25 sovs. for all hunters, to be ridden by Members of the Hunt, or those qualified as for the Corinthian Stakes at the Curragh, 11st. each; three miles. The winner to be sold for 35 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                                                                    |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Thompson's bay mare Hair Pin (Owner) .....                                                                     | 1 |
| Sir Maxwell Wallace's b. m. Havannah, 2                                                                            |   |
| Mr. Smith's b. h. Bravo (Owner) .....                                                                              | 3 |
| Mr. Casey's b. m. Harriette (Mr. O'Connor) .....                                                                   | 0 |
| Hon. Mr. Vaughan's gr. g. Robin .....                                                                              | 0 |
| Mr. Alley's b. g. Curate (Owner) .....                                                                             | 0 |
| Mr. Scott's Miller, Captain Hamilton's Watty, and Mr. Hutchinson's Maid of Mallow were entered, but did not start. |   |

In this race Hair Pin shewed that she could pin away upon occasion like a trump, and nothing else; for she took a decided lead, Havannah smoking along well with her. In crossing the corner of the ploughed field, the former ran out about fifty yards, but soon recovered the distance, and then a pretty struggle commenced between her and Havannah, in which, however, Hair Pin stuck it into her, leaving her to blow her cloud how she might, and won easily, shewing all the hair in her tail to the whole field. She was claimed by Sir Maxwell Wallace, who has got a regular *jewel* of her size, for the no price of 35 sovs. She shewed superior speed, is, though a little

mare, a most *howdacious* jumper, and will refuse nothing. At the fifth leap from home Captains Smith and Vaughan were regularly floored. The rest were no where. No accidents occurred, except that already mentioned, to mar the pleasures of the day—all else conducted to make it really one of sport.

ON Tuesday, April the 1st, a gallant Steeple-race was run at Fermoy by the following horses, all well known as first-raters with the different fox-hounds in the county of Cork, viz.:—Sailor, rode by Mr. Lindsay; Olympus, by Mr. Courtenay; Michael, by Mr. G. Hawkes; Sir John, by Sir Thomas Roberts; Kitty, by Mr. Roche; and Ruby, by Mr. Rubie. Although it was *All Fools' Day*, it turned out no *joke* to some of the competitors. It was a desperately contested race, and a *bruising* business in every sense of the word. They started at half-past two, and kept well together until the first turn, when Sir John, becoming fractious, bolted, and gave his rider, Sir T. Roberts, a regular burster. Ruby, almost at the same time, followed his example, and floored his namesake, Mr. Rubie. A capital race ensued among the other four, Sailor going before the wind with a flowing sheet until the fifth fence from home, where he gave a heavy lurch to port, and capsized. However, he righted instantly, crowded sail, and soon overhauled the fleet. At the third leap, however, he was regularly foundered, leaving the race to Michael, who won cleverly; Kitty second, Olympus third. Mr. Lindsay experienced no injury from his two unship-

ments; but Sir Thomas Roberts had to be conveyed home in a chaise, and Mr. Rubie dislocated his arm.

#### FORFARSHIRE.

THE annual contest for the Challengeable Gold Cup, given by H. Ross, Esq. M.P., of Rossie Castle, better known to the Sporting World as Captain Ross, was decided on Easter Monday. The course was laid out in a circuit of four miles, commencing about a mile from Forfar, ending at Reateneth, on the Montrose road. There were only four horses entered—Mr. Raitt's, of Annistown, b. h.; Mr. Laird's, of Strathmartin, br. h.; Mr. Dalzell's ch. h.; and Mr. Hunter's, of Blackness, b. h. They were, however, all known good ones, and a good day's play was calculated on. They started about three o'clock. The first two miles of the course was over a grass country, variously fenced; the concluding other two across the plough. Mr. Raitt stole away with the lead at a steady though not fast pace, but on going over the fence out of the grass into the plough he went the wrong side of a flag. At this same fence (a wall) Mr. Dalzell fell, and broke his bridle; Mr. Laird came up now, followed close by Mr. Raitt, who, unconscious of having gone wrong, was careering on gallantly, taking all in his stride, and who passed the winning flag first several lengths before Mr. Laird. Mr. Dalzell's horse, notwithstanding the accident, came in a good third, beating Mr. Hunter's horse, who boggled sadly at the rails and drains. A truly convivial dinner at the inn at Forfar concluded the day.

## CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 "Ye merry merry men,  
 This is our opening day"—

AND a more propitious and animated opening of the Racing Season I never remember to have witnessed. All the pleasure arising from promised increased sport that I, in my last year's notice of this Meeting, anticipated, met full realisation—such fields, Sir, as few Meetings can boast of. What think ye of an appearance of above forty horses in a snug half dozen Stakes—an attendance of all the Sporting Influentials that the district and neighbourhood could boast of, from the Peer down to the plain honest John Bull sportsman—the course much improved since last year—the weather as blooming as possible; in fact, all and everything gay, animated, and joyous as a school-boy on a blooming holiday morning. I need not add how cheering and delightful such a scene appeared, and how much I, and no doubt numbers of others, felt indebted to the great exertions of that eminent ornament of the Northern Turf, His Grace of Leeds, who was present, and a few others, by whose exertions the Meeting has been thus elevated in rank, and, I trust, bears promise of a still more exalted station.

WEDNESDAY.—Amid this scene of

"joy and gladness,"

no less than nine prancers turned out for the usual commencement, the Craven, as under:—

The Sister to Retainer, 4  
 yrs old, rode by.....Geo. Nelson.  
 Tesane.....S. Templeman.

Lady Marcia.....R. Johnson.  
 Pestilence.....Thompson.  
 Benevolence.....Hunter.  
 Lacerta colt, 3 yrs old.....Cartwright.  
 Swing.....A Boy.  
 Zohrab.....A Boy.  
 Flight.....A Boy.

Although that admirable quality Benevolence is not looked at, at all times, as a *lucrative* possession, yet in this case almost all seemed to covet its virtue, with the anticipation of its proving most *profitable*; perhaps they had been reading the Scriptures, for most seemed confident that in due time they should *reap* the reward such goodness was calculated to produce, and in consequence only 6 to 5 could be obtained against her.

This varied group made a pretty fair start, and though possessed of different qualities, tempers, and dispositions, maintained pretty good society during the journey until round the last turn, when a *turn* in the state of affairs took place, by the Sister to Retainer and Benevolence coming away in front, with the Lacerta colt close behind. The two, however, kept up the contest to the end, when, after one of the stoutest arguments that they could possibly sustain, Benevolence was declared the foremost of the train, having withstood the attacks of the Pestilence, the Flighty, the Swing family, and the rest, and left them far in the rear; though she only was enabled to place just her head before the Retainer's Sister.

The Claret Stake, of 10 sovs.

each—to which, be it remembered, the Duke of Leeds added 20 more, and the Fund an additional 30—for three-year-old colts and fillies, two miles, and the winner to give four dozen of Claret to the Club—next brought forth a snug half score, as follows:—

Amurath, rode by.....Thomas Lye.  
Mr. Armitage's colt by  
Velocepede, dam by  
Whiaker.....J. Garbutt.  
Lambkin.....J. Marson, jun.  
Monitor.....Cartwright.  
Mellerstein.....J. Holmes.  
Sister to Retainer.....Geo. Nelson.  
Orinda.....Thos. Shepherd.  
Paris.....Josh. Robinson.  
System.....R. Heseltine.  
The Count.....W. Weatherill.

The vein of partiality ran in favour of Amurath, who, though surrounded by nine others, and not boasting of anything very great in performance, was nevertheless backed at 6 to 4 agst him; 4 to 1 was laid agst Lambkin, 5 to 1 agst Monitor, and 7 to 1 agst Mellerstein, although he was the only previous winner of the lot: so much for *fancy, taste, and speculation!*

On assembling at the scratch, they bungled the affair by making no less than seven or eight false starts. On going away, Orinda and The Count ran off at such a severe and tremendous speed that they must have counted it certain that they were enabled to choak the whole of their companions. However, this choaking pace only lasted for a mile and a half, when both shewed pretty evident that they had cut their own throats by the attempt—the Count was just enabled to support his situation to round the last turn. All this time Mellerstein, with the caution characteristic of his country (Scotland),

had kept in the rear, but on turning he and Monitor came in front, and made a beautiful race home, where Mellerstein won by half a length; the Count being third, and tolerably well up. The race was a real true run affair, exhibiting nothing like flattery, and proved Mellerstein (who is a great fine horse, with immense strength and powers) to be a true good animal.

The next and concluding race of the day was with seven urchins, for a Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., the T.Y.C. (late Yearling Course). These were—

Itinerant, rode by.....John Holmes.  
Miss Frill.....Geo. Nelson.  
The Duke of Leeds's b. c.  
by Actæon, dam by  
Reveller.....S. Templeman.  
Weldare.....W. Weatherill.  
Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by  
Actæon out of Co-  
medy.....Cartwright.  
Rectitude.....Thomas Lye.  
Actæonides.....

As Rectitude was never known to do *wrong*, it was deemed *right* to support her, and therefore she had the mead of favour at the high price of 7 to 4 agst her, and 2 to 1 was the going odds against Weldare, who took the lead, came away, and made strong running, with Rectitude at his side, and the others following. No change ensued until passing the distance, when *Comedy* came out to play her part, and after sustaining a short dialogue with Weldare and Rectitude, she gained the applause, and the profit of the piece, with flying colours, winning cleverly from Weldare—all the rest being beat a long way. She is a smart strong middle-sized mare, and a real chip of her sire, Actæon, in colour and shape. Weldare is also a fine useful

animal, and may, with good management, prove a profitable nag.

**THURSDAY.**—Nine young ones commenced the festivities, by appearing for the Champagne Stake of 20 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added from the Fund, for two-year-olds, the Straight Half-mile, and the winner to promote the interests of *Lushington* by giving two dozen of Champagne to pledge the future prosperity of the Catterick Meeting. These were—

Alhassan, rode by .....Thos. Shepherd.  
The Stag .....Thos. Lye.  
Mr. Jacques's Comedy filly (which won yesterday) .....Cartwright.  
Violante, Sister to The Saddler .....R. Heseltine.  
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Actaeon out of Georgiana .....Geo. Nelson.  
Mr. Armitage's ch. f. by Velocipede out of Miss Garforth (Non-plus's dam) .....J. Garbutt.  
Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. by Bustard, dam by Comus .....W. Weatherill.  
Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Waverley out of Mary .....S. Templeman.  
Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Velocipede out of Fisher Lass .....Josh. Robinson.

The respectable performance of the *Comedy* the day before made her the pet at 2 to 1 agst her, though, in appearance, powers, symmetry, and everything else that constitute a race-horse, the Miss Garforth filly (as the Noble Duke of Leeds declared, when the horses were parading previous to the start) was a mare in ten thousand, one who to look at might be supposed to bid defiance to all competitors, and she was consequently the next favorite at 5 to 2. The anticipations of His Grace of Leeds (who has had no little expe-

rience), and most others, proved to be correct; for, after making one false start, the lot got well off, and in the first hundred yards the Daughter of Velocipede completely *Nonplus'd* the whole fleet—not one could go her pace; and, like her sire (whom she greatly resembles in shape, and having his white face and legs, and galloping like him in the style of a fox close laid to the ground), she landed in a canter some lengths before the *Comedy*, who was second, and who beat the others as far and as easy as she herself was defeated. The other seven exhibited tremendous tailing; indeed, it was a second edition of her sire, Velocipede, winning the York Spring Leger, wherein he shewed himself (I again repeat it, despite of the prejudicial assertions of any one) truly a *second Eclipse*; and such a progeny as bids fair to come from him must and will make him one of the most valued and esteemed horses of the day. The mare, it is to be regretted, has no other engagement before the Oaks Stake at Epsom next year, though every one may rejoice that they have no engagement wherein they would be destined to meet so formidable an opponent.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., seven subs., two miles, brought out three—Medea, rode by Templeman; Zillah, rode by Thomas Lye; and Sister to Voltaire, rode by R. Johnson. Zillah was backed at 2 to 1 on her, and won very easy. It is a pity that such a nice mare should not have been put in the Leger; if she had, she would not have lacked advocates.

The Gold Cup then closed the day's sport and the Meeting's



exposures—the distance two miles, eleven subscribers, and all at the post—these were, Mr. Fox's Mrs. Fry colt (three years old), Revolution, Flight, Duke of Cleveland's Lacerta colt (three years old), Veneer, Orinda, Lot, Fanny, Pantomime, The Mystery, and Tomboy. Revolutionary principles were the most in estimation, at 2 to 1; 5 to 2 agst Tomboy, 5 to 1 agst The Mystery, and 7 to 1 agst Lot. Shepherd, on Revolution, set off, and made very severe running, Tomboy, Lot, and the Lacerta colt being well up, for about a mile and a half, when Tomboy went in front, the others I have named still maintaining their forward situations: on reaching the Catterick turning, The Mystery tried to come up, but was speedily convinced of the inefficacy of her attempt. Tomboy still kept his first-rank place to near the Stand, and here Templeman came out with Lot, made one rush, and decided the lot of the Golden Prize should grace the sideboard at Hornby Castle, by winning a most beautiful race by half a neck from Tomboy—the two being clear of all the others, who were beat a great way, and scattered far and wide. Templeman certainly exhibited a very fine specimen of

horsemanship, and the cool deliberate manner in which he waited for the last run entitled him to great praise: indeed I do not remember ever to have seen him ride so well.

Thus closed the Catterick Meeting, which throughout exhibited a gratifying and pleasing contrast to the recent preceding years, in every particular, not only in the interesting appearance of the fields, but in the increased attendance, and the general satisfaction that appeared to prevail at the improvements which had been effected. To those, then, who have been so instrumental in effecting such a great flood of prosperity to the Meeting, the thanks and plaudits of every friend to the Turf are due; and in paying this my humble testimony of admiration of their exertions, I can only add that I shall feel increased pleasure, if such be possible, by seeing their praiseworthy exertions emulated by others in supporting in like manner the sporting interest of many places which I could name that have been too long disregarded and neglected.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Liverpool, April 16, 1834.

#### A FEW HINTS ON TAKING GROUSE-SHOOTING MANORS.

SIR,  
THE hunting season being now at a close, every sportsman is on the look-out for amusement and occupation during the summer and autumn months; and whilst some are putting themselves under the orders of their Commadore at Cowes, and others preparing to earn

golden honors on the Turf, not a few are already making inquiries for moors in the North of England or Scotland, where they may retire after the fatigues of a three months' gay season in town, and brace their somewhat enervated constitutions amongst the heathery hills and cooling breezes

which have so long rendered the mountaineer proverbially robust.

Having myself enjoyed for many years the pleasing round of five or six months' hunting in the midland counties of England, two or three of gaiety in London or Paris, and three or four of delightful excitement amongst the hospitable inhabitants of the Highlands, when, after bagging fifty or sixty brace, I have worn away the fatigues of a day's hard walking by tripping it merrily to the bagpipe beyond "the wee hours," I feel myself qualified to offer a few hints, which may not be unacceptable to your readers, and to those who trust for an autumn's amusement to the *extensive* description of a 100,000-acre manor, as puffed of in a country newspaper, and who settle for the supposed treasure through the agency of some lawyer, probably the interested trustee himself for the estate, and who, shark-like, gobbles the rent without caring for the disappointment which is too likely to ensue.

To shew that I do not exaggerate, I may mention that Lord Castlereagh and three friends took moors last year *from description* in Inverness-shire; paid down the rent, 200l.; forwarded their dogs, guns, and baggage; and on arriving themselves found the grounds so utterly destitute of game, that they never loaded their guns, and retraced their steps *minus* rent and expenses; indebted for the few days' sport they enjoyed entirely to the kindness of some neighbouring proprietors. In this, however, exposing the rapacity of agents, and even occasionally of their principals, I must add that the cause of disappointment arises not un-

frequently from the ignorance of those who are anxious to display their prowess, for the first time perhaps, on a moor, and who suppose that if a manor be but situated out of the beaten track their sport is ensured. Such persons having heard, when boys at school, that Lord Kennedy or Squire Osbaldeston accomplished wonderful feats, and being themselves tolerable shots at a pigeon or rabbit (no bad practice), become woefully chagrined at not finding a brood of grouse in every patch of heath, and too frequently return so disgusted as to prevent their again making preparation for a second 12th of August—thus depriving themselves of many a season's delightful enjoyment, which a little prudent foresight might have secured.

The first matter of consideration, then, is the sort of manor required—whether for a party of bachelors, for a single gun, or for a sportsman anxious to bring down with him the comforts of his own fire-side and the enjoyment of his prattling youngsters, to cheer his evenings and fatigues.

It is quite evident that what would suit either of the three mentioned would by no means be suitable for the others, and *vice versa*. Falaar is as appropriate for the enjoyment of three or four truly sporting bachelor companions, as it would be uncomfortable to the more aged family man, or dreary to the solitary shooter; whilst Kinrara, so delightful when accompanied by the luxuries of a domestic circle, would be equally dull to the solitary sportsman, as it would be unfit to give amusement to three or four guns bent

on destruction ; and a lodging at Dalwinnie, with a moor of five or six thousand acres, though everything desirable to a single gun, would be voted a horrible bore by a family party or a few associated companions.

In quoting the names of shooting quarters, I ought to premise that I have no intention of puffing any particular spots into notice, and shall avoid all names for the sake of impartiality, and because in reality good situations are to be had in many places ; but my remarks on the choice of moors shall be limited to Scotland, because for one person renting grounds in Ireland, Wales, or England, fifty at least migrate into North Britain annually, grouse being not only more numerous there than anywhere else (a very few preserves in Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Northumberland excepted), but because in Scotland a variety of game is met with, of which no other part of the world can boast. The higher hills are ennobled by the majestic stag, the snow-white ptarmigan, and the Alpine hare : lower down appear the grouse, golden plover, and snipe ; whilst the birch woods are tenanted by the roe and black cock ; and the plains and woodlands are as well stocked with hares, pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, and rabbits, as many districts in the best parts of England. When to this is added the myriads of wild fowl which haunt the lakes and sea coast, the salmon, pike, and trout with which the streams are stored, it is pretty evident that for variety as well as abundance of game Scotland stands unrivalled. But I do not assume the character of *Don Quixote's* para-

site, and praise whilst I am de-vouring alone the good things of old Scotia ; for my object is to put others in a fair way of doing as I have done myself ; and I shall be gratified if I hear of any one who will say that he owes a month's enjoyment to the hints contained in the June Number of your Magazine.

To return then to business. So soon as it is decided whether a single gun, a choice party, or a benedict and his circle, are to migrate Northwards, let application be made, say in Edinburgh, through an agent, for an account of all the manors to be let ; and having fixed upon a rent proportioned to the purse-strings, inquire the particulars as to locale and accommodation from the proprietor or his agent. Should all this suit, make no bargain, however, without a reference to the last occupant, or to one who shot over the adjoining manor last season, or to a resident Sporting Gentleman who knows the grounds and the probable quantity of game to be expected. Without this latter enquiry any degree of satisfaction cannot be enjoyed ; for, though three or five hundred brace may have been destroyed by so many guns the preceding year, it by no means follows that the same quantity can again be killed even by the best shots.

I remember when a boy an old pot-hunter whom I accompanied, being always anxious to try for puss on the same spot which had afforded him hare-soup but the week preceding ; and I always offended him by quoting the impossibility of eating a cake and having it, and by beating the contents of his bag at the end

of the day when allowed to separate and try fresh ground; and so it is with moors too: if they have been hammered for two or three successive seasons by bloody shooters, the less likely are they to afford good sport in future; and I therefore recommend always asking the probable quantity of game seen at the close of the last season; whether it has since been preserved, or been open to every poacher in the country; whether any heads of vermin shew themselves on the lodge gates; and whether the last occupant, or the tenant of any adjoining shooting ground, can recommend the situation as having a stock of game, or being capable of producing it by care and preservation.

But it is not enough that abundance of any one species of game exists to insure the true sportsman fair amusement. To my own taste nothing is more tiresome than murdering grouse six days in the week *faute de mieux*; and I return to it with a double relish after an interval of some days spent in fishing, deer-stalking, or roe-hunting. It should be an object then to ascertain what variety may be expected, and thus suit the various tastes of sportsmen. For whilst some have *une passion pour la pêche*, others care not to wet a line; and, although cold nights and weary days are unheeded by the ardent pursuer of "the dun deer," many are unfit to undergo such trying fatigues. On these different heads, however, consult those qualified to give an opinion, and be not misled by the vague terms "of shooting and fishing to let in all its variety."

Having, however, now suited

the rent to the purse, the accommodation to the intended occupants, and the quality of sport to the taste of the sportsman, the second consideration is the term for which the lease should be taken. Lucky, indeed, must that man be who engages a moor for a single season and is satisfied with his bargain after a fair trial; for it cannot be expected that his predecessor will have stocked the ground for his amusement; and the needy proprietors, who let from year to year, do not afford any preservation during the winter, as may easily be seen from the quantities of grouse in the Edinburgh and London markets. I was myself at one time the sharer of a manor, on which for the first season the best shot would find it difficult to bag ten brace of grouse; but, knowing the localities, I at once took a lease, and by care got up very soon such a head of game that from forty to seventy brace has since then frequently been the day's sport to my own gun; whilst hares, partridges, and pheasants on the lower grounds increased proportionately. From experience, then, I strongly advise a lease of as many years as may be suitable to the parties; and, should an accident prevent the taking advantage of it every year, it will command, like Sir R. Sutton's quarters, Birk Hall, a preference in reletting, from a knowledge of the game being preserved, whilst care may be taken that the subtenant shall leave a supply sufficient for next year's breed.

All this being, however, settled, and the lease signed, another requisite, "the third and last," is, wanting to ensure sport,

and that is the protection of your property, for I hold game to be property, as much as the salmon at least. It belongs to the ground upon which it is found, and I should like to know what right any one else can shew, besides the owner of the lands, or those obtaining that right from him, to the birds or animals which feed upon his property? Yet, without protection, they will soon find their way to the poulterers; since to the thief—and every poacher is one in the proper sense of that word—they fall an easy prey, and doubtless the temptation is on that account the greater. To ensure sport I would, therefore, without hesitation advise a southern game-keeper to be placed in the most central spot, or at the shooting box, and a native assistant under his orders, one who could be on the look-out in such weather as might not suit the constitution of those unaccustomed to hard fare and rude blasts from their infancy. It may be asked why not have native keepers wholly? I reply, because experience proves them utterly useless unless under the controul of a stranger. The

Highland keepers, or rather pot-hunters, are neither expert trappers nor good dog-breakers; they want the cleanliness and finish of our English keepers; they are apt to enjoy the warmth of a peat fire at home unless under orders or when called forth by some unusual excitement, and they have a certain degree of *delicacy*, which often induces their sacrificing their master's interest, to informing against the marauder who pillages their employer's property. In fact, I never, with one exception, knew a native who could by the show of game attest his qualifications.

I might now enter a wide field of discussion, and fight over the well-contested battles which have distinguished combatants on the subject of percussion and flint, setters and pointers, *et hoc genus omne*; but your readers, having already seen "in the third and last place," will, I am aware, not forgive my trespassing longer upon your pages or their own patience; and, wishing every true sportsman, a fair share of amusement,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
GROUSE.

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#### NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING—1834.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 27TH.

**L**IKE *Young Rapid* in the play, "shove on, keep moving" appears the motto of everything, whether animate or inanimate, in our year of grace 1834. Hand in hand with the march of intellect goes the march of season: Dan Phœbus dons his seven-leagued boots, and, striding lustily onward, passes the bewildered Spring, and presents to us

his teeming bride, young blushing Summer, long before her former flowery anniversaries. Here I could indite much good matter, and sundry sounding alliteratives on season, sense, and sympathy, but that I am rather out of conceit with that latter quality of the mind. Sympathy opens the lips of wayfarers on the exteriors of fast coaches, ever and anon as they teeming hills at twenty

miles per hour, *skidless*, and the leaders over the bars, to the countless multitudes going upon crutches, and small families left destitute by road disasters. Explosions of boilers, tornadoes of screeching hot water, excruciating scaldings, and the like, form the links of conversational sympathy among those who "go down to the sea in *steam*, and occupy their business in great waters." For me, this very morning gave the *coup de grace* to that fine sentiment. It was about the hour of 10 A. M. that I approached Epping Place for breakfast, full of savory anticipations of broiled sausages, a condiment for which that hostelry is renowned, when a good-natured individual, who occupied a seat next to me on the roof of the Norwich Telegraph, regaled me with a selection from the natural history of the pig, and some original anecdotes of that animal's peculiar propensities enough to have turned the stomach of an ostrich. Having somewhat recruited my inward man with *eau de vie* from the effects of the aforesaid discourse on zoology, in process of time I was duly delivered at the White Hart, begrimed as to my brow with the inelegancies consequent upon continuous vertical sunshine, and polluted in my broad cloth to the depth of an inch and a half with pulverized particles of *Macadamized materiel*.

MONDAY, APRIL 28TH.

To-day we had on the Heath just such weather as Esop describes in his fable of the *Traveler and the Sun*, Boreas buttoning your garment around you from fear of a total dissolution of partnership, and then a fiery sun-beam that put you in mind of

suffocation unless you opened your *skin*. For the first day the assemblage was very cheering, and *recherché* even to a fault. I don't know what they do in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's, for *this* is the arena where the House of Lords assembles; and as for Almack's, who the devil would go there, when Venus's own daughters are sailing gracefully "over the Flat," and irradiating with their smiles the "three last miles of the Beacon Course!"

The first race, Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb., R. M., had four subscribers, but only two to go—Fortunatus, a bay son of Sultan, and a colt of Lord Lowther's, by Partisan out of Flounce: the betting 2 to 1 on Lord Chesterfield. Scott rode Fortunatus, the winner all through the race, and by four lengths at the conclusion. At the rise of the Bushes Wheatley washard at work with Flounce, but he never had a chance. Lord Chesterfield seems to avail himself of his patent of precedence, winning the first race at both the Craven and First Spring. More power to him, for he's a trump every inch!

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; T.Y.C.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded.—This brought out the whole lot, such as it was, with the betting 11 to 5 on the field, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Pettit's Splitpost (so called from her temper being none of the best, in evidence whereof she kicked off her plates on her way to the Heath), 3 to 1 agst Sir Mark Wood's roan filly, Sister to Baleine, 5 to 1 agst Lord Burlington's f. by Bizarre

out of Barossa—Mr. Prince's colt, by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, and General Grosvener's Pigeon not being in demand. It was a sad slow straggling affair. Robinson, on Sir Mark's young *clac*, got off with the start, but the event was decided by Connolly with "the vicious one" winning by a good length very easily, the Judge placing but two, Baleine second.

The Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb., D. M., untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb., if both 5lb., with four entered, produced but two—Duke of Grafton's Derby colt, Olympic, with John Day on him, and Lord Lichfield's Whitefoot, Brother to Terry Alt, conducted by that prototype and cotemporary of the Buckles and Goodissons, that "fine old English jock," Mr. William Wheatley. From the start Olympic had all the "revels" to himself, Billy being very early indeed at work, John Day sitting still and looking satisfied: at the ropes again the "ancient jockey" plied his toasting forks, but all the iron in Colebrook-dale had nought availed, Olympic beating him handsomely by a length and a half, and plenty of running to spare.

The Desert Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb., A. F., those out of untried mares or by untried stallions allowed 3lb., only one allowance, three-year-olds. Out of nine invited by this promised feast only two appeared at the banquet—Lord Jersey's Glencoe (who picked up his Lordship's Riddlesworth so handily at the Craven), and Mr. Payne's Ganges by Tigris out of Lushborough's

dam (horse untried). "Flatman" (though a name appertaining to men who navigate rivers) seemed ill at ease in his ride with "Ganges:" true, Natty *was* first at the beginning, but close in his wake was Glencoe, sticking to his skirts like grim Death. At the ropes Robinson let go his horse's head and came alongside Ganges, when, perhaps not being fond of water, he appeared indisposed to *pass the mighty river*—in turf expletive he seemed going to *cut it*; when James shook him a little, and he came away, winning by a good length with ease. I don't think him "unkimmen" good tempered, but that's his misfortune, and not his fault. They bid 4 to 1 on him before starting, and the event proved their judgment.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. A. F.—Mr. Gully's Hokee Pokee ("the horse with the ugly name," as Mr. Tattersall calls him), having passed into other hands, did not shew for this—Mr. Greville's Whale, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.; Colonel Peel's Nonsense, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.; and His Grace of Rutland's Shylock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. went, and arrived as they are written. It surely was characteristic of "Nonsense" to set off as he did, as hard as he was able, with seven pounds extra on his hump, the scaly monster next him, and then Shylock. The "Jew of Venice" was speedily dished, Pavis still pegging away "*with his Nonsense*;" all, however, was but idle toil, the Judge deciding that Natty *swam* in first on the Monarch of the Deep by "*a wack*"—though this was not effected without some pretty sharpish harpooning, Moses, as Paddy says, "driving them all before him." Fifty Pounds—for five-year-

olds, 7st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 3lb.; and aged, 8st. 7lb.; last three miles of Beacon Course—entrance five guineas—only two declared to start, and two to pay. Speculation waned upon this long job, the little Rover being the pet at 2 to 1. Datura came away first, Teddy Edwards digging at her pretty well every inch. This outrage on the Act of Martin the defunct continued to the Duke's Stand, when John Day put an end to the slaughter by running past and landing the Rover three or four lengths first. I must own I am no advocate for such cutting up as this unfortunate mare exhibited at the weighing house. *I know I have seen Robinson lose on her without the marks she bore to-day.* The Duke of Cleveland's Trustee, and Mr. Sowerby's Volage, not liking the distance, stayed at home; and certainly it was a long journey "at the price."

TUESDAY, APRIL 29TH.

A shower, more rich and glorious than ever Jupiter shed into the lap of Danae, has fallen during the night, and all Nature rejoices! I have just been among the crowd at the Club Room, and I deplore to say a set of less Arcadian swains it has seldom been my lot to meet. Not a word here is listened to unless recommended by a *shade of odds*: stern despisers of Bucolics, the effect of the rain, except on *horses' legs*, is held as dust in the balance. If, as it is said, industry *must* prosper, surely all these must be successful; for never did mortals seem to do their duty more assiduously "in that state of life into which it has pleased Providence (or *old Nick*) to call them." Considering the number of public horses engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas

Stakes, I was surprised to find the betting at the Rooms so slack upon it, Viator at 3 to 1, Clare at 3½, and Bentley at 4 to 1, alone occupying any share of attention; Chifney riding for Sir Mark, I should think, raising his horse a point. Still, though productive of comparatively little speculation, this Newmarket Derby was vastly attractive to the plebs, if numbers be any rule of judgment: the Heath was occupied literally by multitudes, and, being market day, the Cambridgeshire yeomanry mustered strongly. I never saw so many "gathered together" before.

At half-past two, the pitiless storm pelting upon them, came off race the first—General Grosvenor's Dick, by Lamplighter out of Blue Stockings, 8st. 8lb.!!! against Lord Tavistock's Cream, by Partisan out of Custard, 7st. 13lb., B.M., 200, h. ft. Heaven knows, like Sterne, I would not give offence to a fly, but the idea of Dick's giving nine pounds to *anything living with four legs* seems past human credulity. Though Cream is a right bad 'un, of course she won almost in a walk. A more deplorably miserable quadruped than *Richard abbreviated* never disgraced the litter of a training stable.

The King's Plate of 100gs. for mares—four-year-olds carrying 8st. 4lb., five 9st. 4lb., six 9st. 10lb., and aged 10st., R. C.—produced some spirited specs; the field at 2 to 1, 25 to 10 agst Chantilly, 3 to 1 agst Revelry, and 2 to 1 agst Vespa: two others drawn. When first they hove in sight under the hedge by the barn Robinson was first, making very strong play with Chantilly, Revelry next, and then Vespa, Chapple holding her



hard: so they continued to the Turn, and at the run in Revelry was quite beat off, and Chantilly could make but very little of it, Vespa winning almost in a canter. Sir Mark is lucky *with his ladies*, and it seems of late that the mares' plates are made for him.

During the running of this race the rain fell with much violence, which cleared pretty well away while we cantered over to the Rowley Mile to see the event of the day—the Renewal of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, b. ft.; for colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb., R.M., three-year-olds. On reaching the betting post the odds were much the same as in the town: the field was backed at 3 to 1, *six to one* agst Glencoe, 4 to 1 agst Bentley, 2 to 1 agst Viator; seven to go and twenty-one pay, making a stake, deducting the per centage, of 1600l. all but a fraction. The start was *unanimous*, Sir Mark and Mr. Dilly's, or *whose ever he is*, Viator, having, if any, the worst of it. To the Bushes they were nearly together, the Clare colt, under Mr. Chifney's superintendence, *of course* being last down the hill: at the rise of the Bushes the three placed began to shew in front. At the Distance, the struggle between Clare and Glencoe was interesting in the extreme: the rush was terrific, Robinson landing Glencoe a good length first; Chifney, on Sir Mark's, second; and Bentley, with Arthur Pavis on him, third; no other being within the Judge's observation. Viator, the terrible, was earliest beaten, and came in an undisputed last. Multifarious are the future operations of this

result, to be noticed in their place.

It now began to rain without abating, and a general scramble ensued for the Duke's Stand, and a dry consideration of the Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft., for foals of 1830; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb., B.C. This was a *pretty considerable* affair, having ten subscribers, six to pay 100, which, per centage deducted, leaves 540l., and three at 300, a total of 1440l. The last race made My Lord Jersey's stable a favorite for this, although it was known to most people that Lucius was as lame as a levanter. The betting was 2 to 1 agst Baleine, 2 to 1 agst Dirce, and 2 to 1 *steadily* agst Lucius; the field at 6 to 4. God knows how they came away, as there's no seeing over the Ditch; still there is supposed to have been *four* at starting; only three, however, saw the end. My Lord Uxbridge's roan filly Baleine, with Mr. Pavis, arrived first; in about five minutes it was reported that Mr. Scott was in sight, with Lord Chesterfield's Dirce, or the fatal twins; great anxiety was then manifested for the safety of Mr. Calloway and Trickery, who at length, not until despair had taken hold upon his friends however, was declared to be in a place of security. Notwithstanding the most anxious inquiries, nothing has been as yet (*nine o'clock*) heard of Lucius, and as his rider is a character much respected in Newmarket, out of consideration for his disconsolate family we forbear giving his name. We enter fully into the "*désagrémens*" of his position, if, as appears probable, "*the Heath* this night should be his bed." Surely a lot

of money never fell to a man's lot apparently with less exertion. Long life to you, Sir Charles Bunbury, and your "*short, sharp, and decisive!*" D—n your Beacon Courses! Gently over the stones, if you will; but when one comes to "*tickle the moss,*" let's have a rattle at the finish, for God's sake!

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of untried mares; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.; D. M. Mr. Thornhill's f. Pickle, by Emilius out of Mustard, received forfeit, three paying, and nobody sorry, after the last, that the day's play was over. I've got my slippers on, and a glass of tolerable sherry before me; so let the candid not blame me that I do not gird up my loins, and journey even unto the Club-room to obtain the latest odds for Epsom—to the takers of the field, I say, sufficient with the day is the evil thereof!

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30.

The vicissitude of weather, for which the last fortnight has been remarkable, has, of course, had much influence in the stables—very different is the appearance of the horses from that of the Craven week. One cannot pass "a string" now without a sharp cough "frightening the ear from its propriety." The genial rains, however, which have at last arrived, will have the effect of softening the biting cold winds, and, let us hope, of restoring the valetudinarians: to-day has the promise of rain, and the meagre attraction of the bill for this morning will, I fear, give us on the Heath "more room than pleasure." On arriving at the betting-post, I found my prediction unhappily fulfilled: instead of

yesterday's parasols and gauze bonnets, upper benjamins, India-rubber capes, and the masculine gender sadly predominated: still were we not quite abandoned to our fate. All must remember the beautiful reply of Pope to the lady, who gave as a reason for not going out, that the sky seemed lowering, and to threaten rain—

—"It were as if the sun should say,  
'A vile cold morning this, I will not rise  
to-day!'"

Even as the orb of day to me was once more the yellow barouche, the grey horses, and the vision within. Though I boast not the Helicon in which that great master of song was baptised, still am I not without some sprinkling of the Castalian spring. Accept then, gentle lady, *this* assurance of my devoted fealty—

"To obtain but a smile, were I Sardanapalus,  
I'd descend from my throne to be boots  
at an alehouse!"

The first race, with five entries, was a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, last half of Abingdon Mile; the winner to be sold for sixty sovereigns if demanded; and being no half forfeit, I suppose they all determined to try their luck. The field had most friends at 15 to 10; Sir R. Dick's gr. c. Mac Arab, by the Humdaniah Arabian out of Bravura, at 6 to 4; Mr. Goodwin's Sister to Glauca, with no friends; Colonel Peel's Brother to Young Rapid in a similar situation; Mr. R. Stephenson's Gale Middleton, at 2 to 1; and Mr. Neville's Bamboozle, never spoken about. Nobody knew that they were off till they had almost reached the ropes, when with one consent up

broke the ring, and away galloped the bulls and bears. It was a tidy race; the grey and Glaucus a little in front, but in so short a distance, of course, no one much out of the way: they finished by Teddy Wright bringing in the Sister of Glaucus first a length, the Arab second; no other placed. By this time the clouds had cleared off a little, and the sun made a struggle, and the face of things looked more promising.

For a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (except two-year-olds), D.M., Nonsense paid; and at the post Lord Lichfield "stopped his Gab;" so we had three to contend, the field being backed at 2 to 1; the Water Witch the favorite, at 25 to 20 only agst her; Mr. Mills's Kate with 2 to 1; and My Lord Berners' Lamp-lighter colt (*remembrance being had of Dick's exhibition yesterday*) at four to one, and no takers. At the first moment that the naked eye made out "who was who," the affair was safe. It was run pretty sharply; Lord Berners' "forsaken-one," with little Rogers, winning very easily; the Witch next; Kate last, and considerably too.

Sweepstakes of 150 sovs. each, 100 ft., for filly foals of 1831 out of mares that never bred a winner prior to 1831, 8st. 5lb., R. M. Half a dozen was the number of those who subscribed to these articles, and two came to pick up the crumbs—Mr. Grant's Fiddle Faddle, by Whalebone out of Fatima by Selim, and Lord Jersey's Nell Gwynne, by Sultan out of Cobweb; 2 to 1 on Fatima going a begging. At the Bushes Robinson appeared to differ in

opinion with the fair founder of the House of St. Alban's; at the ropes matters were by no means improved; and in the last fifty yards the Eastern Sultana, who, with a true woman's caprice, lavished her favours on ancient Mr. Wheatley, came away and triumphed over the Orange Girl.

Fifty Pounds—for four-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st., B. C.; entrance, 5ga.—five entered, and five went. The field was in force, if noise be a criterion, at 35 to 20; lots of offers, but scarcely a rise: 2 to 1 agst Colonel Peel's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam; 2 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Octave; 4 to 1 agst Mr. Sowerby's Catalonian; 4 to 1 agst Mr. G. Edwards's f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer out of Hare; and anything at all agst Lord Berners' ch. m. by Oscar out of Spotless. This was a long uninteresting thing, as all in these days are over the Beacon Course. Wakefield, on Lord Berners' mare, made most of the running at a strong pace, of which we saw as little as if it had been a doing at Doncaster. At the Turn of the Lands he was *done to a turn*; and Jem Mann, on Catalonian, won the race by a couple of lengths, as the Judge decided; Octave second; Spotless third; Hare, in ten minutes, fourth; and Wrangler, in half an hour, fifth. Now is this fun?

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., D. I.—Lord Jersey's Datura received forfeit, Nitocris and Lady Fly paying.

In the morning there was a "sale of blood stock by Messrs. Tattersall!" Oh, ye costermongers! why work ye neddies in your carts or beneath your pan-

niers of green-grocery? Wherefore wend ye towards Smithfield, oh men of little *sous*, to pick up your cheap and nasties? Come hither if ye would flourish; here may ye have, cheap as if ye stole them, steeds of high renown, with pedigrees warranted as long as the proudest hidalgos of Castile; and rejoice the bowels of many a tailor with cabbage retailed from the back of a high-mettled racer, the abridgment of whose genealogy occupies ten pages of the *Stud Book*!

THURSDAY, MAY 1.

Summer is a coming in,  
Loud sing cuckoo!  
Groweth seed,  
Bloweth mead,  
And springeth the weed anew!

Notwithstanding which, and the pretty little flower baskets, which pretty little girls with roguish eyes are carrying around, the horizon is dark as December, and we shall have a wet day. The swallows, who are busily engaged in architecture beneath the eaves of my dwelling, appear puzzled to account for such a change, and, I dare say, think they left too soon the land of the sweet South—that is, if they *do* come thence, which I leave to *ornithologists* to determine, while I go and look after the opinions on the “Thousand Guineas,” for which I seek the assistance of “*hippologists*”—a class of natural philosophers also dealing largely in conjecture. As the betting in the town in no way differed much from that at the Heath, I will reserve the quotation till the coming off of the race. On reaching the Stand beyond the Ditch, there seemed to be some pretty active business doing on the first affair of the day—the King’s Plate of 100gs.;

for five-year-olds, 11st.; six, 11st. 9lb.; and aged, 12st., R. C. For this there were three, as thus:—Mr. Biggs’s Little Red Rover, aged, and consequently with twelve stone upon him, poor little fellow! His Grace of Rutland’s Hawker, 5 yrs old; and Colonel Peel’s Ernest the same:—even agst the field was the opinion about Rover, 12 to 8 about Ernest, and 5 or 6 to 1 about Hawker before starting. When at the post John Day was asked his opinion of the race (he had just mounted “the little un”), “we shall be beaten *two lengths*,” was his reply. Now he meant, in the words of the great Liston, of course, “*wice warsé*,” and, strange to say, *that* was the exact length by which he was declared a winner by the Judge. At going off the Little Rover made at once strong running against the Hill, leading all through: nothing had a chance with him; and when we look at his size, with an additional stone on him, and an appearance positively as stale as a post horse, it really is an extraordinary performance. Pavis, on Ernest, was second, making strong but useless efforts.—Hawker could not have won towards the close, had he even the ability, as opposite the end of the planting he was shut out altogether from his horses by the crowd who rushed and galloped after the two first. This is a most reprehensible practice, and one which, at a great sporting place like this, one is quite unprepared for—bad enough for the tailors at Epsom.

The day was now clearing fast, which shewed much good taste and considerable gallantry on the part of the Clerk of the Weather,

as THE LADIES were taking off their cloaks for the Renewal of the *One Thousand* Guineas Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., FOR FILLIES, 8st. 4lb. each, D. M., three-year-olds. Out of a field of thirty only seven had courage to come to the sticking place, leaving for their contention, after deducting the winner's Stake and the per centage, a nice little net sum of seventeen hundred and five pounds sterling!—by an hundred and odd a better affair than the *Two Thousand*, which seems a paradox to the unlearned Theban. Colonel Peel's Rosalie was the pet, at less by a shade than 2 to 1, which was betted against Amadou, the next in favour; 4 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Velocity, by Blacklock, dam by *Juniper*; 6 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's Nell Gwynne; and 8, or 9, or 10, or any other figure, agst Lord Berners' ch. f. by Lamplighter out of Camarina's (by *Juniper*) dam. They all came away well together at the first offer, making, of course, very strong running. They came to the ropes with very little perceptible change, except the evident defeat of Amadou. Here John Day, who was on Lord Berners' despised filly, and far on the outside, began to set to at a pace which very few of the lot could attempt. Like her flying relative, she was laid down to the work she was at, and finished a winner by a length, which was far from the best she could do; Mr. Walker's Velocity was second, and the Judge placed Amadou third. I suppose she was therefore next to Velocity, but it was like as in the contest between Nisus and Euryalus—"proxima sed intervallo." It is very strange to see, when

the gentlemen operative bettors (*vulgariter Legs*) are wrong, how passing wrong they be—here, not content with bepraising their favorites to the skies, they daman'd unhappy May-day (as My Lord Berners has since christened his daughter of Lamplighter, in honour of the day of her first victory) to the bottom of the bottomless—

"Dam vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt."

Five to 1 was then and there offered about this young lady for the Oaks, a thousand to eight being the latest observation in her favour I had heard previous to the race. Another subject for congratulation to the lover of the Turf arises from the result of the "Fillies' Thousand." The first favorite for the other great Epsom race is also the property of one in whose hands we are assured she will be "run to win." His Lordship has declared that he will part with her at no price; and I wish the Oaks may reward his determination! Rosalie, of course, will be deeply affected by the result of to-day; I thought she appeared fourth: but from the pace and the crowd at tail it was impossible to fix the eye accurately.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., T. M. M., Duke of Cleveland's Muley Moloch received forfeit; Mr. Etwall's Revenge and Mr. Wilson's Claret paid.

Mr. Greville's Whale received forfeit from Lord Exeter's Cactus, 8st. 4lb. each, A.F. 200, h. ft.

FRIDAY, MAY 2.

I am less careful in giving the fluctuations on the Derby and Oaks than I should be, did the Number of your Magazine, in which this paper will appear,

O

reach your readers before those events are decided; as it is, I only allude to them when their influence reaches horses engaged in the present Meetings, or as they may operate on those destined for running in the country. The rain that has fallen the last three nights, and partially during the day, has been of infinite service to the Heath, and refreshing to the hopes of those in whose stables the timbers are looking "shaky." Newmarket is itself again, and not the *Champ de Mars* that it was: no longer

"Quadrupedante pulvrem sonitu quatit ungula campum:"

now we can see a race without hearing it; formerly we were content with the sound, the dust denying almost a glimpse.

At the Rooms the odds were 5 to 4 on Whale for the first race of the day, a Match between him and the quondam terrible horse Viator, the latter receiving 16lb. for his year,

"Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,"

and if beaten he must be a bad one, and no mistake. I thought old Forth looked anxious about it, and no wonder after all the chaff he had about his horse at the Craven. On reaching the Heath there was much offering of 15 to 10, but very few takers. From the start the question was decided, but it seemed at one time doubtful whether or no Viator would run to the end; he could hardly be got to "stir his stumps" at the most earnest solicitations of his old schoolmaster, Mr. Wheatley: in fact, that respectable gentleman was almost pathetic about the *situation* in which he found himself placed. Flatman rode the win-

ner, hard held, in a canter; and the backers of the Leviathan "put money in their purses."

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. A.F.—For these five had been named, and three thought they had a chance: not such, however, was public opinion, Belshazzar, with 9st. 11lb. on him, being at evens agst the field, 3 to 2 agst Sir S. Graham's Jason, and 4 to 1 agst His Grace of Rutland's Shylock. In this, as in the former affair, the difference of weight was despised, for which the defeat of Belshazzar in and for the Craven made it difficult to account, particularly as Jason had been found an honest horse at the same Meeting. They came off with strong running, and to the finish each seemed to warrant the reliance of his friends *at their respective value*. Belshazzar ran right sluggish, as he always does, for even in his sweats the boy is obliged to ride him in spurs; and so, for a lazy one, they had put up a jock that does not consider the irons merely as ornaments to his heels. Sam Darling stands no denial, and thus was he landed first a length, Jason second, and the Israelite last, as is his custom. General Grosvenor's Languish and Lord Tavistock's Cowdray paid.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted), T.Y.C. For this there were eight entries, and all resolved to "do or dee." Lord Lichfield's great white horse Gab, than whom this habitable globe possesses no such prad to mount a trumpeter, was in full force at 2 to 1; the Whale again, as Mr. Greville said, "going to pull through it," at 35 to 20: 6 to 1 agst Sir Mark Wood's Ames-

bury, and little or nothing said about any other. An impertinent question was put about "Dick," which I was glad to see received in dignified silence. This was a rattling good race from end to end, the Whale with Nat on him winning by half a length; Robinson with Amesbury second, and no other placed; in fact the ruck was all in front together. I was sorry to see so respectable an elderly personage as Wheatley so conspicuous in the jaunt as he was rendered by "the Gab" afore-said: in fact, he wants the sedate action suitable to the *worst end of a century*.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds; colts carrying 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb., D.M., thirteen to pay, five to do "their devoir." The betting was 6 to 4 agst Col. Peel's Harum Scarum, 4 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's Sultan colt out of Zealot's dam, and 4 to 1 agst Darius; the others in no force. At the Dolls Connolly on Darius was making strong running, Darling on Lord Exeter's lying behind him, the Duke of Rutland's next, and Harum Scarum alongside him, but on the outside, with Chifney on him, who by the bye had just been severely kicked on the knee; Filagree last, and *her* chance out. Thus they kept to the rise of the Bushes, where Connolly got further from them, winning well by lengths with ease. Darius is a fine strapping-looking brown colt, by Reveller out of Fanny Davies: Harum second, a poor little devil, not so big as *Rover*, and, as Chifney said, with *his* long legs he might both ride and walk with him; Lord Exeter was third, the Duke of Rutland fourth, and Sir R. Johnstone's

Filagree filly, as I prognosticated, last. Directly after the race I saw a leading personage in the betting wager 30 to 1 on Darius for the Derby *not play or pay*: I should think him not likely long to continue an outsider, *that is, if he be meant to start*.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. T.Y.C. Five were entered and five went, the winner being to be purchased, if required, for 100 sovs. For this "the finale allegro," only three-fourths of a mile, people seemed undetermined in their minds which was the *worst*. Heaven knows, to express the thing genteelly, as the cat said in the tripe shop, one didn't know which way to turn oneself. Lord Exeter had noisy friends at 2 to 1, so had Mr. Pettit for Sister to Glaucus at the same figures; Goldfringe at 3 to 1; and a stentorian voice demanded towards the close "*does any one fancy Dick?*" a question put in such infamous taste that of course the numerous friends of that *renowned steed* preserved a high and contemptuous silence. This was just the thing for a finish—no delay, no fine riding, every man jack getting off as hard as he could, and rattling away as if the devil kicked him endways. I thought it, from the position I was in, a dead heat: Mr. Clarke gave it by a head to Lord Exeter's colt, rode by Darling as if he was bent upon having it.

This was the wind-up of the First Spring Meeting, and those who came to Newmarket for sport, or eke for filthy *lucre*, have no right to complain: as Mrs. Orger says, "they maunt growl:" it was a right merry week, and productive of much present and

prospective speculation. As I have said before, it is useless here to lucubrate about matters which will be over before these pages meet the light. It may serve to say, perhaps, that the opinions I have given in my observations on the Derby and Oaks in your last Number are fully supported by the results of this week's running. Glencoe has proved himself, as I

said he would, an *under-rated* horse—Viator the reverse. Again I repeat, the few dark ones in either event makes the field a dangerous speculation; and as the best proof that I am sincere in that which I advance, I have *laid* my money on those which have *been before the public and proved that they can run.*

Craven.

### A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Come fill to the brim ! while I carrol my lay,  
 Let a bumper enliven the measure ;  
 If there's time, as we're told, to be grave and be gay,  
 Then Night is the season for pleasure :  
 Is there care on the brow, see, to chase it away,  
 Here's Nature's own recipe.....DRINKING !  
 When flow'rets are drooping *she moistens their clay,*  
 And so should we *ours* when we're sinking !

Let the mighty exult, we envy them not--  
 Here, here is the logic convinces.....  
 'Tis WINE ! magic WINE ! which can level each lot,  
 And equalize peasants and Princes.  
 For the Great let the mantle of ermine be spread--  
 While the robe of good humour is o'er us,  
 No lustre can jewel or diadem shed  
 Like the ruby that sparkles before us !

Then hallow'd be ever the juice of the Vine,  
 The source of each genial emotion ;  
 If the spirit decline, let us plunge it in wine,  
 Like the Sun in his bath of the Ocean :  
 And fresh from the wave, as he smiles in the skies,  
 Where the shadows of evening were frowning,  
 So beaming and glad shall we ever arise  
 From the Goblet that Friendship is crowning !

J. W. C.



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THE WATER WITCH.

*W. H. P. 1874.*

*W. H. P. 1874.*

## THE WATER WITCH.

*Engraved by GREIG, from a Drawing by MR. HUGGINS.*

SO much having appeared in our pages regarding this vessel, we have been induced to present it to our readers, by the kind permission of the EARL of BELFAST, as one of the embellishments of the month.

The WATER WITCH was built, for the Earl of Belfast, by Mr. Joseph White, of East Cowes, Isle of Wight, and launched the 16th June 1832.

She was intended for the service of His Majesty, and constructed as a man of war in every particular, having all the advantages of the modern improvements in ship-building by Sir R. Seppings and Mr. Laing.

She was built for the purpose of coping with the Pantaloon, constructed by Capt. Symonds

(the present Surveyor of the Navy) for the Duke of Portland, being the same tonnage.

She sailed in July 1832 to join the Experimental Squadron under the command of Sir P. Malcolm, off the Irish coast, where she distinguished herself by signally beating the whole of the ships composing that Squadron. She afterwards joined the Squadron under the command of the same Gallant Officer, 14th August, off the Scilly Islands, where she added to her laurels by beating the Snake, 16 gun-brig, and Vernon, 30-gun frigate (built by Capt. Symonds); and in November she beat Pantaloon on her passage from Falmouth to Lisbon. She is now turned into and fitted as a Yacht, and has challenged the whole world.

## A DAY WITH THE MELTON HOUNDS.

BY THE HERMIT IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

SIR,

I Am a Recluse, and few things draw me from my hermitage save a fixture for the Melton Hounds within five miles of Six Hills. Hunting is the climax of my enjoyment, and on such occasions, laying aside the ponderous tomes of ancient lore, I muster up the little hunting *toggery* my cell affords, and mount my "gal-lant grey." On the 27th February Mr. Holyoake Goodricke's hounds met at Kirby Gate, and, certain of sport in so fine a country, I for once rode a hack to co-

vert. On my way I could not help musing, as Hermits do, on the mutability of earthly things. I was approaching the rendez-vous: before me were the park, the terraces, the stables of the ancient and chivalric Vernons: but the mansion and its inmates ..... where were they? Where, too, was *he* whom this day last year I had met *on the very spot* glowing in all the fulness of health and enjoyment—"the pride of all circles, and the idol of his own"—the manly and gal-

lant GOODRIDGE? *Ver non semper viret*\*, thought I.

But I was roused from my reverie by a scene that I never can forget. Near the site of the old mansion, and close to its picturesque stables (for such these really are), was assembled such a groupe as Alken or Ferneley could alone do justice to—fine horses, fine hounds, fine men—and (but I must drop the plural) a fine woman! All the hues of the rainbow, heightened by a brilliant sun, and relieved by the preponderance of the flaming scarlet, formed as glowing a picture as Claude ever coloured or Scott ever described! I joined the groupe. A phaeton drawn by cream-coloured palfreys, the prettiest pair and match I had ever seen, was the grand focus of attraction. It contained a Countess—a charming English Countess, and her daughter; the latter bearing a name dear to this country, the brightest and best in the page of our history, Lady Jane G—y. The Meltonians, as they severally arrived, rode up to the car and tendered their respectful homage. It was a levee, and the tutelary goddess of the field (for such she appeared to be) dispensed smiles, and joy, and gladness on all. Proud must have been the British Peer who stood *lashing his boot* at her side, and could call her “wife!”.....there *was* one who did so. But the order of the day is given, and “Garret Hill” echoes from mouth to mouth.

No covert can be better situated than this, both for pedestrians to see a fine burst, and equestrians to enjoy one. The hill above

forms an amphitheatre, of which the covert is the arena. The former was covered with pedestrians, and I, all Hermit as I am, am too fond of participation in my pleasures to wish them away. The scene here was truly enchanting! but Reynard has bolted—the concert of sweet sounds has begun, and dull is he who does not wish to keep within hearing of such music! The pace he went off at was tremendous. He went through Little Dalby Woods, neared Somerby, then to Pickwell, then crossed the Roman Station at Burrow, making for Great Dalby, doubled, and, after a quick burst of half an hour, was lost in the valley below Tilton.

Two beautiful but unsuccessful casts were tried, and we went to “John of Gaunt.” John has long been famous for finding a good fox, and he did not forfeit his character on this occasion. Reynard went off in dashing style towards Marfield, over Twyford Pastures, bore to the left towards Owston, Halstead, Kneesington Fields, doubled left as if for covert, and was viewed (though in a thick fog) for a mile or two. Thus hard pressed he ran through Twyford village, made for Losely Park, and was finally run to ground in a drain near Newton: time, one hour and forty minutes—country, large inclosures, wide brooks, and many *bull-finchers*. Here was another scene!.....Oh, that I had the pen of our own talented and venerable Loraine†, or thy pencil, John Alken! Out of a field of hundreds not a score were “alive!” Mr. Errington, with his ever rosy and ever

\* “*Vernon semper viret*” is the motto of the Vernon family. The junction of *Ver* and *non* makes an exquisite pun.

† Charles Loraine Smith, Esq., author of several fine Hunting Poems.

"blandly smiling" face, was, I think, the first. Lord Wilton and Mr. Stanley took the last fence abreast, and forcibly reminded me of Marmion—

"Charge, Wilton, charge!—on, Stanley, on!"

(I believe it is *Chester* in Scott, but *n'importe*).—Count Matuschewitz in the field, if not in the Cabinet, still a *Plenipo*; Mr. Holyoake Goodricke, ever fresh and cool; Lord Rokeby, Captain Parker, Mr. Maher, and one or two more of the *élite*, were also in. Of the "dark hues," I only noticed Mr. Wright and his well-known son (the former on the late Sir Harry's favorite), Mr. Butler, and Snell—"How did you find us in this deep ravine?" said I to a straggler—"By the *pillar of cloud*!" was the witty reply; and in truth there was a column of steam from a real engine of *twenty-horse* power.

Terriers and spades were soon procured, and it was truly delightful to see our Aristocracy handle the latter with all the agility of a ditcher. Mr. Errington bared two manly hands, decked with lots of rings like the Roman youth at Cannæ (but, unlike the Roman youth, he could *use them*), and topaz and emerald were soon buried in the clay! Lord Wilton backed the terriers: the Count knelt with all the devotion of an anchorite to stop the holes, and reynard was soon hauled out. The death-whoop, like the war-whoop, is heart-stirring: it was bravely sounded. The hounds were now at bay, and, having favored us with a *bravura*, were rewarded with the spoil.

I had seventeen miles to ride to my *cell*, and in the thick fog and darkness that came on I did

not know a foot of the way; but Leicestershire farm houses are ever open to sportsmen. What fox-hunter ever passed the large house in Shoby-lane and did not find a welcome? I had to cross the dreary wolds, as *Sir Bertrand* had before me. My pace from *necessity* was slow, and afforded time for reverie. Never, thought I, need England fear a foreign foe while we have hunting in Leicestershire—while we have such noble steeds, and such gallant hearts to ride them. I had during the day seen a Countess watching her Lord's place in the field like *Sisera's wife* from the window, and mentally, I am sure, exclaiming, "How gallantly he rides!" I had seen feminine affection and manly courage—the great, and high, and noble of our land sharing the sport in common and on a par with the yeoman: I had shared true English hospitality: I had felt refreshed, rejoiced, delighted: and I said, who that has seen and felt all this can blame fox-hunting?

One thing I must add—that with no hounds will a sportsman meet with such civility, both from Master and officials, as with the Melton. Mr. Goodricke rules by courtesy and kindness: storming and blackguardism never come from him. I once only, in the many times I have had the happiness to be near him, heard him *scold*. The offender was a sporting farmer—the offence *riding over wheat*. But he was immediately set right by the farmer's pithy reply: "I am sure *Mester Holyoake* is the last person that should be angry *this year*!"

*The Hermit in Leicestershire.*

Hermitage, Wymeswold,  
April 24, 1834.

FRIENDSHIP'S  
 TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GEORGE GOOLD\*,  
 WHO WAS KILLED BY BEING THROWN OUT OF HIS GIG  
 FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 25, 1834.

BY CHARLES FEIST.

Why weep we?—'twas but yesterday  
 His hand in cordial clasp I press'd,  
 And felt his words of kindness fall  
 Like balm upon my troubled breast!  
 Jocund he was—in health's full force—  
 Alert with hope—in prime of years:  
 What is he now?.....a cold, cold corse,  
 Outstretch'd beneath our gushing tears!

No sickness had unstrung his frame,  
 That frame so finely, firmly knit;  
 No slow disease had warn'd his soul  
 Its earthly tenement to quit.  
 At once his death!—the stars received  
 The last glance of his fading eye;  
 The night-wind gave a sadder moan,  
 And caught his last convulsive sigh!

And we'er from kinder heart was wrung  
 A sigh in Death's triumphant hour!  
 A heart where Honesty was throned,  
 And thought and act confess'd her power!  
 If wrong'd, he sought no mean revenge—  
 Enough for him to disavow,  
 And trust to *facts* to vindicate  
 His name from Envy's secret blow!

Dream we?.....Yon widow'd form, whose heart  
 Seems bursting with its anguish'd throbs—  
 Yon group of infants calling for  
 Their "father" with distracting sobs,  
 Attest the dreadful truth too well!—  
 God help thee, Widow, in thy grief!  
 God help thy children!.....trust in Him,  
 And you shall surely find relief!

\* Author of "A Few Words to Ringwood" in the last month's *Magazine*.—  
 Mr. Goold was returning home from Lincoln horse fair in company with Mr. Orbell,  
 of Romford, and when between two and three miles of Market Harborough, the horse  
 stumbled, and, on being checked with considerable violence by Mr. Goold, stopped so  
 short that both parties were thrown out of the gig. Mr. Orbell escaped without injury,  
 but his companion, who weighed upwards of 17 stone, pitched on his head, and was  
 killed on the spot.—"Poor George!" writes our Correspondent—"he will long be  
 sincerely regretted by a very wide circle of friends and acquaintance both in the Sport-  
 ing World and in private life."

## HOUNDS AND HUNTING—END OF THE SEASON, &amp;c. &amp;c.

BY DASHWOOD.

“Now Summer blinks on flowery braces,  
And o’er the chrystal streamlets plays;  
The hoary cliffs are crowned with flowers,  
White o’er the linn the burnie pours.”—BURNS.

“And in his stall th’ impatient steed  
Is long condemned to rest and feed.”—SCOTT.

SIR,

THE *dénouement* of the Hunting Drama has at length arrived, and for the last time this season I raise the curtain on the fifth and concluding Act. It is not often that the *pulvis collectus turbine* of March and the bright suns and chill east winds of April will allow the catastrophe of the piece to be very brilliant or satisfactory; yet I have no reason to believe that the Exode\* of 1834 has been generally more infelicitous than its predecessors of former years. True, we have lately had enough of dust and drought to baffle a blood-hound; and this, joined to other causes, in point of date, occasioned a somewhat premature finish, even in countries the most peculiarly adapted for spring-hunting: nevertheless, I am happy to say, the accounts of sport, which through the kindness of my friends have reached me, will render this my farewell Budget much less barren than might be expected.

Let me begin by recording a gallant run with the hounds of Sir Arthur Chichester, who under the very happiest auspices has commenced hunting the *wild* red deer of Devonshire, and on whom, for his public spirit in thus revivifying the ancient and pecu-

liar sport of the West, had he lived in days of old, his neighbours would at least have conferred the *Προεδρία*, or privilege of *keeping the first place* in its pursuit†. On Tuesday the 8th of April a very large field met him at Dulverton (where his hounds were kennelled for a week); and in one of Lord Carnarvon’s fine coverts close at hand, a noble old stag was roused almost immediately, and, springing gallantly from his lair, made his point over an enormous tract of country as if for Brendon, and in the direction of the Quantock Hills; but, turning his head for Ashbrittle, was run in to in most splendid style, after having covered *more than twenty miles of ground*, and shewn an excellent hunting run (in which the hounds behaved to admiration) of about three hours; the scent being precisely of that description which the master of a pack would endeavour to bespeak if he wished to shew his establishment to advantage to a brother sportsman. Many, many such, and superior runs are, I trust, in store both for Sir Arthur and his most promising pack; and, I repeat, it is a piece of patriotism to have resuscitated this princely and magnificent sport,

\* That part of the Ancient Greek Drama recited after the Chorus had ceased singing, and corresponding exactly with the Fifth Act of modern days.

† See the *IIIH2* of Aristophanes, l. 375, 702, &c. &c.

that neither the men of Devon in particular, nor the admirers and followers of the Chase in general, can fail most highly to appreciate and support. The destruction of a deer either within the precincts, or their neighbourhood, of the Hunt will of course now be regarded as an act little inferior to sacrilege; and were I Judge on all Devonians who do not come forward "heart and hand" in the noble cause, I would sentence them, without a hope of reprieve, to perpetual banishment to the land of the Niger and *Sierra Leone*, in which, as Herodotus informs us, the stag is unknown and never seen. Utterly detesting and abjuring the pursuit of an horn-less wretch turned out of a cart, like a tame pigeon let loose from a trap (yet at the same time most fully appreciating, and giving credit to the vast benefit conferred on their respective countries by such establishments as those of His Majesty and Mr. De Burgh, to say nothing of "the mightiest which is behind," the late superior and sporting *ménage* of the Earl of Derby), I can conceive no finer sight, I can imagine no more inspiring and soul-thrilling display than that of the disturbed and "antlered monarch" shaking angrily from his noble sides the wild fern-leaves and blue-heath blossoms of his couch, and dashing apart the rustling hazels of his lair, as he bursts boundingly out of copse and greenwood on to the expanse of open moor, to the crashing chorus of the deep-mouthed pack, and the mellow music of the heart-piercing horn!—

— "vocat ingenti clamore Citharon,  
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus  
æquorum;  
Et vox adæneæ nemorum ingeminate re-  
magis!"

The very circumstance, in my opinion so tamely destructive of interest with the miscalled stag-hounds of the cart, namely, that of the gallant quarry being occasionally in full and distinct view, as, "*cornibus ingens*," by rocky tor and over naked heath he wings his way to the far-off shelter of (perchance) his native dingles, must impart to the chase of the huge unhandled and un mutilated forest-monarch a zest and majesty altogether indescribable: and then the beautiful peculiarities and points which distinguish this glorious sport—the line of scent alike unerringly carried along the very eddies of the "arrowy" torrent, and through the herd that flies the approach of its stricken fellow, with all the care and all the selfishness of man: the "pomp and circumstance" which mark the finish: the bringing to bay, perhaps on the wide and unbounded moor: and the rushing in of the bristling pack as they pull down their sobbing victim to the wild death-note of the pealing bugle!—what a contrast is all this to the miserable farce (by comparison) which the falsely-styled "buck-hounds" of even Sovereignty enact!

I confess it is but seldom that I have troubled any of the packs of *soi-disant* stag-hounds which meet within reach of the Metropolis; but though on each occasion that I have seen them I have seen also a fair day's sport, I am ungrateful and unreasonable enough to say, that I had rather never hunt at all than be compelled to attend them, as many do *par preference*, twice or thrice a week, or even more frequently. From the egg to the apple—from the opening ceremony of unbar-ring the painted prison, down to



the concluding ritual of dragging the exhausted or sulky nondescript into barn or hovel—there is to me something inexpressibly redolent of humbug that I cannot away with; and even whilst living well at a slapping pace with my hounds, those hounds too acquitting themselves faultlessly and to perfection, I never yet could divest myself of the remembrance which haunted me, that it was not *a wildly found animal in a state of nature* we were pursuing, and that, let the pack deserve and earn him as they might, the day was to a certainty to end, not in blood, but in the inglorious finish of the strap and rope! Even the tittup of the deer out of his omnibus-looking caravan, which our Newspaper scribes delight in painting as something splendid, has never struck me as being much more dignified than the descent of one of Charles Mathews's Monopolylogue heroines from a hackney chariot, as he ludicrously expresses himself, "with a bit of straw sticking to her petticoat;" and, when compared with the hurried and indignant leap from his thymy pillow, (the dew-drop quivering on his shaggy brow, and the fierce and more than eagle glance of his gazelle eye flashing its lightning for an instant in defiance on his arousers,) that proclaims the awakening of the "πῶδας ἀνὸς" of the free forest,

"Μεῖζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μεσσονίου νιέ, καθίστα,  
Ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιρε!"

and in the mightiest goblet of the board will I quaff off a hearty and zealous bumper to the most complete and triumphant success of Sir Arthur Chichester and his

makes as sorry a figure, as does afterwards the *discrowned* and unnatural-looking creature, seen distinctly in the distance, and telegraphed from stage-coach and broad-wheeled wagon, as he goes lopping and lolloping across the market-gardens of Hounslow Heath, when placed in juxta position with the Homeric "λαφὸς κρῶος μέγας\*," viewed far away, careering over the hills, and heaths, and streams of Exmoor, proudly tossing the branching honours of his head in scorn, whilst, thrown far behind him,

"See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,  
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,  
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,  
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed †!"

In one word, in every line and syllable of the wild chase of Devon, there is breathed the burning intensity of *poetic* feeling: in that of the "shorn and shaven" denizen of the paddock, there is but the *prosaic* stagnation of still water, the very wind-roused ripples of whose surface are perpetually reminding us that we are on a mill-pond and not a river..... But I must hold hard—that is if I can, for I have been fairly run away with by the subject; yet I will not, can not part with it without repeating the jolly Achillean command:—

gallant pack; adding also my sincere wishes for the best of sport that the nature of the pursuit will allow to every master of the deer-cart, being desirous, like

\* See the Sixteenth Book of the *Iliad*, l. 158.

† By an odd coincidence enough, these lines are taken from Pope's *Windsor Forest*:

Mr. Gibbon as to the Pope and Cardinal, to part on the best of all conceivable terms with them, though under their banners I feel it impossible to enlist.

This may perhaps be the proper place for stating that both the Royal Establishment and the Drayton Stag-hounds have, since my last letter, ended their season with some very brilliant and determined things, which, to those who are fond of the pursuit, must have been satisfactory in the extreme. There are two reports in circulation about His Majesty's pack for next season, each of which I give precisely as they reached me, without attaching, or advising my readers to attach, much importance or credit to either. The one is, that the Royal Buck-hounds will next November move with the Court to Brighton, and during its sojourn there hunt, at least turn out, their deer almost exclusively on the Southdowns: the other, that they are to have their appointments made for *one* week in every month at least in the immediate neighbourhood of Aylesbury. Should the first rumour be correct, may Heaven in its mercy take compassion on poor Davis, who surely can never have sinned so blackly as to have deserved this visitation! but if the second be founded in truth, Aylesbury will be in its way quite a little pocket edition of Melton, as, from a letter now before me, I find that, in addition to the Royal kennel, they will have both Mr. De Burgh's and Mr. Drake's hounds within reach, to say nothing of the harriers which are three times a week within easy distance at all times.

In Devonshire Sir Walter Ca-hounds have had nothing

less than a brilliant season throughout: let the following account of two days' sport with him last month serve as a specimen of their performances. On the first (if I mistake not the first Wednesday in the month), they met at The Thorns, and, finding their fox instantly at Ashcombe, ran in to him in most gallant style, after a bursting thing of fifty minutes without a check from find to worry. An *afternoon* gentleman was then unkenelled, jumping up in *the very midst of the pack* in the covert under Haldon, and a merry pace it was, I understand, that he took them at, over the fine and wide inclosures to Dunchidock, but (considering its severity) after covering an immense tract of country, at the end of an hour and a few minutes, he was most gallantly turned up in triumph, *to the satisfaction* of every horse in the field. On the second, the following Saturday, they had as splendid a burst as need be ridden to *anywhere*, of thirty-five minutes *without one second's check*, from the Haldon Telegraph covert to the marshes of Exminster, where they ran in to a fine old dog fox in superior style; and altogether I hear it is but seldom that they know the meaning of the word "defeat," and great praise (it would appear *deservedly*) is given on all hands to their huntsman for both ability and civility, the supposed possession of which first-named requisite is in but too many instances the means of cashiering the exercise of the second. Should Sir Walter take Northamptonshire, of which arrangement there has been not a little talk, his Devonshire pack will be still kept on by subscription, their manager being

that well-known sportsman Mr. Ley, of Treyhill House, near Exeter. Surely old Proteus himself must have run second to this very public-spirited and sporting individual. To-day, in his official capacity as a most responsible *Officer of the House of Commons*; to-morrow, on the race-course as the owner of Omen\*, or some other gallant and well-bred animal—before dinner on the same day, turning his *harriers* off their benches to see that all is right for the ensuing morning—and now in all probability a Master of *Fox-hounds* to boot! Verily, as Blackwood said of Lord Brougham, "*jam satagit rerum suarum*;" yet, Conservative as I boast myself, long may both be at the helm of their respective vessels, and steer them, for they will be well steered, along the coasts which may suit their fancy.

An account has also reached me of a capital and evendesperaterun, without one single check, with the (Cornish) Union, from Herod's Foot Copse; by which it would appear, that after a very wide and extensive ring, the villain (a magnificent dog fox) found that they were not to be trifled with, and accordingly put his head straight across a most difficult and hilly country, covering from find to finish at the lowest computation *twenty miles* of ground, but being gallantly and beautifully run in to at the end of an hour and a half of almost unparalleled severity, in the immediate neighbourhood of Liskeard. As might be expected, this fine day's sport has been much talked of, and the worthy manager of the pack, Mr. Clemens of St.

Keyne, is not a little proud of the superior style in which his hounds conducted themselves.

Mr. Wyndham, in the New Forest, has since Christmas had the best season he has ever experienced, and up to the first week of the present month had killed handsomely his *twenty-one brace* of foxes. As Mr. Nicoll used to observe, sport can never be expected in that peculiar country until the fern, leaves, &c. &c. are completely decayed; and it is seldom therefore that anything is done worth speaking of much before the coming in of the New Year. I have reason to believe that Mr. Wyndham is still hunting, but since the period I have alluded to no account of his sport has reached me.

Mr. King, of the Hambledon country, has nailed up the noses of *twenty-five brace*; and, though complaining a good deal at times of bad scenting weather, has on the whole had an excellent and highly satisfactory season.

So also has his neighbour, Colonel George Wyndham, and I believe that he has killed precisely the same number of foxes, and run about sixteen or seventeen brace to ground. I am sure that it must give the worthy Master of the N. F. H. the highest pleasure to hear that his pupil Sharp is acquitting himself so creditably at the head of the Colonel's hounds. His pack are in the highest possible condition and discipline; he allows, or rather makes them do their work themselves; and by his civility of demeanour, most respectable appearance and conduct, and ability in his profession, has rendered

\* Bred, I should add, by His Grace of Grafton, by Orville out of Whizgig, and the first produce (I believe) of that very superior mare.

himself a very general favorite with all ranks and classes. If the Duke of Wellington reads *The Sporting Magazine*, this account of his old servant will also give satisfaction to His Grace. Sharp had the honor of (I believe) whipping in to the hounds of the world's mightiest and most illustrious Warrior at the time that our army was in occupation of France; and he relates, with no no little honest pride and satisfaction, that, being in London on some occasion not long ago, he was suddenly hailed by his old master, who shook him cordially by the hand, and made the most minute inquiries into his circumstances and welfare, with a kindness of manner that must leave its mark upon the memory until memory shall be extinct. In the language of one of Burns' letters, this little anecdote "does great honour to both," and I am delighted to put it on record in these pages.

Mr. Smith of Uckfield, or rather of the Ashdown Forest Foxhounds, had towards the close of his season several superior runs, though I understand he was still unfortunate, and in want of blood, in consequence of his foxes getting continually to ground. I am one of those, however, who do not lay very violent stress on the mere fact of hounds being for some time deprived of the actual worry, provided they are *satisfied* they have *accounted* for their fox, and *know* that they have driven him to his earth, into which they cannot follow him. For this season, too, considering the scarcity of game in the A. F. country, all this slipping between the cup and the lip may have its advantages: one thing, at all events, is certain

—namely, that Mr. Smith will begin his second year with a stock of *seasoned* foxes, and if the stoppers, keepers, &c. will do their duty, and not only discover, but *properly*, that is at *proper* hours and with *proper* materials, put to the earths, drains, *et hoc genus omne* of loop-holes, to favour the gallant animal's saving his bacon, some sharpish work may be expected for the nags, and not expected, I trust, in vain.

Mr. Codrington has concluded with a return list of *twenty-five brace* killed; which is, I believe, much about his usual number. His sport has certainly not been inferior to that of other years; and the season has been gemmed and studded with a few runs of a very superior and brilliant character. As Ovid, however, has it in his *Tristia*, "*Vivere quàm miserum est inter Bessosque Getasque*," must be the exclamation of all who see so fine and splendid a pack of fox-hounds condemned to vegetate between Grovely and Great Ridge! As I have already remarked, what would not Mr. Codrington achieve in any country only ordinarily woodland!

I have no particulars of Mr. Assheton Smith's season, though I know that he himself asserts that it is the best he has ever had, which all sportsmen must be rejoiced to hear. Though improved, I believe, by the cession of some coverts by the Craven, his country cannot on the whole be considered a favorable one for hounds; and it is an additional sprig, therefore, to the wreath of laurel to have triumphed over its disadvantages.

Mr. Farquharson, when I last heard of him, was still hunting, and about once more to try his

hand with the famous Chetwood Invincible, who must have been baptized by his dam in some Styx, and made invulnerable to his baffled enemies. Jennings, I understand, is to go on for at least another season, and altogether nothing more can be said of this establishment than that it remains *in statu quo ante*.

Mr. Tatchell, I rejoice to say, has had a brilliant finish, and for the last six weeks of his season had a run almost every day that he went out. The two last days which I have heard of are the 29th of March and the 1st of April. On the former he killed his first fox in a *very quick* burst of twenty-five minutes from a small covert near the Somersetshire Holts; and had afterwards a good run with a second, for upwards of an hour, and lost him. On the latter, he found a good old fox somewhere near Pin Wood, and had an excellent day's sport, but was again unfortunate in missing him. I have no reason for thinking, however, though I am not in possession as yet of the numbers of his return list, but that he has this season given quite as satisfactory an account of his foxes as he did last year.

I may here say that the second fox, which escaped him on the 29th, was found in Mr. Pester's brake at Hazlebury on Wednesday the 2d instant by Mr. John Dean's harriers of Chardstock, and after a brilliant run of *ten miles*, as the crow flies, as straight as an arrow, was run in to at the end of an hour and a quarter near Toller Down. I know not what the feelings of foxes may be on such subjects, but I think, if I wore a brush myself, I should prefer surrendering its honour to a pack of rattling thorough-bred

devils, my fair and legitimate enemies, rather than submit my carcass to be mauled about by mouths that ought to be redolent only of hare-soup!

Mr. Portman had a brilliant burst of at least ten miles from Stock Wood, on the 22d of last month, across the fine and high-scenting Vale to Lord Dorchester's wall at Abbey Milton, where Mr. Atkins chose to lose his fox, though he was not five hundred yards before the pack, as they went up the Down at Wolland. Since that day, however, he has done little or nothing worthy of mention, if we except a middling run (with blood at the finish) from Inwood the day after the Hunt Dinner at Henstridge (from which, contrary to the hope expressed in my last letter, domestic calamity kept me absent), and has killed altogether *thirty brace and a half*. As there appears to be some peculiarly bracing and invigorating quality in the atmosphere of the Stock coverts, that makes the foxes bred and found in them run more stoutly than any others in the Vale, I may here take the opportunity of congratulating all concerned on the good tidings that Mr. Yeatman has one vixen at least in his beautiful Wood, and another safe and sound in Rooksmoor. I think I already hear my friend Mr. Hall's lively screech at the brush of some of their progeny, and see Mr. Tatchell streaming away by the side of the gallant pack across Lydlinch Common, &c. &c. ! Though Mr. Portman has accounted for so many foxes, and though his sport has been certainly more than average, yet the conclusion of his season has unquestionably been less brilliant than that of many which have

gone before it. With the exception of the New Forest, there is perhaps scarcely any country that holds a better scent, generally speaking, than the Blackmoor Vale during the last six weeks of the season; and on reference to the Journal of Sport during the time that Mr. Yeatman was in command of the B. V. H. I find that they had no less than *twenty-three* most superior days\* after the 10th of March, with an infinity of others (on one of them the ever memorable run from Bitcombe Wood on the 3d March 1829, *over twenty-five miles of country*) on the first days of the month. The first and best run, too, that I myself saw with Mr. Portman, from Stock Wood to near Piddlestown on the open Downs, was about the 8th or 9th of March. From some cause, however, that cannot be explained, it seems clear that there has not been this year the usual quota of good sport to grace the finish. Let us hope that it is only withheld for a season, and may next Spring be divided equally between Mr. Portman and his successor in the Vale! I must here say that Mr. Hall is represented to me on all hands as becoming excessively popular (as he must be) in his new country; and he cannot fail, I think, of giving the most entire satisfaction to all classes and all ranks, and will retain, I hope and trust, the management of the Blackmoor Vale for more seasons, as the Spaniard has it, than I have time to reckon.

I lament to say that a serious and disastrous accident has disabled my friend, who promised me an account of Lord Lonsdale's finish, from hunting since the date of my last communication.

From a letter, however, which I received last week I do not understand that much was done of any consequence; neither did anything *very* brilliant mark the conclusion of the Leicestershire season in other quarters.

Colonel Henry Wyndham, if not travelling "*passibus æquis*" by the side of his brother, has at least had a fair season's sport, but I am ignorant of the exact number of masks that either he or the East Sussex can display. This last-named pack issued their announcement that all was over for the year, by holding their annual Hunt Races over Lewes Course on Easter Monday. The sport was far better than usual; and I was truly happy to find that a very dashing and zealous rider to hounds, of whom I long ago expressed a high opinion (Mr. Hardwick of Hangleton), carried off the two best Stakes of the Meeting (each time after a close and severe struggle), *the 31st of March being the first day on which he had ever been put up as a jockey in his existence!* If this does not convert him into a Gentleman-jock for life I am much mistaken; and if he exerts the same head and judgment over a race-course that I have seen him display in crossing a country, he will prove a very dangerous customer indeed for even some of our first-rates to encounter. Mr. Wyatt of Michelgrove, with his very superior stable of cocktails, ran *second for everything*, and had certainly one race fairly stolen from him by Mr. Hardwick. I was glad to find the other day from Mr. Falconer of Henfield, that something like a line of demarcation has at last been drawn at the Eastern limit of

\* Amongst them the terrific Gillingham run from Inwood in 1836.

Colonel Wyndham's country, between his hounds and those of the East Sussex, although the arrangement which I understand has taken place will transfer entirely to the latter a very favorite place of meeting, at all times considered a sure find under the auspices of Mr. Goodman. I allude to the covert, hitherto treated as a neutral one, of Sayers Common; and though at some distance from the Findon kennel, I must say I am sorry that Colonel George has lost it. However, it was highly desirable, and even necessary, that some definitive boundary should be made; and all that can be now said is to express a hope that the landmarks will be strictly and sacredly respected by both parties.

Before quitting the land of oak trees and hard puddings (*plusquam* Suffolk in their iron texture, but of which every good citizen of Sussex conceives it a point of moral duty to discuss a particular quantity at least once *per diem*), I may here express my satisfaction at the report, that the self-acknowledged grand *vulpicide* of this neighbourhood has announced his intention to destroy forthwith his traps, &c. &c. now that *one* pack of hounds *aloue* are for the future to draw his coverts. Could he have conceived the extent of injury he has for a length of time caused, not only to the East Sussex, but also to Colonel Wyndham, he would not, I think, have persevered so long in his system of annoyance to the whole county; and I earnestly hope, that, in addition to his newly-made promise of preservation being most scrupulously fulfilled, his example may have weight enough with some of his neighbours to induce

them to "go and do likewise," and that hereafter we may never have occasion

"*Midst the blank draw to think on Buckingham!*"

Let me now conclude this paper with two words as to the finish of the season in Scotland, and an expression of my deep thanks, which I know not how to word at all adequately to my feelings and my gratitude towards the many, very many friends, who have since Christmas accorded to me their unsolicited support.

Lord Elcho finished about the 10th of the month with a capital day in the Millknowe country, and, after an excellent season's sport, has at least his thirty brace of noses to shew whenever called on to do so.

Up to the 20th the Duke of Buccleuch's noble pack were still at work in the outskirts of their Roxburghshire country; and as they are still at it, and have at least another week to run, before the fatal "last day" arrives, they will in all probability have killed *quite their fifty brace* of foxes since the first of October. They have lately had some capital and distinguished things in this their wild and romantic spring-hunting country; more particularly one affair, in their Egerton district, of *not less than twenty miles in one hour and forty minutes*; and altogether it cannot be gainsayed, that both hounds and huntsman and proprietor of this princely establishment have during the past season deserved even better of their country than in any one which has preceded it.

Lord Kintore has for some short time already made a finish, in most adverse and untoward weather for sport, though he per-

FRIENDSHIP'S  
 TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GEORGE GOOLD\*,  
 WHO WAS KILLED BY BEING THROWN OUT OF HIS GIG  
 FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 25, 1834.

BY CHARLES FEIST.

Why weep we?—'twas but yesterday  
 His hand in cordial clasp I press'd,  
 And felt his words of kindness fall  
 Like balm upon my troubled breast!  
 Jocund he was—in health's full force—  
 Alert with hope—in prime of years:  
 What is he now?.....a cold, cold corse,  
 Outstretch'd beneath our gushing tears!

No sickness had unstrung his frame,  
 That frame so finely, firmly knit;  
 No slow disease had warn'd his soul  
 Its earthly tenement to quit.  
 At once his death!—the stars received  
 The last glance of his fading eye;  
 The night-wind gave a sadder moan,  
 And caught his last convulsive sigh!

And ne'er from kinder heart was wrung  
 A sigh in Death's triumphant hour!  
 A heart where Honesty was throned,  
 And thought and act confess'd her power!  
 If wrong'd, he sought no mean revenge—  
 Enough for him to disavow,  
 And trust to *facts* to vindicate  
 His name from Envy's secret blow!

Dream we?.....Yon widow'd form, whose heart  
 Seems bursting with its anguish'd throbs—  
 Yon group of infants calling for  
 Their "father" with distracting sobe,  
 Attest the dreadful truth too well!—  
 God help thee, Widow, in thy grief!  
 God help thy children!.....trust in Him,  
 And you shall surely find relief!

\* Author of "A Few Words to Ringwood" in the last month's *Magazine*.—  
 Mr. Goold was returning home from Lincoln horse fair in company with Mr. Orbell,  
 of Romford, and when between two and three miles of Market Harborough, the horse  
 stumbled, and, on being checked with considerable violence by Mr. Goold, stopped so  
 short that both parties were thrown out of the gig. Mr. Orbell escaped without injury,  
 but his companion, who weighed upwards of 17 stone, pitched on his head, and was  
 killed on the spot—"Poor George!" writes our Correspondent—"he will long be  
 sincerely regretted by a very wide circle of friends and acquaintance both in the Sport-  
 ing World and in private life."



## HOUNDS AND HUNTING—END OF THE SEASON, &amp;c. &amp;c.

BY DASHWOOD.

“ Now Simmer blinks on flowery braces,  
And o'er the chrystal streamlets plays ;  
The hoary cliffs are crowned with flowers,  
White o'er the Han the burnie pours.”—BURNS.

“ And in his stall th' impatient steed  
Is long condemned to rest and feed.”—SCOTT.

SIR,

THE *dénouement* of the Hunting Drama has at length arrived, and for the last time this season I raise the curtain on the fifth and concluding Act. It is not often that the *pulvis collectus turbine* of March and the bright suns and chill east winds of April will allow the catastrophe of the piece to be very brilliant or satisfactory ; yet I have no reason to believe that the Exode\* of 1834 has been generally more infelicitous than its predecessors of former years. True, we have lately had enough of dust and drought to baffle a blood-hound ; and this, joined to other causes, in point of date, occasioned a somewhat premature finish, even in countries the most peculiarly adapted for spring-hunting : nevertheless, I am happy to say, the accounts of sport, which through the kindness of my friends have reached me, will render this my farewell Budget much less barren than might be expected.

Let me begin by recording a gallant run with the hounds of Sir Arthur Chichester, who under the very happiest auspices has commenced hunting the *wild* red deer of Devonshire, and on whom, for his public spirit in thus revivifying the ancient and pecu-

liar sport of the West, had he lived in days of old, his neighbours would at least have conferred the *ἵπποδρία*, or privilege of *keeping the first place* in its pursuit†. On Tuesday the 8th of April a very large field met him at Dulverton (where his hounds were kennelled for a week) ; and in one of Lord Carnarvon's fine coverts close at hand, a noble old stag was roused almost immediately, and, springing gallantly from his lair, made his point over an enormous tract of country as if for Brendon, and in the direction of the Quantock Hills ; but, turning his head for Ashbrittle, was run in to in most splendid style, after having covered *more than twenty miles of ground*, and shewn an excellent hunting run (in which the hounds behaved to admiration) of about three hours ; the scent being precisely of that description which the master of a pack would endeavour to bespeak if he wished to shew his establishment to advantage to a brother sportsman. Many, many such, and superior runs are, I trust, in store both for Sir Arthur and his most promising pack ; and, I repeat, it is a piece of patriotism to have resuscitated this princely and magnificent sport,

\* That part of the Ancient Greek Drama recited after the Chorus had ceased singing, and corresponding exactly with the Fifth Act of modern days.

† See the *IIIHZE* of Aristophanes, l. 375, 702, &c. &c.

(both Honorary Members of the Jockey Club). There were also present many Noblemen and Gentlemen Amateurs.

The first Prize, for three-year-olds (2200f.), was won by M. Rieussec's b. c. Ibis, carrying 104lb. (rode by Mizen)—M. Brown's b. c. Waxy having thrown his rider, and the Count de Cambis' gr. c. Rolla having stumbled on the opposite side of the course; consequently Ibis cantered in and claimed the prize.

The second prize (2500f. for four-year-olds) was won by M. Rieussec's ch. h. Hercule (rode by James Mizen), carrying 112lb. beating Lord H. Seymour's b. h. Fra Diavolo and the Count de Cambis' ch. mare Noéma. M. Brown's b. h. Young Whisker was entered for this race, but did not start. It was most gallantly contested between Fra Diavolo and Hercule.

#### SECOND DAY, MAY 8.

Weather fine, an immense concourse of spectators. Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours were again present, attended by their respective suites, and appeared highly gratified. Emulation exists in a greater degree than ever, caused, evidently, by the exertions and spirit-stirring example of the Jockey Club, and must finally be productive of the happiest results, as regards the improvement and continually progressive melioration of the breed of horses in this country.

The first prize this day (third of the Club)—1200f. for three-year-olds, once round the course, heats—was won by M. Fasquel's b. f. Harlette, carrying 101lb. (rode by John Mizen), beating M. Brown's b. c. Waxy.

The second prize (fourth of the Club)—3000f. for all ages, once round the course, heats—was won by Lord H. Seymour's b. h. Fra Diavolo, 4 yrs, carrying 113lb. (rode by Buckle), beating the Count de Castellane's b. h. Frederick Alfort, aged, 121lb.; M. Rieussec's b. m. Georgina, 5 yrs, 114lb.; and his gr. m. Helena, 4 yrs, 110lb. Frederick Alfort and Helena were distanced in the first heat, and Georgina was drawn. Fra Diavolo walked over the second heat, and claimed the prize.

The third prize (fifth of the Club)—5000f., twice round the course, heats—was won by M. Rieussec's ch. h. Hercule, 4 yrs, 113lb. (rode by John Mizen), beating Lord H. Seymour's b. m. Miss Annette, 4 yrs, 110lb.

#### THIRD DAY, MAY 11.

This day the weather was again fine, if we except a heavy shower of rain which fell about half-past two; after it, the afternoon was beautiful. The course was crowded with spectators, amongst whom we had again the pleasure of observing their Royal Highnesses the two Princes.

The first prize (a Silver Vase of 1500f., and 1000f. in specie, for thorough-bred horses of all ages and all countries, twice round the course, carrying weight for age) was won by Count Demidoff's ch. h. Tim, 4 yrs, 113lb. (rode by John Mizen), beating M. Lupin's b. h. Piccadilly, aged, 121lb.; M. Rieussec's Hercule, 4 yrs, 113lb.; Lord Seymour's bl. h. Tourist, 5 yrs, 117lb.; and the Count's b. h. Navarin, aged, 121lb. Piccadilly and Hercule were head to head to the winning-post.

The second prize (a Silver-

gilt Cup, presented by Count D  midoff, for French horses, carrying weight for age) was won by M. Rieussec's gr. m. Helena, 4 yrs, 110lb., by Rainbow out of Young Urganda, beating Lord Seymour's b. m. Miss Annette, 4 yrs, 110lb.; and his b. h. Sou-

venir, 4 yrs, 113lb.; M. Palmer's b. m. Miss Tandem, 4 yrs, 110lb.; and M. Fasquel's b. h. Young Milton, aged, 121lb. In this race Souvenir won the second heat, and Helena the first and third.

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### RACES AT CHANTILLY.

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SIR,

**A** GREEABLY to promise I hand you an account of the *first Chantilly races*, which took place yesterday in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators from Paris and all parts of the surrounding country. From the Metropolis alone nearly four hundred private carriages were in attendance; amongst which ranked first those of the two Princes, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, who honored us with their presence. The Betting-Stands were conveyed thither, and, although roomy and commodious, could not admit *one-twentieth* part of the applicants for seats. The weather was beautiful, the races excellent, and these, added to the excitement produced by a *first start*, seemed to give delight and satisfaction to everybody; in fact, I never remember to have seen such an assemblage of joyous faces (from high to low without exception) as that which I beheld yesterday. Such indeed seemed to be the pleasure universally felt, that all appeared both to quit the fascinating spot, and most of the company remained in the town until this morning. I myself returned only this evening.

The spot chosen for the race course of Chantilly is, perhaps,

Paris, May 14th, 1834.

the finest in Europe. It consists of an immense lawn, completely level, of the most beautiful turf, of which the circumference is 1809 metres, but for yesterday's races I took back 256, making the distance in all 2065 metres (or one mile and a quarter English).

These races have been commenced at the suggestion and under the immediate auspices of M. de Normandie, a noble-spirited and generous promoter and supporter of the Turf. He has made many private matches, and stimulated others to do the same, and his example has, in no small degree, contributed to the spirit of emulation already excited in France on this subject. In conjunction with M. de Normandie was M. Fasquel, another gentleman strenuous in his exertions for horse-racing, a zealous breeder, and an undaunted backer.

The Government races here will begin this year on the 26th August next; and I shall send you the report in course.

T. BRYON.

These races were to be contested by thorough-bred horses and mares foaled and bred in France: the prizes by subscription.

The first, of 3000 francs, once over the course (heats), was won by M. Rieussec's gr. m. Helena, 4 yrs, 114lb. (rode by Tom Wilson), by Rainbow out of Young Urganda, beating Mr. Fasquel's b. m. Arlette, 3 yrs, 105lb., and M. Sabattier's b. h. Frederic Alfort, aged, 121lb. The latter was distanced in the first heat, and Helena won the first and second heats.

The second race, of 1500 francs, was won by the Count de Cambis' ch. m. Noëma, 4 yrs, 111lb. by Rowston out of Vittoria (rode by Wright), beating M. Fasquel's

b. m. Almada, 5 yrs, 115lb. This race was once round the course (heats); the second heat was won by Almada, the first and third by Noëma. The money thus gained was divided by the Count amongst the grooms and stablemen of H. R. H. the Duke of Orleans.

During these two races a Match was made up for 500 francs, once round the course, between a bay horse belonging to M. Napoleon Bertrand, and a chesnut horse the property of M. Delafontaine, rode by the owner: it was won gallantly by the former.

### FLY-FISHING IN THE DARENTH.

SIR,

**I**N your last Number, the "Scene on the Darenth" with Fly-fisher calls to mind the many happy days of my wanderings on its varied banks, from which many a speckled trout I have captured. It certainly is a pretty varied stream from Riverhead to Otford, from which latter place to Shoreham I think equally as good, or was a few years ago. There were then some excellent fly-fishers living in this part, and Mr. James Selby of Otford, and Mr. Round of Shoreham, have gained a reputation of being killing men—I mean trout: let the ladies speak for themselves. The fisher living on the banks of a stream can seize the most favorable opportunity when the fish are inclined to feed, and seldom sallies out without gaining credit for his skill; while the one living at some distance cannot know the state of the water, and frequently makes long journeys, and finds, on approaching the river, that the weeds are being cut, the

water pounded to flow the meadows, or some partial storm has clouded the brook. These destroy his sport; and, however so good a fly-fisher, under these circumstances he will gain no fame, and will most likely be told Mr. A., B., or C., the day previous, had taken fifteen or sixteen brace; "but he knows how to do it." Good fortune is nine times out of ten the source of good reputation, and the resident will always have advantages over the non-resident. The time I fished this stream, at Otford there was a comfortable snug house, kept by Day, a civil and intelligent man as a sportsman: this house was resorted to by fishermen. Not far from Day's in the river was a pet trout that was fed from the dipping place in a garden. He was fed with garbage, not at all nice in his diet; he has taken four young sparrows (squabs) in succession when thrown to him. A friend of the parties to whom he belonged took his rod and lob,

and not being told of this pet, unfortunately went to the dipping place: the trout seized his bait, broke the line, and lost his life, but, not being found for some days after, was useless. I cannot speak exactly of its weight.

I do not, Mr. Editor, fish by book; I use no great variety of flies—I have not one for *each hour* of the day. I have seen a sportsman so fastidious about the *right* fly, and his assortment so great, that the *moment* has expired before he could find the fly proper to use at that particular time! The red hackles ribbed with gold, some with black down the middle of the feather, and the dun hackle with gold—(the black hackle I never could do much with)—and when the water is a little clouded I have used a fly with orange body ribbed with peacock's herle, brown wings, with a turn or two of red hackle under them; with

this fly I have been very successful. The kingdom fly after rain is a good one, and a white moth for evening. These, with a small stone fly, are what I have principally used.

The morning from eight to three or four in the afternoon I have found the most favorable time, particularly through May and June, as the evenings are chilly, and it is not until the weather becomes sultry that the angler with the fly will do much in the evenings. Dun hackles are difficult to procure: a friend of mine, an excellent fly-fisher, would not have any other fowls in his yard, and he at first bred them by procuring black hens and white cocks: from these he procured a fine bronzy-feathered dun, which Welshmen well know how to appreciate, and so does yours, &c.

A WHIPPER.

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### THE FLY-FISHER'S CALL\*.

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THE moor-cock is crowing o'er mountain and fell,  
And the sun drinks the dew from the blue heather-bell:  
Her song of the morning the lark sings on high,  
And hark! 'tis the milk-maid a-carolling by.  
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!  
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

O what can the joys of the angler excel,  
As he follows the stream in its course through the dell!

\* From a very pleasant little work, just published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled "Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing in Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland," written by a Yorkshireman under the *soubriquet* of STEPHEN OLIVER, JUN.—The author is a true lover of the sport, and has a perfect acquaintance with the localities, which he describes with a truly graphic pen: indeed his book may be considered as a valuable guide for all votaries of the angle and lovers of Nature who may feel inclined to make an angling tour for the first time among those "ever-varying and lovely lakes and sparkling streams, the towering hills and rugged crags, on whose brow Time leaves no trace of age, and who will rear their lofty peaks in undiminished beauty and strength for ages after the proudest and greatest of man's erections—his monuments, his triumphal arches, and his palaces—are shrunk and fallen, and every trace of their design lost in a heap of ruins."

Where ev'ry wild flower is blooming in pride,  
 And the blackbird sings sweet with his mate by his side.  
 Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !  
 Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

'Tis pleasant to walk at the first blush of morn,  
 In spring when the blossom is white on the thorn,  
 By the clear mountain stream that rolls sparkling and free,  
 O'er crag and through vale, its glad course to the sea  
 Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !  
 Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

In the pools deep and still, where the yellow trouts lie,  
 Like the fall of a rose-leaf we'll throw the light fly ;  
 Where the waters flow gently, or rapidly foam,  
 We'll load well our creels and hie merrily home,  
 Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !  
 Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

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#### NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

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SIR,

**W**HETHER we apply the term literally or figuratively, the patrons of racing have not, on this occasion, "come down with the dust."—"A plentiful moisture" indeed has opened the treasury of Dame Nature, and caused her yield her golden promise of flower and fruit, but, I grieve to say, some less propitious fate has buttoned the breeches pockets of the subscribers to *stakes*, and we have a beggarly account of empty *plates*. It is recorded already how I abhor a pun ; therefore this last sentence will not be supposed, by any, to be perpetrated with malice prepense. I had just sat down to breakfast, when a quiet knock sounded at the portal : it announced the individual who dispenses the lists of the day ; he lacked the confidence to knock more boldly : there were, *proh pudor !* but two races. To copy from the great sentimentalist, Sterne, *the servant girl*, as she entered my parlour with the

Newmarket, Tuesday, May 13, 1834.

paper, *blushed as she gave it in ;* and Mr. Rogers's man, as he put it in her hand, *wished he might be blest but it disgraced Newmarket for ever !!* This is the first time the experiment of commencing the races on the Tuesday has been tried here. The origin of this innovation is ascribed to a Noble Lady, the excellence of whose character is the best assurance of the goodness of the motive : I lament it savours of failure ; but whether in consequence of the change, I am not competent to conjecture. At the Rooms there were not a dozen persons ; and when you heard a solitary bet volunteered, if the odds were two to one, it was ten to five, *not a hundred to fifty ;* and was not this most prophetic ? The rain, which had fallen partially all the morning, cleared off as three o'clock, the hour named for the first race, approached. Just at this moment, it being market day, the Heath did look a little promising ; but it had

none of the glories of past days, and my spirit was troubled!

The first race, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, D.M., had five to accept—Mr. Houldsworth's Circassian, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Duke of Rutland's Shylock, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.; Lord Lichfield's Gab, 6 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Robinson's Laud, 4 yrs, 7st. —Col. Peel's Clarion cut the connection. The betting was, though very slack, 3 to 1 on the field, 2 to 1 agst Laud, 2 to 1 agst Circassian, 3 to 1 agst Gab, and 4 to 1 agst Shylock. It being the Ditch Mile, when they arrived at the starting place Mr. Thomas Robinson essayed to give his "Laud" a stretch of the legs before the trial of speed, when away they both rattled together, but by no means agreeing, as hard as ever they could bat, to the stables at the end of the four-mile course; and thus was Mr. Robinson, as aforesaid, carried "anywhere and back again," like a frigate in a cruise, in a "Laudable" but not a profitable manner, some half a dozen miles or thereabouts; of course, after this "lark," his chance was out, though a favorite in the first instance. It now occurred to the others, after witnessing these gambols, to set out on their own pilgrimage: the sight of this runaway business I suppose acted upon them as a warning against "doing things in a hurry," and they certainly went to work in a most cautious way, cantering along as an elderly Oriental at Cheltenham may be supposed to do to work off his morning's "Spa." Thus they came, racing as it may be called in courtesy, to the end, my little favorite Connolly win-

ning with the fair Circassian, though he had to shove the lady along, with her nasty creeping sluggish drawl, in a fashion, I am sure, shocking to his Hibernian gallantry: Natty on the Jew of Venice second, after a couple of lengths. I won't tell *who* rode the "big grey 'un," last, because, as they say in Cockneyshire, "it wa'n't not by no means becoming."—And here, Mister Connolly, a word with you: none of your knowing looks again, if you please, when we meet, such as you gave me to-day when you were mounting Circassian: you don't know me, "*the Devil a bit at all at all.*" I know you, as an honest jock, an upright man—would I could vouch as much for all your brothers of the snaffle and jacket! as such, I respect you: continue the same, and you shall ever find in me a warm, though unknown advocate.

Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb., R.M.; entrance 7gs.—offered the prospect of a race, with an entry of nine: of these, there left the saddling-house the following:—Mr. Hunter's Morrotto, Mr. Yates's Ince, Lord Berners' Lamplighter colt out of Tippetwitchet, Mr. Rush's Rebel, Mr. Thornhill's Cornelia, Mr. Greatrex's c. by Lottery out of Trulla by Sorcerer, Mr. William Edwards's f. Needle, Sir Mark Wood's Charivari, Mr. Dilly's Myrina; Mr. Payne's c. Ganges, having paid. At the first offer they all got off well together, a state of affairs, however, not destined for long continuance. Before one could say "Jack Robinson," Jem Robinson on Rebel (a Derby nag!) got to the tail, a

place he kept improving to the finish. At the rise of the Bushes the tailing was still more considerable: here John Day landed Lord Berners' colt a shade first, well held, and looking like a winner. I thought him, when saddling, a little too full of condition for so short a distance, but I might mistake. Next him was Arthur Pavis on Ince, and on the inside, a length or so behind, Frank Boyce on Mr. Greatrex's huge Trulla colt. Arnall was with this lot on Morotto, in the wake of Lord Berners', and creeping up to his horses as they took their pull on the rise. Here Trulla's light was quenched, as might be discovered from Boyce's uneasy seat. When on the Flat the race was with Ince, Lamp-lighter, and Morotto, finishing in favour of the latter, the other two running a dead heat for the second place. This was a result very little anticipated, as 20 to 1, or indeed any odds, were offered agst the winner; Ince was at 5 to 2, and about the same Lord Berners. What became of Sir Mark Wood's Charivari seemed a mystery; whether Chapple met some little impediment at the start, or what not, people were loud in disapprobation, affirming that where he *was* in the race was not where he *ought* to have been: but as far back as the days of Esop there has been no such thing as pleasing everybody, or the fable of "the man, his son, and the ass" had not been written. With a consideration much to be applauded, the weather kept up during the *hour* the races lasted, but on the horses reaching the weighing-house down came the rain, and there was not a dry minute during the remainder of the day.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14.

Beckford writes, "that if he could have brought himself to ride upon the turnpike road, he never should have kept harriers." I too have a similar antipathy to MacAdam, without, unfortunately, the correspondent alternative of the bow-wows. Now it chanced that I sallied out this morning soon after ten o'clock, for the weather was too inviting for mortal man to tarry within; and, having the fear of the highways before me, I turned my steps towards Mr. Crockford's farm, intending, as the Cambridge men say, to "do a bit of practical bucolic:" so taking my way across the fields, and disturbing sundry pairs of amorous partridges, I soon found myself in the farm-yard. Here the steam-engine and the men were busily engaged in feasting the swine, and surely such a lot of beatified bacons never got together since the Flood! there they were, a hundred and forty-five of them, with plenty to eat and drink, *and nothing to do*; and what more has the Emperor of all the Russias! Think of this, ye men of Duke's place! He who wrote

"The little pigs lie with their —s bare,"

was no chronicler of the domestic habits of the Crockford porkers. Happy, thrice happy hogs! for me were such comforts provided, small indeed would be my concern, that at a future day I were destined to stuff a savoury sausage, or, garnished with split peas, to smoke upon the festal board!

Crossing the London-road, at two o'clock I reached the Heath. Here I do not think altogether there mustered a dozen carriages. By the word *carriage*, I mean a



vehicle, whether covered or open, drawn by two or more horses: for conveniences of the like construction, dragged by *one* helpless quadruped, *I have* a name, but it suits not ears polite. At half-past two came off the first race—a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, six, and aged, 8st. 10lb., T.Y.C., the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—For this we had Lord Lichfield's Gab, with 3 to 1 against him; Mr. Payne's Paddy, the same; Mr. Mills's Miss Ellen, at 4 to 1; Lord Orford's f. by St. Patrick out of Selma, 6 to 1; and Lord Exeter's Mimosa, without any backers. They shewed well in front, all together, till within the distance, where Miss Ellen was a winner, the Bank of England to a go-of-a-thimble-rig; when, seized on the instant with the ardour of piety, the young lady took out for Ely Minster, leaving our tall friend Gab, with Arnall on him, the winner by a neck according to Mr. Clarke, a measure by which *he can win farther than any horse, I take it, at present on the turf.* No other was placed, though it might have been accomplished *without a microscope.*

The Handicap Plate of 50l. for three, four, five, six-year-olds, and aged horses, A.F., produced the lot, weighted as thus:—Mr. Mills's Kate, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Duke of Rutland's b. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Orville, grandam by Zodiac (carried 7st.), 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; Mr. Rush's Roadster, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb.; Mr. Bloss's Water Witch, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. by Sultan out of Arethusa, 4 yrs,

8st. 8lb.; Mr. R. Prince's c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; and General Grosvenor's Cockatoo, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. The Witch was the favorite at 2½ and 3 to 1; they laid 4 to 1 agst Roadster, 4 to 1 agst Lord Stradbroke's awful great Sultan colt, and 4 to 1 agst His Grace of Rutland. This was a smartish business from end to end. Kate and the Duke of Rutland's rose the hill at the Bushes together: a length or so behind them was Jem Robinson nursing Roadster carefully; for well that artist knows how to bring a horse through a race with the weight all against him. The rest were anyhow, because of their respective "hopes being lost in certainty" of defeat. At the bottom of the hill, descending, Robinson strove to coax his tit, but it was in vain: he had that to contend with that can even bring a flyer and a donkey together when well laid on; and now Natty and Pavis set-to with the flails, and the Lady liked the thrashing least, and so she ran away from it the fastest, thereby putting the 50l. into Mr. Mills's pocket: the Duke of Rutland second, and Mr. Rush third—thus terminating the second act of the "Second Spring."

THURSDAY, MAY 15.

We begin to wear a very deserted appearance here, the *élite* of the inhabitants having all left for their respective residences in Surrey. As a matter of course, when I speak of the principal residents of this town, I mean those from whom its wealth and consequence are alone derived: man here is the subordinate animal; "your horse" is the lord

of all. Witness with what unwearied attention, with what watchful anxiety all his wants and caprices are attended to and anticipated. I should like to see any Peer of the realm set himself up at Newmarket for a *better man than his horse*: like the organist and the bellows-blower, we should soon have him sing small to the "ahall it be we then?" This sounds strange, but be it ever had in mind, that in no part of this earth's known surface exists such an anomalous state of society as we have here: masters the inmates of their own servants; those same servants dwelling in little palaces, clothed (without any metaphor) "in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day." The Reform Bill is passed, and it don't become us to be too fastidious: perhaps, however, the line of demarcation is somewhat too little regarded. As the old Roman hath it—

"*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique  
finis*  
Ultra quos, ultraque nequit consistere  
rectum:"

which I thus translate for the use of the Ladies:—

"If you're Signior, and I'm Signior,  
Then who's to pull the boat ashore?"

It was indeed a lovely day at the Heath, and the sod was as elastic as Indian rubber, and the larks were in full concert, and everybody said, "What a pity there is not more racing!" and nobody knew wherefore.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds—colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb., T.Y.C.—brought eight to the post, and as many opinions as to their merits. The field had most partisans at 5

to 3, and 3 to 2: Lord Egremont's f. by Skim out of Elfrid, and the Duke of Cleveland's Emilius colt out of Bee in a Bonnet, were at evens against the field; 2 to 1 agst either; Mr. Pettit's Kate Kearney a shade lower; 4 to 1 agst Mr. Pigott's roan or ches. colt, by Partisan out of Flounce; Mr. Maison had 20 to 1 bet against *his Chance*; and a "vast deal of cry but little wool" about the others. At starting, of course the young 'uns came away, as the boys say here, "like tinder blazing," and keeping on decent terms together all the way. From their holding thus all of a ruck, it was utterly impossible to see who made running: in fact, where all rattled as hard as they could split, where could any man, unless he were riding among them, form a judgment? Lord Egremont, Mr. Pettit, and the Duke of Cleveland, were in front, as soon as it became possible to distinguish among the crowd; and in the last three or four lengths Natty brought out Skim, winning gallantly *with a rush*, as Chifney used. Sweet Kate Kearney was next—*place aux dames*, as they say in Paris; the Duke of Cleveland *was placed* third, for which His Grace owes obligations to Mr. Clarke, because it must be troublesome to attend to so many. Skim, who won this so cleverly, is a fine racing-looking bay filly, in the Oaks for 1835, and likely, I should think, to take an honorable place there.

Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds, carrying 6st. 2lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb., T.M.M., the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded.

—Out of the original lot proposed for this mighty sum, four cut it outright, and eight really had courage enough to let their horses saddle for a gallop, which, in the present state of the ground, was infinitely better for them than standing during the race in the stable. There was much obstreperous betting on this Plate, and, as I thought, little sterling business. One worthy, whose voice was like a trumpet in a concert, kept roaring away, “4 to 1 agst the Duke of Rutland.” *I knew his motive*, and I wish him joy of the result. They offered 8 to 1 agst Titian, 4 to 1 agst Lord Chesterfield’s Dirce—by the bye Connolly rode her; *see how people will talk*; there was 40 to 5 agst Lord Exeter’s Mimosa—Ganges having the call. At the Ditch-end they were all of a row, except Goblin, who “happened with an accident.” Thus they kept at it, and really, *considering the price*, making a very tolerable race. The nearer they got home the more the interest increased, and at the end I thought it a dead heat. I was in a line with the Judge; he, of course, could judge better, and His Grace of Rutland was declared the winner with his St. Patrick colt, dam by Orville; Ganges next him; and Dirce, *not placed*, third. At one time the Lady of the fatal Urn looked very well, but she died off, I must own, very unpluckishly, the moment she was collared. *Somebody was last*, but I don’t like to say who—it’s a pity it so often happens after that fashion! *Little Boyce rode the winner*: “d’ye

take me?” and he rode him beautifully! Sometimes some people make a mistake: it don’t do *always* to lay against a jock!

The Jockey Club Plate of 50l., to be run for by horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club—four-year-olds carrying 7st 2lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six, 8st. 9lb.; and aged, 8st. 11lb., B.C.—For this Sir Mark Wood was allowed to canter his Vespa over for her exercise, not one out of five hundred horses, as I believe in these parts, being found to oppose him, and half the number qualified as the property of Jockey Club Members!

Here terminated the racing of “THE SECOND SPRING,” which, *combined*, produced about as much sport as *one of the days* in either of the preceding Meetings. As every man I meet asks the cause of his neighbour, of course it is a difficult question to solve, and not fit for my bashfulness to attempt; but as I have seen “many a good time and oft” people *losing up sixpences for sums infinitely larger than “the tottle” of the week’s prizes put together*, that may be a clue, in some way, to the riddle. It has been a sad dull affair, and the imperials with which the carriages were crowned at the Heath, and the ladies’ maids perch’d behind, shewed how anxious the desire was to escape from the scene of dullness.

In the anticipation of Epsom I have alone avoided a Coroner’s inquest; and till I write you thence, I bid you cordially farewell!

CRAVEN.

## ALARM'S ANSWER TO "A PARTING BROADSIDE FROM THE WATER WITCH."

SIR,

HAVING observed in your last Number that allusion is made in "The Parting Broadside from the Water Witch" to the share borne by Alarm in the race for the King's Cup of last year, I beg the favour of being allowed to offer a few observations in answer to that portion of it which refers to that vessel. As the Earl of Belfast therein appeals to me in support of his expressed opinion, that "his race *must* end at the Nab Light without the wind should veer so as to enable him to run home again," I am perfectly ready to admit that such was his Lordship's declared conviction before the race; but what I am anxious to correct is, the erroneous impression which the following sentence, if not explained, is calculated to leave on the minds of your readers:—"But even with all disadvantages, and having had the *Alarm on my weather quarter most of the time*, Water Witch actually fetched round the Norman Buoy first on the return." I am at a loss to conceive what can be the *disadvantages* under which Water Witch could have laboured, though I am fully aware of the *advantages* she possessed over Alarm:—in the first place, in being allowed to carry *all sail* (a privilege of which she fully availed herself), while Alarm was limited to *four*; and in the second, in the favorable position occupied by Water Witch at starting, by which, from being moored stem and stern, she was enabled to start the moment the gun was fired, while Alarm, owing to her head being the other way,

was compelled to slip and wear. It is evident, therefore, from the considerable start Water Witch obtained, and her having the wind entirely free of Alarm, that the *peculiar disadvantage* of which she seems to complain, of having had "*Alarm on her weather quarter most of the time*," could not have existed had not Alarm run up to her; though that circumstance might of course, to a certain degree, have impeded the progress of Water Witch during the time required by Alarm to pass her: which, however, she accomplished before passing the Norman Buoy, going out.

With respect to the assertion that "Water Witch fetched round the Norman Buoy first on the return," all mention is omitted of the important fact of Alarm having rounded the Nab Light *some minutes* before Water Witch; so that, even supposing she *did* "fetch round the Norman Buoy first on the return," (which did not appear to any person on board Alarm,) yet, when it is recollected, that after passing the Light Alarm lay-to twenty minutes to reef, to avoid the chance of carrying anything away, and to take the remainder of the race easy, there will not appear any room for exultation, or anything that can detract very seriously from the credit which all parties considered as due to Alarm on that occasion, for the superiority she displayed over Water Witch in running.

As regards the Challenge addressed by Earl Belfast to "any cutter in existence," I shall only

say, that if his Lordship will agree to send out a vessel in any direction he may think proper, with orders to bring up at a given point, I am ready to sail him for

the sum he specifies, or double that amount.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOSEPH WELD.

Lulworth Castle, May 20, 1834.

### SPORTING SUBJECTS IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

**W**HETHER the Reform Bill in its slow and multifarious operations has at length reached the precincts of Somerset House, or their Majesties' condescending visit—reminding us of the good old times of George the Third, who made a point of attending the opening of every Exhibition till within a few years of his decease—has been the stimulant, we are are not sufficiently initiated in its art and mysteries to determine; but certain it is, that in this Exhibition (the 68th) there is an obvious improvement both as to the diversity and *execution* of the canvas upon its walls, and the arrangements of the *Hanging Committee* in disposing it. True it is, however, that we miss the names of a few distinguished members of the profession; but, while we regret this, we at the same time feel an equivalent in finding their places occupied so successfully by artists of a younger growth, which is a gratifying proof that the Arts are not decaying so rapidly as some would imagine, but are appreciated and cultivated by the rising generation. The class of subjects to which our notice must be confined—that which appertains to the Sportsman—we confess does not include many of the best pictures, yet altogether there are none of an inferior order to last season. Landseer, Cooper, Ward,

Hancock, Woodward, Davis, and De Camp are the principal contributors in this line, each more or less deserving of credit; but to the former artist we may award the motto of the immortal Nelson, to which he is so eminently entitled—“*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*”—as he leaves all other competitors at an immeasurable distance.

No. 13.—*Scene of the Olden Time at Bolton Abbey*—E. LANDSEER, R. A.—Landseer has long been the *pet* as an animal painter, but never hitherto has anything emanated from his pencil equal to this either in boldness of design or accuracy of conception. The scene is descriptive of the Abbot receiving contributions for the Abbey of some of the choicest products of the chase. The principal features consist of a buck remarkable for size and quality, upon which an attendant forester is expatiating; a servant with a heron slung over his shoulders; a couple of hounds of the most symmetrical form; and a bashful looking girl with a dish of exquisite trout. These, together with the Abbot and his attendant, are so admirably grouped, and so felicitously coloured, that the spectator is nearly lost between delight and wonder that art can so closely assimilate to nature. The picture was painted for the Duke of Devonshire, who, doubtless,

fully estimates the talent of an artist who has so aptly contributed to illustrate and enrich the historical archives of this relic of the "olden time."

34. *Duncan's Horses*—J. WARD, R.A.—Rather a terrific production, but certainly a most complete illustration of the description of these rebel horses in *Macbeth*. The elements, too, are quite *con amore* with the scene, and make an admirable climax.

96. *A Highland Breakfast*—E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This is also a beautiful specimen of the powers of the pencil, and, in point of correct delineation, though not in composition, is equal to No. 13. A group of hounds and terriers, with no lack of appetite, are making the most of their allotted meal; while in another part a female is suckling an infant.

97. *A Hawking Party*—A. COOPER, R.A.—This is an attractive picture, coloured with the best effect, and well descriptive of this sport, now coming so much into vogue. The fair lady on the white horse caressing the falcon has a particularly graceful appearance (notwithstanding we heard it inquired if the animal was Sir Claudius Hunter's white charger), and reflects as much credit on the gallantry as the talent of the artist.

120. *Greeks with Arab Horses*—by the same—Is a very imposing scene, but materially assisted by the softness and brilliancy of the sky.

132. *A Fox's Head*—C. HANCOCK.—Foxes' heads have been so prolific, from the picture gallery to the humble cigar case and snuff box, that we scarcely expected any novelty here; yet this has the advantage of its prede-

cessors, inasmuch as reynard has a hare in keeping, which is firmly gripped between his teeth, with the fore paw (not *faux pas*) upon the victim's chest.

141. *Colly Dog rescuing a Sheep from a Snow Drift*—E. LANDSEER, R. A.—Another very clever picture. The sagacity of the dog in pawing the snow from around the poor sheep is strongly depicted, and both animals are exquisitely contrasted in colour with the white and chilly aspect surrounding them.

185. *Interior of a Stable, with Horses, Goats, &c.*—A. COOPER, R.A.—The nags, goats, and all seem upon the best of terms with each other, evidently enjoying the *blue sky* which the open door has invited to their dwelling.

187. *Water Fowl*—C. SIBLEY.—A tolerable affair. One of the birds with the fore part of its body in the water, and the neck erect upon the surface, reminds us of Hood's "Ponder's end."

190. *Shooting Party*—A. COOPER, R.A.—In a delineation of the pleasures of the trigger Cooper is in general *at home*, and in this case he is far from *out* in his subject. The figures are naturally drawn, and the landscape just what a sportsman could desire.

201. *Convalescent Dogs*—E. M. DE CAMP.—This may be cleverly treated, but we cannot say that is our opinion. The subject is extravagant, or at least unmeaning, and the animals look anything but convalescent, or even well shaped.—Another picture by the same pencil lower down in the catalogue we have a much greater respect for.

211. *Portrait of an Arabian*—J. WARD, R.A.—No Arabian has

ever been painted with greater freedom, or more strictly to nature than this. The characteristics of that noble animal are developed with full force and good anatomical proportions. We should like to have seen a few more specimens of animal painting by this artist.

245. *Breakfast Scene at Melton*—F. GRANT.—To a fox-hunter this is a stirring picture, and must recal many pleasing recollections of the by-gone season. The artist has introduced portraits of several Noble crack Meltonians, amongst which we recognise the Earl of Wilton, Count Matuschevits, Lords Rokeby, Kinnaird, Forester, and Gardener. The colouring and disposition of characters are good, but the former is somewhat too sombre, which is not improved by the close affinity of the picture with the floor of the exhibition room.

256. *A Terrier*—A. COOPER, R. A.—A wire-haired terrier killing rats. A good picture, though not too original.

267. *Portrait of Tobias, a favorite Pony*, the property of the Duchess of Cleveland—H. B. CHALON.—A small picture, small pony, and large saddle. The likeness is no doubt a good one, but we do not admire her Grace's taste.

332. *Mark Hall*, the property of W. Wigram, Esq.—E. LANDSEER, R. A.—Our favorite is here again, though in a different line to either of the former subjects. It is a clever portrait of a clever-looking horse. The animal is represented in a stubble field, returned from shooting, and disencumbered of his trappings, which are lying beside him; two poin-

ters, partners in the day's labour, filling up the picture, the whole forming a pleasing and natural scene.

360. *Shakspeare, by Smolensko*, the property of R. WILSON, Esq.—A. COOPER, R. A.—A good portrait.

395. *Bitch defending her young*—E. M. DE CAMP.—This is the picture we alluded to in speaking of No. 201. It is painted in a broad and clever style, and fully illustrates its subject, which is a mastiff bitch defending her pups from the intrusion of two young urchins, who seem not much to like the mother's interference in their anticipated sport with her progeny.

396. *The Cock Fight*—J. T. WOODHOUSE, M. D.—There is a deal of character in this picture, and of its sort we like it much. A group of cock-fighting amateurs are discussing the merits of two of the feathered warriors. One of the party is holding up the favorite, and expatiating upon it to his companions, whose countenances betoken their interest in the pet.

397. *The Otter's Cairn—a Scene in the Island of Islay*—E. CHATFIELD.—Otter Hunting will lose none of its attractions by Mr. Chatfield's delineation of it—he has been very happy in selecting his points, which tell with considerable effect. The listening attitude of some, and the wary countenances of others while awaiting the dialodgment of the enemy from his retreat, is cleverly imagined, and the whole is heightened by the Highland costume of some of the party.

407. *A Study from Nature*—T. S. CAPE.—This is a pretty little picture of dead game, and

appropriately termed a "study from Nature."

420. *Portraits of Hunters, with Grooms by the Covert-side*, the property of E. Holland, Esq.—T. WOODWARD.—This is painted with some judgment—the horses are well placed, and, if they have not been flattered, they are valuable animals, and eminently qualified for a staunch pack. One of the grooms tightening the girth, is so easy and natural that we almost fancied ourselves at the covert-side in reality, preparing for the "tallyho" of the huntsman in the back ground.

428. *Waiting for a Turn*—R. B. DAVIS.—The artist himself has "waited for a turn" till our space is almost exhausted. His subject, however, is highly characteristic, and no less amusing. A couple of roughish nags are waiting at the exterior of a farrier's studio to have their understandings renovated, attended by a good

sample of one of our cabmen, who is leaning against the place enjoying his pipe, and occasionally throwing a glance at the occupation of the farrier within. The countenance and general deportment of this genus are the points of the picture.

430. *Portrait of a Hackney*—A. W. INFERN.—A very passable portrait of a useful-looking animal.

In the lower rooms are several cabinet pictures, all prettily and correctly penciled, but too numerous and of too trifling a nature to admit of respective detail; and as none are more excellent than others, it would be invidious to make a partial selection. We therefore now conclude our remarks, and have only to express a hope that rising genius may be duly encouraged and patronised, in which case we can ensure the well-being of a Society which the country "delighteth to honour."

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**I**N the Second Spring Meeting the Whip was challenged for by Mr. Biggs's ch. h. Little Red Rover, aged. The challenge not being accepted, the Whip was resigned.

The following are the entries for the Port Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1835—(Friday):—100 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. T.M.M.

Sir M. Wood's c. by Muley out of Clare.  
Mr. Walker's Cotillon.  
Duke of Cleveland's Guardian.  
Mr. Batson—sealed up.

The CLARET and ALE STAKES did not fill.

*Houghton Meeting 1834.*—Monday: Mr. Cosby's Stradbally, 8st. 10lb. agst Mr. Spalding's Madame de Jeck, 6st. 2lb., A.F., 150, h. ft.

*Ascot.*—The Eclipse Foot, with 200l. given by His Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club:—three-year-olds to carry 7st.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 9lb.—mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—To start at the Cup Post on the New Mile and go once round, about two miles and a half.—The 200l. will not be given, if walked over for.

Mr. Cosby's Galopade, 6 yrs.  
Lord Exeter's Galata, 8 yrs.  
Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs.



The Nominations for the Cup were given in our April Number, page 603.

**Goodwood 1834.**—Last Day : Sweepstakes of 50 each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Kent's f. *Mischief*.

Lord Lichfield's c. *Tipperary*.

Mr. Greville's gr. c. *Marmoset*.

Lord Egremont's f. by *Skim* out of *Elfrid*.

The Nominations for the *Drawing Room Stakes*, the *Lavant Stakes*, the *Verulam Stakes*, the *Molcomb Stakes*, and the *Racing Stakes*, were given in our eighth volume, Second Series, p. 191. The Cup closed with 40 subscribers, and the Goodwood Stakes with 112.

**Oxford, 1834.**—The following are the entries for the Half-bred Stakes, 5 sovs. each, with 50 added.

Mr. Forster's b. m. *Pessima*, 6 yrs.

Mr. Forster's b. f. *Nike*, 4 yrs.

Mr. W. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, 5 yrs.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. *Stockbridge*, aged.

Mr. Dutton's ch. g. *Warrior*, 5 yrs.

Mr. Matthews's Ace of Diamonds, 5 yrs.

The Southampton Meeting will take place the week before Goodwood.

Brother to *Maris*, by *Whiaker* out of *Gibside Fairy*, has been sold as a saddle-horse for Her Majesty, for 200gs.

Sir James Boswell purchased Sir R. K. Dick's bay filly *Miss Margaret*, by *Acteon*, at the late Liverpool Maghull Meeting. On the Thursday she won a Sweepstakes of 60 sovs. for her new master, beating Sir Thomas Stanley's La Grace and Mr. Peirce's Benevolence.

Robert Ridsdale, Esq. of Murton-hall has purchased Mr. Armitage's two-year-old ch. filly by *Velocipede* out of *Miss Garforth* by *Walton*, winner of the Champagne Stakes at Catterick Bridge. She is engaged in the Oaks at Epsom next year.

Mr. Forth has sold *Imbar*, by *Emilius*, to Capt. Rous for 200gs.

W. Allen, Esq., of the Lodge, Malton, has purchased Lord Sligo's *Ellen*, by *Starch* out of *Cuirass* by *Oiseau*. She is to be put to the stud farm.

We noticed in our last Number

that Lady Elizabeth was sent to Ireland: we have now the gratification to add that this excellent mare won the King's Plate, *for ladies*, at the Curragh, four miles, April 22, beating four others.

It has been officially announced that the Derby and Oaks will be run on the New Course at Epsom in the year 1835.

#### HORSES SENT ABROAD.

*Hymettus*, by *Thunderbolt*; *Lawn Sleeves*, by *Doctor Syntax*; and three half-breds—to Russia.

#### STUD SALE.

On Monday the 26th of May His Majesty's annual sale of yearling colts and fillies bred at Hampton Court took place at the Corner, and realised the following sums :—

Chester Colt, by *Sultan* out of *Rachel* :—to Lord Westminster, 450gs.

Chester Colt, by *Waterloo*, dam by *Comus* out of *Cobweb* :—to Mr. Kent, 230gs.

Chester Colt, by The Colonel out of *Gala-tea* :—to Mr. Goodwin, 150gs.

Bay Colt, by *Starch* out of *Peri* :—to Mr. Corbin, of Virginia, 120gs.

Bay Colt, by *Lamplighter* out of *Elfrida* :—to Mr. Yates, 300gs.

Bay Colt, by *Lamplighter* out of *Sister to Spermaceti* :—to Mr. Yates, 260gs.

Brown Colt, by *Velocipede* out of *Delphine* :—to Lord Lichfield, 155gs.

Bay Colt, by *Solliman*, dam by *Comus* :—50gs.

Chester Filly, by The Colonel out of *Post-huma* :—to Mr. Yates, 230gs.

Chester Filly, by The Colonel out of *Lamia* :—to Lord Exeter, 260gs.

Chester Filly, by *Emilius* out of *Maria* :—71gs.

Bay Filly, by *Sultan* out of *Spermaceti* :—to Mr. Yates, 150gs.

Chester Filly, by *Comus* dam by *Partisan* :—to Mr. Stubbs, 38gs.

Chester Filly, by The Colonel out of *Ada* :—to Lord Lichfield, 150gs.

Bay Filly, by The Colonel out of *Ambrosio's* dam :—to Mr. Copeland, 43gs.

Chester Filly, by The Colonel out of *Scandal* :—to Mr. Kent, 155gs.

Bay Filly, by The Colonel out of *Miss Clifton* :—to Lord Chesterfield, 145gs.

Chester Filly, by *Velocipede*, dam by *Janiper* :—to Mr. Stubbs, 43gs.

Total, 2990 guineas.

#### RACES TO COME.

|                  |        |
|------------------|--------|
| Newton .....     | June 4 |
| Ascot Heath..... | 10     |
| Buxton .....     | 11     |
| Tenbury .....    | 12     |

|                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Newcastle-on-Tyne .....        | June 16     |
| Knighton .....                 | 17          |
| Bibury Club .....              | 18          |
| Hampton .....                  | 18          |
| Bath .....                     | 25          |
| Ludlow .....                   | 25          |
| Liverpool Aintree .....        | July 1      |
| Wells .....                    | 1           |
| Winchester .....               | 3           |
| Newmarket July .....           | 7           |
| Lancaster .....                | 8           |
| Cheltenham .....               | 16          |
| Bridgnorth .....               | 23          |
| Gloucester .....               | 23          |
| Goodwood .....                 | 29          |
| York .....                     | August 5    |
| The Pottery .....              | 6           |
| Bedford .....                  | 6           |
| Brighton .....                 | 6           |
| Aberystwith .....              | 10          |
| Wolverhampton .....            | 18          |
| Stourbridge .....              | 26          |
| Burton-on-Trent .....          | 27          |
| Pontefract .....               | September 2 |
| Warwick .....                  | 3           |
| Lichfield .....                | 9           |
| Doncaster .....                | 15          |
| Morpeth .....                  | 18          |
| Heaton Park .....              | 24          |
| Walsall .....                  | 24          |
| Newmarket First October .....  | 29          |
| Richmond .....                 | October 7   |
| Newmarket Second October ..... | 13          |
| Northallerton .....            | 16          |
| Newmarket Houghton .....       | 27          |

#### AQUATICS.

His Majesty has commanded that Lord Yarborough, the Earl of Belfast, and Lord Vernon shall bear the titles of Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Mr. Bates, R.N. has been appointed Secretary, in the room of Richard Stephens, Esq. appointed collector to the port of St. Ives.

The Royal Victoria and Loyal Yacht Club took an excursion down the River on Saturday the 24th of May, in commemoration of the birth-day of the Princess Victoria, their Patroness. The Members appeared in their new uniform, and hoisted the new Club Flag, with the letters R.V.L.Y.C. ornamented by the Crown with the Anchor underneath. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. H. Cope, jun., has received communications from the Ministers of their Majesties the Kings of Belgium and the Netherlands, granting to the Club the

privilege of its yachts entering the ports of their respective kingdoms free of dues, on the same conditions as these privileges have been accorded to the Royal Yacht Squadron and other English Yacht Clubs.

A grand eight-oared match was to have come off between Westminster and Eton on the 8th of May, but the *Big Wigs* of Cambridge put their *veto* on the competition.

#### CRICKET.

On the 15th of May the Members of the Marylebone Club held their anniversary dinner at Grillion's Hotel, Albemarle-street. Herbert Jenner, Esq. was called to the chair; and among the company present were, the Hon. H. Ashley, Hon. E. V. Harbord, W. Ward, Esq., T. Ladbroke, Esq., Sir V. Cotton, T. Nicholl, Esq., T. Burgoyne, Esq., B. Aislabie, Esq., C. Harenc, Esq., &c. The Hon. H. Ashley was appointed President of the Club for the ensuing season, and the following were chosen of the Committee: the Hon. E. V. Harbord, H. Jenner, Esq., H. Kingscote, Esq., W. Ward, Esq., F. Ladbroke, Esq., B. Aislabie, Esq., and T. Vigne, Esq.; the President (Hon. H. Ashley) of course being included in the list.

The Earl of Winterton has been elected a Member of the Club.

Twelve Members of the Club opened the season at Lord's on the 19th, with a day's play with twelve of the St. John's Wood Club. Marylebone scored in their first innings 16, and in their second 177, Cobbett alone marking 62. The St. John's Club scored 41 in their first innings, and at dark had marked 46 towards their second, when the match closed.

#### TROTTING MATCHES.

On the 13th of May a trotting match against time, for 200l. a-side, which had excited great interest at Birmingham and its neighbourhood for some weeks, came off on the Burton and Lichfield road, starting from Branston, about a mile from Burton, to go eight miles and a half out and the same distance home. The bet was made between Mr. Chawner, a

cattle-dealer, and accepted by a Mr. Twist, the former backing a mare belonging to Mr. Taylor, of Gosta Green, to trot seventeen miles within the hour. On making the bet on the 13th of April, deposits were made, and the whole Stakes were to be made good on the 8th of May, the match to come off within a month of the former date; and it was stipulated that if either party failed in furnishing the full amount of the Stakes, the deposits were to be forfeited, and the party so failing should also forfeit 50l. Mr. Beardsworth was nominated stake-holder, and two umpires and a referee were appointed.—At half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 13th the mare, rode by Mr. Chawner, started off at a tremendous pace, going the first three miles in 9m. 2sec., and doing 16 miles in 50 minutes. The last mile she was pulled up, and came in slow, completing the 17 miles in 55m. 20sec. She rose three times, and, according with the agreement, had to turn on each occasion, which with the one at the distance, made four turns. It was a most extraordinary performance, and at its conclusion the mare did not appear the least distressed, but trotted on from the winning post to her stable at Burton, and began eating her hay as if nothing but an ordinary siring had taken place; and returned the same day to Birmingham (27 miles). She was bred by Mr. Taylor, her present owner, got by Matchless out of a mare called Cheshire Cheese, is seven years old, and stands 15 hands high.—Mr. Chawner rode 11st. 4lb.—Mr. Taylor has since refused 500l. for the mare.

So much for winning the match: and it now remains to state what occurred immediately afterwards. On the mare coming in, the watches were shewn to the stakeholder and others, and it was admitted on all hands that *the mare had won the race*: but on the Stakes being demanded by Mr. Taylor the stakeholder informed him that *the last deposit had not been paid!* To explain this,

it appears that Mr. Chawner went on the 8th, according with the terms of the agreement, to make the last deposit of 25l.; but as Mr. Beardsworth was gone to Chester races, he objected to leave the money in the foreman's hands lest it should be afterwards said he had not fulfilled the specific terms. To make all sure, however, he wrote off the same night to Mr. Beardsworth, and undertook to complete the stakes before the race. There are many reports in circulation, which we decline entering into, except to state, that on learning the *objection*, the umpires and referee wrote to Mr. Beardsworth, stating that Mr. Chawner had fairly won the match, and requesting him to pay over the Stakes either to Mr. Chawner or to Mr. Taylor as the owner of the mare. This note produced no effect.

We detect *all quibbles*, and feel assured that every honorable sportsman will coincide in opinion, that any valid objection should have been made previously to the start, and that as the stakes were fairly won, they ought to be paid.

Mr. Taylor has since published a declaration, stating that he applied to Mr. Beardsworth on the Saturday morning anterior to the match, who assured him that all the deposits had been made, and that he had the whole 400l. in his hands. On the morning of the match, too, Mr. Beardsworth asserted in the presence of ten respectable individuals, before the mare started, that the deposits were all paid, and that "all was right." Mr. Taylor adds, that he made a bet of 60l. with a gentleman on the ground before starting, and the 120l. constituting this wager was placed in Mr. Beardsworth's hands. This also Mr. Beardsworth refuses to pay over to Mr. Taylor, although requested by letter to do so by the gentleman with whom he made the bet.

Since the above was in print, we have been put in possession of the *real secret*, and a more disgraceful transaction it has never been our duty to record. Chawner has signed a statement to the following effect:—

That he originally made the match with Twist, at Beardsworth's Repository, without Mr. Taylor's knowledge, but that on apprising him of what he had done, Mr. Taylor gave his consent, and agreed to stand 150l. of the money, Chawner finding the remainder—that immediately after making the match, Twist and Beardsworth proposed to him that *the mare should lose*, and that Chawner should have an equal share in the plunder won by the non-performance of the match, as well as of the money won by betting against the mare, Beardsworth remarking that there were plenty of people ready to back her from her known good qualities, and they could win three or four hundred pounds each:—that Beardsworth said that he (Chawner) must ride the mare, and if she won it would be his fault:—that he had assured Mr. Taylor that the money was all paid into Beardsworth's hands:—that when he wrote to Beardsworth at Chester, he appointed to meet him on the Sunday morning to make the last deposit, at the same time requesting him to say, if any of the parties made inquiry, that the money was all paid:—that he went, according with his appointment, to Beardsworth's on the Sunday morning to make the last deposit of 25l., which, however, was not paid in consequence of the previous understanding between Twist, Beardsworth, and himself, and that Beardsworth returned him 50l. out of the deposits made.—He then states that the mare was so good, and he was so closely looked to by the friends of the party belonging to the mare, that he could not make her lose without being detected. In conclusion, he solemnly declares that this statement is perfectly true, and he is ready to verify the same by affidavit.

On the 13th Mr. E.G. Stoneham, of Chelmsford, rode his horse Mazeppa from the Black Boy Inn to White-chapel Church (29 miles) in 54 min. The match was for 50l. to be performed in two hours.

On the following morning Mr. John Hutley of Rivenhall, Essex, backed

himself 20l. to 10l. to ride his grey pony *thirty miles* on any part of the London road in *two successive hours*. He started from the mile stone on Springfield Bridge, and arrived at the fifteenth mile-stone, half the distance, two minutes within the hour, and came back to the starting place six minutes within the time. A black pony belonging to Mr. Hutley, rode by a lad, preceded him in order clear the road; but, having been taken from grass the day before, and driven to Chelmsford (twelve miles) the same morning, was greatly distressed, and though all means were taken to save its life they were of no avail, and it died Thursday morning. A horse belonging to Mr. Drake, butcher, of Springfield, a party in the match, snapped its off hind leg in two places, and was obliged to be killed. Mr. Hutley rode 11st. without the saddle.—The Magistrates at Chelmsford Petty Session expressed their desire that a prosecution should be commenced against the parties for their cruelty, as it was considered riding the ponies in the manner described was an offence punishable under the Act.—Mr. Crabb, who had called the attention of the Bench to the above subject, stated on Friday the 23d to the Magistrates, that a summons having been served on Mr. Hutley, he had called upon him the preceding day, and gave an explanation of the affair, which certainly placed the matter in a more favorable light. He said that he made the bet in a moment of inadvertence, and that when he had afterwards reflected upon the matter he offered the party a sum of money to drop it; they would not, and he was therefore compelled to run the pony or forfeit the whole sum. He denied that any cruelty was exercised towards the ponies further than their being rode the stated distance; and it also appeared that when the pony which died was opened, an abscess was found to have been formed upon the lungs, which, independent of the race, might in a short time have caused its death. In addition to this statement he (Mr. Crabb) had received

a letter from Lord Western, which left no doubt of Mr. Hutley's general humane character. The Magistrates were perfectly satisfied with Mr. Crabb's statement, observing that he had discharged his duty in the cause of humanity.—The information was then ordered to be dismissed on Mr. Hutley paying the costs.

On the 15th a very novel and interesting performance took place over the marshes between Reculver and St. Nicholas, a distance, there and back, of eight miles and a quarter. Mr. W. Denne, of Grays, undertook to trot his horse from the former to the latter place and back again in one hour and five minutes, opening and shutting every gate himself as he passed through. There were 27 gates, with two bar-ways, which he had to take down and put up again. Betting in favour of time; but Mr. Denne accomplished his undertaking in forty-two minutes, winning his match with twenty-three minutes to spare.

## COCKING.

During Chester races a main was fought between the Earl of Derby (Potter feeder) and H. B. Hoghton, Esq. (Woodcock feeder), for 20 sovs. a main battle, 20 sovs. a bye battle, and 500 sovs. a-side for the grand main.—34m. 9b.

| Potter.   | M.     | B. | Woodcock. | M. | B. |
|-----------|--------|----|-----------|----|----|
| Monday    | .....6 | 1  | .....0    | 1  |    |
| Tuesday   | .....7 | 1  | .....0    | 1  |    |
| Wednesday | .....6 | 1  | .....1    | 1  |    |
| Thursday  | .....4 | 1  | .....3    | 1  |    |
| Friday    | .....5 | 1  | .....2    | 0  |    |

Total.....28 5      Total.....6 4

A Main was fought at Liverpool during the race-week between Dr. Bellyse (Davies feeder) and Capt. Hawkins (Hines feeder), for 10 sovs. a battle, and 400 sovs. the main—25 mains and 8 byes.

| Hines.    | M.     | B. | Davies. | M. | B. |
|-----------|--------|----|---------|----|----|
| Tuesday   | .....5 | 0  | .....1  | 3  |    |
| Wednesday | .....4 | 0  | .....2  | 2  |    |
| Thursday  | .....3 | 1  | .....5  | 1  |    |
| Friday    | .....6 | 1  | .....1  | 0  |    |

Total.....18 2      Total.....7 6

## THE GAME ACT.

As Norfolk is decidedly the first

county in England for Game, any remarks on the operation of the Game Laws from that quarter will have their due weight. We are therefore induced to give the following letter from A BIT OF A SPORTSMAN, addressed to the Editor of *The Norfolk Chronicle*.

"SIR—The last Game Act having now been two years in operation, it may not be amiss to inquire what effect it has had, and how far the ends for which it was designed have been attained.

"The chief end which I believe the Legislature had in view was the prevention, or at least the lessening of the daring and demoralising crime of poaching. How far then has this end been accomplished? Let the gaols in the different counties answer this question. As far as my information goes, there has been double the number of prosecutions for breaches of the Game Laws than ever was known. In this respect therefore the Act has notoriously failed. Let us search into the cause of this. By making game saleable, it was expected that the trade of the poacher would be destroyed. How has this in fact turned out? It is well known that there have always been two great difficulties which the poachers had to contend with in carrying on their depredations—one was the difficulty of getting their game, and the other that of disposing of it with safety afterwards. With regard to the former, that difficulty remains much as it was, but with respect to the latter, that difficulty has been nearly obviated by the Act itself. It was foretold by people who clearly saw what would be the consequence, that a market would be provided for the poachers to sell their game with little or no risk. In almost every town people were permitted, on taking out a licence, for which they were to pay two pounds, to sell or deal in game. It is true there was a penalty on persons so licensed to buy game of any person not authorised to sell it; but this was easily evaded, and it was well known that poachers now find no difficulty whatever in disposing of their game.

In answer to this it was said, that gentlemen would undersell the poachers, and by putting a very small price on their game it would be no longer worth the poacher's while to procure it. Alas! how materially has this failed! Instead of gentlemen disposing of their game at a low price, it never before fetched so high a price in the market, so that the poachers have not only found a market but a much better one than they had before, and in consequence poaching has very much increased. The first year that the Act came into operation some high-minded Noblemen and Gentlemen (feeling, I suppose, the degradation of selling their game and turning higgles and poulterers) made it publicly known, that though they should comply with the Act by selling their game, yet that they would not put the money into their own pockets, but dispose of it either for charitable purposes, or give it to the tenants on whose lands the game had been fed. This was *said* the first year; whether it was *done* or not I do not know, no such communication having appeared; but for the second year I believe it was neither *said* nor *done*. Now the end of the Act might still be accomplished, if the Gentlemen possessing game would sell

it to authorised persons for a very trifling sum. If, for instance, they would sell a brace of partridges for about 6d. or 8d. and perhaps lower, if necessary, and other game, hares and pheasants, in proportion, and 'the poacher's occupation would be gone.' It would be no longer worth their while to employ their time and run the risk of getting game for so small a remuneration. So that, in fact, the Gentlemen would have it in their power to make the Act effectual and destroy the demoralising practice of poaching, and this would ultimately be much more useful than any money they might get by selling their game. If this is not done, the public will draw their own conclusions.

"It appears indeed, from circumstances, that Gentlemen seem to make the sale of game an object to them in a pecuniary point of view; for I am told that they invite those friends who are reckoned good shots to come and assist them in killing the game; and it is said (but for this I do not vouch) they very often do not offer those who have slaughtered their game to partake of the spoil. I take it for granted, however, that they pay for the powder and shot."

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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ALFRED HIGHFLYER's account of the York Spring Meeting arrived too late for the present Number, but shall appear in our next, together with several other valuable communications, unavoidably postponed. In the latter are included DASHWOOD's Reminiscences of John Mytton, Esq. of Halston.

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### THE DERBY.

We have kept the Press open till the latest possible moment to announce the winner of this great event.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. *Plenipotentiary*, by Emilia out of Harriet..... 1  
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Shillalah*, by St. Patrick—Emilia's dam ..... 2  
 Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Glencoe*, by Sultan out of Trampoline ..... 2

Twenty-two started.

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We hope to be enabled to give a portrait of **PLENIPOTENTIARY** in our next Number.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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SECOND SERIES.**

**JULY, 1834.**

**No. LI.**

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**Embellished with**

I. PORTRAIT OF PLENIPOTENTIARY.

II. OTTER HUNTING.—III. FALCONER DISGORGING A HERON.

IV. ROEBUCK SHOOTING.

## PLENIPOTENTIARY,

*The Property of STANLAKE BATSON, Esq.—Engraved by FARR from a Painting by CRANE of Newmarket.*

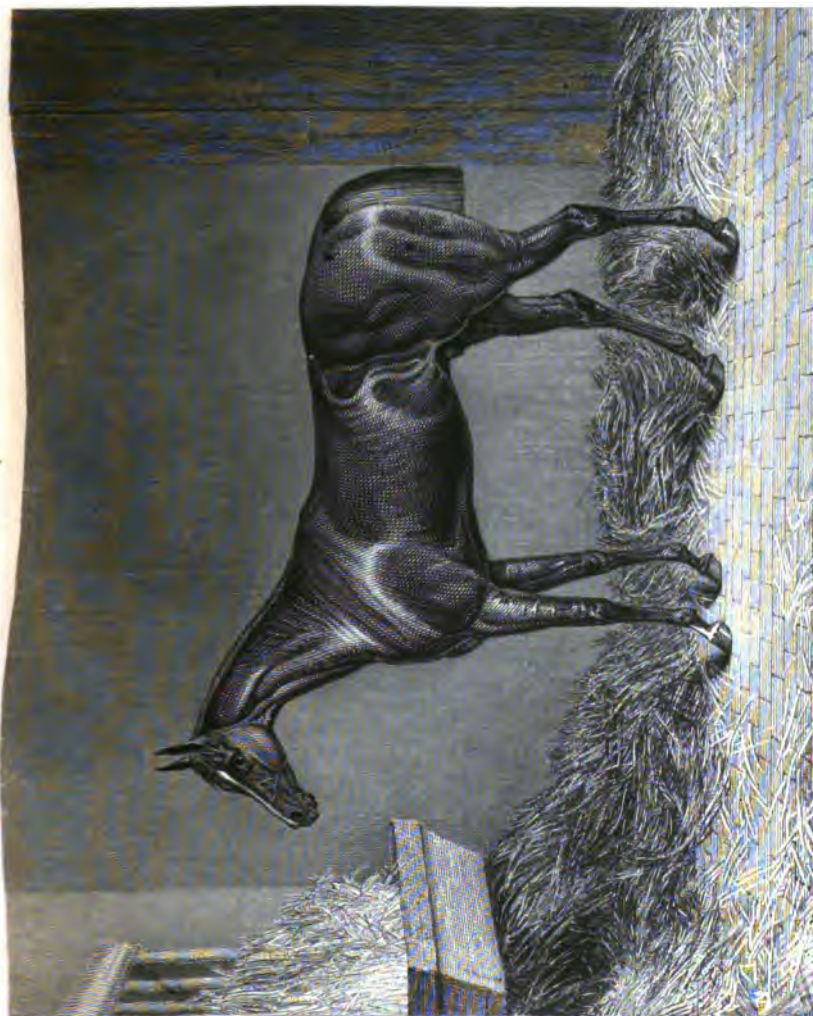
IN presenting for the first time in a July Number the readers of the SPORTING MAGAZINE with a Portrait of the Winner of the Derby of that year, in little more than a month from the decision of the race, may we be permitted to offer, as a preliminary to our observations, our thanks to the Artists, through whose activity we have been enabled to do so, for their exertions. For ourselves we may with all sincerity assure our friends, that we esteem it a duty as well as a pleasure, by any expenditure of money or labour on our part, to seek for and procure everything conducive to their gratification. With this stimulus we have spared no pains in obtaining for this month's embellishment a likeness of this unrivalled Son of Emilius\*, than whom perhaps no horse that has at any period appeared upon the turf has created the same extraordinary interest. If we take public opinion, of which the *rouleau* is ever the safest criterion for judgment, as our argument, we find him occupying a station of pre-eminence never before accorded to any of his predecessors; inasmuch as the Annals of Racing afford no similar instance of a case where scarcely 2 to 1 is hazarded in the month of June against a single horse for the Doncaster St. Leger! We form our opinion of the excellence of a poet, a painter, or a sculptor, by contrasting the work of each with that on which the suffrages of ages have conferred the place of precedence: on the Turf we have no such rule of guidance: the performances, as they have reached us, of the celebrated horses of other days are, to say the best of them, very problematical. Childers doubtless was a phenomenon if we credit *vulgar* tradition—we do not apply the term in its offensive construction: the wonders of Eclipse have reached us with more claims to authenticity:

but if *speed* be the test of superiority in a racer, then are we bound to draw the conclusion, that at a period when such distances as six and four miles were the ordinary trials of excellence, a power and substance was absolutely necessary, which does not appear to enter into the breeding arrangements of the present day. Here we have, however, a most splendid exception:—a horse, possessing bone and size enough to go between the shafts of a cabriolet, has come out to the admiration and wonder of every man whose fortune it has been to see him, with the racing essential too of this century beyond any of whom we have authentic record. Harriet, his dam, even before his appearance, had produced promise of what might be expected from her. Mixbury, a Son of hers by Catton, was far from a bad specimen: next him, last year, came Revelry, by Reveller, running third for the Oaks, and a good winner at Newmarket and elsewhere. Mr. Batson has a colt in next year's Derby by Lamplighter out of this mare, of which report speaks very highly. All this looks like encouragement where it is so well deserved; and all well-wishers of the Turf must join with us in our sincere hope that such as *he* may go on and prosper.

In conclusion, let us sound our Paeans that this has been, thus far at least, a season marked by the most distinguished success of the true friends and the real patrons of racing. We have given a portrait of the winner of one of the great races: the two others are in preparation. Our Number for August will contain Pussv, the winner of the OAKS, the property of T. COSBY, Esq.; and GLAUCUS, the winner of the GOLD CUP and ECLIPSE FOOT at Ascot, to follow in that for September. Combinations seem all the fashion of the day: ever then, as now, in all matters thus coming

\* For a Portrait of Emilius, see *Sporting Magazine*, New Series, vol. xiv. p. 189.





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within scope of our observation and congratulation, may we hail a similar union of merit and success!

PEDIGREE.

PLENIPOTENTIARY, a ches. colt, foaled in 1831, was got by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles (Son of Evander); grandam, by Selim; great grandam, Pipylina by Sir Peter; great great grandam, Rally (Sister to Rebel)

by Trumpator; great great great grandam, Fancy (Sister to Diomed, winner of the Derby in 1780) by Florizel; great great great great grandam, Sister to Juno by Spectator; great great great great great grandam, Horatia by Blank—Childers—Miss Belvoir by Grey Grantham—Paget Turk—Betty Percival by Leedes' Arabian out of a daughter of Spanker.

### YORK SPRING MEETING.

SIR,

IF there ever was a period when the good folks of OLD EBOR seem to have been asleep, and dreamed away that innate sporting spirit which they have hitherto ever been famed for possessing, it appears to be the present. Their August Meetings, from many causes which it is unnecessary to enumerate, have recently been stationary rather than having advanced to any improvement; but their Spring Meetings have hitherto stood considerably pre-eminent for the quantity, and, what is better, the first-rate quality of its sport, and consequently its great interest in the Sporting World. That I have found not this the case this year I regret to confess; for even a slight glance at "the right true list," as the itinerants style it, shewed in too glaring colours "*York, you're wanting.*" Scanty as the list was, however, it teemed us forth some Stakes possessed of interest; and few as they were in number, they brought plenty of horses, most of them well and in *dab* condition, which of course brought good fields. That honored ornament of the Northern Turf, His Grace of Leeds, sent no less a string than nine horses—every one he had engaged—an example which the Turf in general would derive much benefit from, if more generally acted upon, instead of having our ears (as we too often have) jarred by shy and tremulous adventurers singing "The Songs of the Quacks," and surfeiting us with details of coughs, colds, &c. &c. The gods smiled graciously on our pleasure, and contributed most delicious weather: the course presented a bed of the finest green velvet ever trod on; and the attendance was

certainly more numerous and respectable than the paucity of the Stakes could warrant in anticipating. But although good fortune brought, ye Yorkists, these few advantages with so poor a show, ye should not think of going forward in this *course*, but bestir yourselves, and in doing so throw into the scale that never-failing balsam which every one admires, "some additions to the Stakes," as your neighbours at Manchester, Newton, Liverpool, and other places, do: and then you will see one of the favored spots among the Northern Turf will once more be your ancient city. Ye have the best of courses, and possess great advantages, being in the immediate neighbourhood of the principal Northern training grounds, by which the owners of horses save their cash in having to travel them only a short distance, and run much less risk of danger or accident than sending them some hundreds of miles, perhaps through a densely populated manufacturing district, which they would be loth to do, if they could run at York on the same advantageous terms. Surely, ye Yorkists, who are so eminent for liberality in almost every cause, cannot be wanting in the advocacy of your favorite sport! But I am running over the cords, and therefore I turn back, and proceed to give an impartial detail of the particulars of our feast.

MONDAY opened its budget of only a leash of temptations, with the Two-year-old Produce Stakes of 50 each, h. ft., colts, 8st. 3lb., &c. (three subscribers), T.Y.C., and brought forth a brace—the Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Actæon, dam by Reveller out of

Lisette, rode by Templeman; and Mr. Smith's (the trainer's) b. c. by Memnon out of Chorister's dam, rode by Cartwright—the former as moderate a looking animal as any one could fancy for a race-horse; the latter as fine a shaped good-like horse as could be seen. Appearances, however, are often deceitful, and so they proved in this short fly; for when the two had reached the Stand, having come together the whole way, on a little bit of a struggle taking place the good-like one died off, and proved an easy conquest to the Son of Actæon, whose sire, it must be confessed, is turning on the Turf a pretty fair stock of quick-heeled sons and daughters. The loser I remember to have seen at the side of his dam when a foal, and I know not that I ever saw so fine, well-furnished, good-shaped, and perfect a foal as he was; indeed a complete horse in miniature: but I am informed that last October he was in a most deplorable state (of which he bore evident marks) from the effects of severe cold; so much so that little or no hopes were entertained of saving his life, his flesh having literally come in portions from his bones, which is a sufficient cause for either his running so bad, or stopping when challenged; and I cannot but estimate it as a portion of bad judgment, so soon after so severe an indisposition as he was attacked with, to bring a young one out in public. He was so fine a specimen of stock that I never call back to my remembrance the period when I saw him a foal, but I deeply deplore that his sire (Memnon) should ever have been permitted to be sent out of the country, or that any one should be so injudicious as to dispose of him for such a purpose. As the Actæon colt had before sustained defeat, and the Memnon one came forth with an untarnished reputation, the latter was the fancied urchin, at 6 to 4 on him.

The next event was the grand display and the greatest attraction of the Meeting—the Northern Derby of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.;

fillies, 8st. 2lb. (twenty-two subscribers)—one mile and a half; the second to save his stake.—Some eight or nine entered for this momentous Stake, out of which number the Squire (Skipsey) of Stockton objected to the legitimacy of one, Mr. Powell's colt, on whom the tide of favour seemed to flow in a pretty fair current, and the strength of the field against that formidable competitor (the vanquisher of Bubastes at Doncaster) Worlaby Baylock, appeared in the minds of most to depend; and as he came forth in his exercise with a nimble step and blooming condition, his abilities seemed to gain an accession of favour and countenance: but on the Officials investigating the Squire's objection, which was founded on the omission of the name of Figaro as a claim to being his sire—the Orville Mare, his dam, having been put to both Lottery and Figaro—whereas the Honorable Owner of Bolton Hall having only named Lottery, they decided that he was certainly not entitled to start for the Stake\*. This circumstance proved a disappointment of no small magnitude to many; and it is to be regretted that in such cases where parties have objections to bring forth, they cannot be made and decided long before the time of running, for I know not a more vexatious or mortifying occurrence than to give a valuable horse the requisite preparation for a Stake in which he may be engaged, be at the expense of travelling him to the place of contest, and after all, on the eve of battle, to sustain defeat in this manner, and have the forfeit to pay without a chance of gaining the Stake, be the horse ever so good. At Newmarket, where most of the horses are trained on the spot, this case may not be so very objectionable; but in the provincials, where most of the horses have to travel from the training ground some distance to the place of trial, it is very different: and I cannot but think it is one of those cases to which the Turf Legislature ought to turn their attention. This circum-

\* By the 17th Section of the "Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club," as to nominations, it is specially provided, "If the dam was covered by more than one stallion, the names of all of them must be mentioned."—ED.

stance, together with another going *amies*, and some not being thought to go fast enough, reduced the start to the number of five, which came forth to the post, as under :—

Rifleman, rode by ..... W. Scott.  
 Mellerstein ..... T. Lye.  
 D. of Leeds's Mrs. Rye c. S. Templeman.  
 D. of Leeds's Lady of the  
 Vale c. .... R. Johnson.  
 Worlaby Baylock ..... R. Heseltine.

Worlaby Baylock having last year behaved better than the others, and beat the *now* great favorite for the Epsom Derby, Bubastes, was the most esteemed of the corps, and backed at 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on him; 5 to 1 agst Mellerstein, notwithstanding his victory at Catterick; and 6 to 1 agst the shooting properties of the Rifleman. On going off, the Lady of the Vale's youth opened the ball, and led the dance, followed by Worlaby (second), Mrs. Rye next, then Rifleman, and last of all Mellerstein, at a speed which no one could denominate fast, for about a quarter of a mile: then Scott shot Rifleman a-head, and fired away as fast as he was able, which was certainly an improvement on the other youths' pace, but far from a severe one. Rifleman kept up the lead to the Gravel Road, where all began to close, and the case looked something like a general engagement, each calling to arms, and some to legs and all. In the struggle the Duke's cried out "Enough!" and then Mellerstein and Rifleman kept fair *rank* with Worlaby to the Stand, where the latter, with some little working, came away and won by a length from Mellerstein, who saved his rhino and defeated Rifleman about half a length. After all it proved one of those moderate-run races which is more calculated to deceive the spectator than give him any solid estimation of the winner. I have seen horses whose abilities would scarcely gain them a Fifty Pound Plate, run the distance full as fast, if not faster, and be able to come home in a far more splendid style than these said Derby tits did. Of Worlaby Baylock, whatever he may be able to achieve, I leave the public to form their own estimate, for I cannot tell: he certainly appears to

me to be one of those slow sluggish horses who would make a race with a donkey, and requires a more than ordinary portion of riding; but undoubtedly he did not, when called on, come from his horses like a "flyer." His valued blood of old Blacklock will no doubt warrant his going the distance, but whether he will be the horse to go the speed—*'tis the pace that kills, remember*—remains for future contests to decide.

The concluding appointments of the day then brought out three actions of Velocipede for the First Year of the Wentworth Stakes of 200gs. each, h.f. established on the principle of the Newmarket Riddlesworth; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; 3lb. allowed, &c.; one mile and a quarter:—these were Valparaiso, Omnibus (Laurel's dam filly), and Mr. Armitage's filly out of Nonplus's dam, who were all allowed to practise the low weight system. At the start Garbutt took the Nonplus filly away at score, and went a tremendous pace, with Omnibus at her side, to about half a mile from home, where she proved the impolicy of her race, by shewing herself completely *Nonplus'd*, and falling into the rear rank, from which she never after could recover. Valparaiso then came up, and continued the severe running with Omnibus, coming head and head up to the Stand, where both were heartily tried; and to all appearance Omnibus could not fail of conveying the cash as well as honour to Healington Hall; but by what means, from what cause, or how, I cannot describe, the Jehu of this said Omnibus (who had he been coachman to some masters would have got his blessings for his blunders), by some blundering only drove up second—Templeman by his exertions certainly outriding or outdriving the coachee of the Omnibus, exhibiting most beautiful jockeyship, and winning his honored and worthy master the stake by a head, who had certainly reasons to thank his jockey for the victory, though he gained more towards his conquest by the mistakes of his neighbour's jarvey than all the jocks in the universe could bring him. Valparaiso, I understand, had recently lamed

himself in his stall, and had only been at regular work three weeks before running. It was undoubtedly the fleetest and truest run race of the Meeting. The Nouplus filly was beat a full half distance.

Tuesday was the only day that presented the *quantum sufficit* of sport, and we had undoubtedly plenty, and of such a quality as no one with the meagre list could have hoped to witness.

The Two-year-old Stake, on the general custom, brought out eight youths, which, taken in a body, did not present such a good-like group as I have seen on former occasions, though some two or three were exceptions from the general caste. The lot were

|                                                             |                  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| Mr. Jacques's Comedy filly, rode by .....                   | John Cartwright. |
| Rosamond .....                                              | T. Nicholson.    |
| Winkley .....                                               | G. Nelson.       |
| Mr. Ridsdale's g. c. out of Flora .....                     | W. Scott.        |
| Duke of Leeds's Gin c. ..                                   | R. Johnson.      |
| Duke of Leeds's Rhodocantha filly .....                     | S. Templeman.    |
| Mr. S. L. Fox's Lady of the Tees filly ...                  | P. Connolly.     |
| Mr. Powlett's colt, out of Giovanni's dam, J. Marston, jun. |                  |

Comedy was the favorite piece (having played so well at Catterick) at 3 to 1 agst her; 4 to 1 agst Flora colt; 4 to 1 agst Powlett's colt; and 5 to 1 agst Fox's. The usual freaks of youth made two false starts, but at the third they all sailed away tolerably well together, Winkley, the Rhodocantha filly, Mr. Ridsdale's colt, and Mr. Fox's filly going in front to about the Stand, where Scott brought his pupil out, came away, and was apparently winning easy. This induced Scott to rather draw him in when within a few yards of the ending post. Templeman seeing this, and knowing, as all jocks do, the old adage, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip," set to with his mare, and certainly brought her forward in a most extraordinary manner, getting her up so near that she was only defeated by half a head; yet I think the grey nag was able to defeat her easy. He is a littleish useful sort of horse, and may, if lucky, perhaps be heard of and seen next year on Epsom Downs, as he is engaged in the Derby.

The Duke's filly is a fine mare. After winning, the victor was christened "Luck's All."

The Filly Stake, a mile and a half, brought out five Virgins to trim their lamps, and let their light shine before men: these were—

|                         |              |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| Isabella, rode by ..... | R. Johnson.  |
| Maid of Lune .....      | W. Scott.    |
| Mayflower .....         | John Holmes. |
| Myrrha .....            | G. Nelson.   |
| Ellen .....             | P. Connolly. |

The Maid of Lune was the favorite at 2 to 1 agst her, and 5 to 2 agst Mayflower. The Maid of Lune led off, and kept the front for a quarter of a mile, when the Mayflower put out her blossoms, and shewed forth her bloom, by taking up the running and keeping the lead to the distance, where all (but Isabella, who never could go a yard with the others, and was progressively receding throughout the race) began to think of the Sovereigns, and the best means to get them. First failed Myrrha; next Ellen; and Maid of Lune even seemed to have taken the bloom from Mayflower; but Holmes, who exhibited great determination to establish his claim, set himself to work, and after dealing out a portion of severe and continued punishment, that might have called for the interference of the late Mr. Martin and his Act, had he seen it, succeeded in wearing out The Lune's Fair Maid, and won cleverish by half a length. Holmes's jockeyship reflected great credit upon him. The lot are only a *coterie* of "nothing particular." I know not how any person could ever think of bringing a mare like Isabella in her condition to a post at all: she could not even gallop for half a mile, and was left a very long way in the rear.

The Leger, though certainly deficient to such things in the number of its start, brought us something like a Leger nag worth the attention and notice of all sporting, speculating, or book-making men. We had five at the start; to go the full Leger length, one mile and three quarters:—these were—

|                         |               |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Currency, rode by ..... | Geo. Nelson.  |
| Buccaner .....          | S. Templeman. |
| Mr. Merryman .....      | W. Scott.     |
| Bran .....              | P. Connolly.  |
| Mr. Fox's colt .....    | R. Johnson.   |

Currency shewed off first, at a fairish pace, the other following him pretty close for rather more than a quarter of a mile, when Connolly told him his coin was no longer current, and soon stopped his issue, by going in front at an increased speed, making good running, keeping the lead the whole way, and shewing his Bran equal to the best genuine superfine, defeating his companions, and winning, without a call, very easy by three lengths; neither the agility of Mr. Merryman, nor the fast-sailing properties of the Buccaneer's bark (who came into port second), being able at all to keep him company. He is certainly a fine large splendid horse, shewing a great deal of the progeny of his sire, Humphrey Clinker, and resembling very much in some points the late winner of the Doncaster Leger, Rockingham, having legs and thighs as substantial as a castle, though he is rather long in his back, and a little wanting in his loins, which is the only point that can be found fault with in him. It is rumoured that some person or party asked the price of him, and 3000 was asked; which I sincerely hope, for the credit of the Turf, is unfounded; for, if this should be true, it will deter numbers from backing him, who under other circumstances would be glad to do so, but who would hesitate from the fear of some one buying him for other purposes than winning. If the Noble Marquis, his owner, who is now in Italy, was to communicate his determination to follow that noble and independent example set him by Mr. Batson with regard to his horse Plenipotentiary, and refuse to sell him, he will find his horse have numbers of friends and admirers.—The appearance of Bran, and the whispered character of his abilities from the scene of his scholastic lessons, made him backed at 2 to 1 on him, 3 to 1 being laid against Mr. Merryman.

The Shorts—a mile—again brought forth Worlabay Baylock (rode as before by Robert Heseltine), Lord Slingo's Spume (rode by Connolly), and the Sister to Retainer (by Nelson)—the odds of course warranting nothing less than 5 to 1 on Worlabay. The

three blundered a false start, but went away together at the second attempt. Worlabay and Spume, however, soon went too fast for the mare, as very soon after starting she fell behind and never after got up. Spume kept the lead perhaps about a neck from Worlabay to about the distance post, where the appearance of a race presented itself, Spume not proving so much froth as Heseltine perhaps estimated; however, on applying the cold charge (steel) to his sides, he came away and won pretty cleverly about two lengths.

The First Year of the York Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 8st. 4lb. each—one mile and a half—followed as a closer for the day, and I might almost add the Meeting, with four at the tribunal—

Nell, rode by ..... Robt. Heseltine.

Mr. T. F. Fox's filly,

out of Mrs. Fry ... G. Nelson.

The Window Shut ..... J. Cartwright.

Medea ..... S. Templeman.

The odds 2 to 1 agst Nell and The Window Shut. Nell took the lead, and made the running to within the rails, when the lot began "the clank of war's alarms." Medea, however, first gave way, and then Nell and The Window Shut came up to the end head and head, presenting a most beautiful struggle, in which they were joined in the last few strides by the Mrs. Fry filly, her rider Johnson bringing her up "*à la Chifney*" just at the post—the end shewing one of the prettiest sights ever witnessed, and the event proving a dead heat with the Mrs. Fry filly and Nell, who beat The Window Shut (perhaps from the lad's tiring the first) only half a head.—On the second go Nell again took the lead about two lengths, and made good running to the rails ends, where Mrs. Fry filly went up, and both exhibited symptoms of being not a little tired; and on Heseltine's taking up his whip, Nell shewed her antipathy to a second lesson of such instruction by bolting over the rail, in doing which she went against a post, broke it in pieces, and fell upon a man who was mellow enough to be taken for "a jovial and true-hearted fellow." Mrs. Fry, therefore, came in by herself and was declared the winner. Fortunately (save and ex-

cept some slight stun) neither the rider, the mare, nor the man were any worse, and thereby the Penny Tract Society no doubt bewails the loss of an extraordinary narrative of the awful calamity attendant upon visiting the Race Course.

WEDNESDAY.—The usual Old Constitution Stake not having met with sufficient support in these reforming days; and there being no Colt Sapling Stake as usual; we had only a Fifty Pound Plate for the day's diversion, with a remnant of the company in attendance, many having left the place for the Manchester exhibition, which commenced this day. This said Plate was carried away by Mr. Skipsey's three-year-old colt Wyndham, at three heats (and might have been taken off as easy at two), beating without any difficulty Zohrab (who won the first heat), Daxon,

Rifleman, and Miss Potter:—7 to 4 agst Wyndham, and 2 to 1 agst Rifleman, whose exploits in this affair shewed in a very clear light to those who put public running together, and ponder on those things, that what Worlaby Baylock has done at this Meeting does not elevate him one shade above that scale to which he had arrived prior to starting this year, though it has certainly put more cash in his owner's pocket.

Thus ended Old Ebor's Spring Meeting; and with sanguine hopes that the bright spark of Sporting Spirit which has ever been possessed by her inhabitants may by another year be fanned into a cheering flame, and that my next scrawl may give a much more gratifying statement,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Ebor, May 22, 1834.

## OTTER HUNTING ON THE RIVER STOUR, KENT.

*Drawn and Engraved by J. GREIG,*

"Lo! to you sedgy bank  
He creeps disconsolate; his numerous foes  
Surround him, hounds and men."—SOMERVILLE.

IN the Weald of Kent, hunting the Otter has been pursued for many years, more for the purpose of destroying the animal than from any very superior enjoyment afforded by the sport. It was in that division of the county where the hunt occurred which originated the engraving given in our present Number. Here rises (says the artist) one of the branches of my favorite river for angling, the Stour. My domicile was for some years near to it, and I was frequently on its banks, delighted equally with the capabilities for angling which it possessed, and the beautiful scenery that everywhere accompanies it; but most pre-eminently where it flows through the grounds and estate of Nicholas Toke, Esq. and the parish of Great Chart. At this part of the river considerable care is taken to preserve the flab, not from the fair

angler, but from such depredators as poachers and otters. No sooner indeed is the *scal* of the latter apparent upon the mud or soft ground, or the *spraintes* discovered on the banks, than the country is up; the haunts of the animal are carefully examined; courageous dogs of all breeds that will take the water are got together; the hunt commences, and is followed up almost from day to day until death rides the river and the neighbourhood of the fell destroyer. Several days had been thus spent upon the occasion of this hunt, before one of the largest otters was killed that it ever was my lot to see: it weighed upwards of twenty-eight pounds, and must have been exceedingly destructive of the finny tribe.

"Bld the loud horns  
Proclaim the spoiler's fate....., he dies, he dies!"





## OTTER HUNTING.

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## REMINISCENCES OF JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. OF HALSTON.

BY DASHWOOD.

[The following "Reminiscences" formed part of our Correspondent's concluding Budget of "Hounds and Hunting," intended for last month, and were introduced in the MS. immediately after the account from Sussex; but were obliged to be postponed from the temporary interest of other articles.]

SIR,

**M**OST truly sorry was I not long since to observe in your Magazine an account of the death of Mr. Carr, so many years the respected Manager of the Brookside Harriers near Lewes, though I believe the dart was kindly shot which put an end to his lingering illness. Little did I think, poor fellow, when last spending a whole morning with him in his kennel, and listening with pleasure to his most sensible, most enthusiastic, and most sportsmanlike remarks, that in scarcely more than one short twelvemonth the *Hic jacet* was to be inscribed upon his tombstone! Yet still less, some few, *very few* years bygone, when parting, as it proved for ever, with that widely and well-known sportsman, Mr. Mytton, and quailing under the strength of his Herculean grasp, could I imagine that the cypress branch was so soon to be the sad ornament of his door-way\*, and that the feeble hand he was then wringing in kindness was thus destined to record his death! And that door-way, good God! where was it? Alas! far, far away from his own princely home of hospitality and happiness—from the noble halls of his suicidal splendour, and the wide

plains and wild woodlands of his hundred sports—the last days of this distinguished Englishman went prematurely down amidst the gathered clouds of dense adversity, and his last breath was drawn in that impure and choking atmosphere of metropolitan wretchedness,

"Where the low groans from some sad chamber flow,

Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;

And sorrowing men each kindred sorrow scan.

And the cold charities of man to man!"

Though, unlike Philoctetes in his distress, the *συντροφον ομμα*† of maternal affections kept the vigils of his last lorn couch, the very circumstance of the same hand which had rocked the cradle of his infancy amidst the brightest and most sun-gilt anticipations for his manhood, being *there*, self-destined, with all the devotion of a mother's grief and a mother's love, to smooth the pillow of his despair, was, if possible, an aggravation of the scene! Oh! what Highlander, even in the most blinded ages of the despotism of Superstition over implicit Credulity, would have given credence to his Taistate‡, had he heard him prophesy under the roof of Halston the consummation

\* The customary ceremonial amongst the Romans—see *Lucretius* and *Horace*. There is also, alas! another one mentioned by *Livy*, which would in this case be but too painfully applicable, and which I shall not more distinctly allude to.

† See that splendid passage in *Sophocles*—*Philoct.* l. 174.

‡ The Seer of the Second Sight.

in the King's Bench! Surely none, but he who, after Borodino had been fought and won, could have believed in the prediction of the solitary willows of St. Helena!

We all know that Mr. Mytton inherited a most splendid property; and had he not at so early an age become

"Lord of himself, that heritage of we,"

the event, which all who knew him are now deploring, would in all probability have been averted for many a year. Had his vast possessions, too, fallen to a youth of more tender frame and delicate constitution, many and many a temptation, of which his means afforded the most unbounded enjoyment, would, with its consequences both to purse and person, have been avoided, or at least less indulged in, and we might still have had amongst us a Monarch, as he at one time was. But Mr. Mytton was cast in an iron mould both of frame and constitution, that not only seemed to bid defiance to every indulgence of dissipation and corporeal exertion, but even to court their extreme excesses, as if to prove its invulnerability. No violence either of intemperance or of exercise appeared to make more impression on the "*robur et æs triplex*" of his adamantine strength, than do the "pale suns" of Zembla on the impassive frost-work of its rocks<sup>\*</sup>; and even Milo, of Crotona, himself might have been considered as almost rivalled in the record of some of the strange performances and exploits of the Squire of Halston. It certainly cannot therefore be matter of much surprise that a man, whose physical powers were

thus almost super-human, whose path was so thickly and invitingly strewn with temptations, and whose means of gratifying every wish and whim, either as it arose to himself or was suggested by his associates, were so extensive and so ready to his hand, should neither have imposed any very severe curb upon his passions, nor professed any very stoic determination of rugged abstinence from enjoyment. We accordingly find that he ransacked and exhausted every pastime, and sport, and pleasure of this life—it can scarcely be said, in their respective terms, but revelling in one and all of them almost at the same moment.

In the pursuit of sport his mind seemed as insatiable as his body was incapable of fatigue: the Ring—the Race Course—the Cockpit—the Covert-side—all beheld him at once the little Napoleon, as it were, of their regions. Alas! like that extraordinary man, he too has had not only his Moscow, and his Leipzig, and his Waterloo, but also the dull, though *phrenzied* miseries of his St. Helena, with the concomitant and concluding aggravation, to complete the parallel, of "the jailor" and his discordant key! To revert, however, to brighter times, if there be any one sport pursued in the United Kingdom more essentially English in its character than another, of that John Mytton of Halston was also more essentially the patron and supporter. Let his failings have been what they may, he was in heart and soul a Briton; and, before Heaven, I sincerely believe that every spot on the disk of his career may be

<sup>\*</sup> See the beautiful comparison in Pope's *Temple of Fame*.

traced, partly to the exuberance of his British heart, and partly to the misguidance of those who encouraged when they ought to have frowned; for though mainly, I admit, and in the end a self-sacrifice, I cannot but think he was in no little degree also sacrificed by companions who might have saved him.

Here for one moment let me pause, and say that of those errors *beyond eccentricity*, of which Mr. Mytton was undoubtedly guilty, I will be neither the defender nor the apologist: let that curtain, nevertheless, which the public has no right to raise, remain still strictly drawn over the privacy of his domestic life; and let him who would cast the first stone in condemnation of this splendid, but most unfortunate and most unhappy brother sportsman, pause also, and examine his own breast, and report *truly if he be in reality a better man!*

Mr. Mytton's habits, once fixed, may be easily supposed to have undergone no change of material consequence; but as he grew daily older, the expansion, I might say the *philanthropy*, of his noble heart grew also daily greater, and his hospitality and kindness to all around him must have been experienced to be described. Surely never, in this most selfish world, was there an individual less selfish, or one who, whilst wrapt up in the pursuit of his own pleasures, could be more eager to contribute to the participation in them of others amongst his associates! His purse—his house—his stables—and his kennels (to say nothing of the weighty benefits conferred by his powerful interest and commendation on many and many

an individual, who, if gratitude be not altogether banished from the earth, must long *gratefully* revere his memory)—all, all were open to the demands of his acquaintances, and all in turn, I have reason to believe, were as severely taxed as is now usual amongst mankind.

Oh! well might we exclaim with the Philosopher of old—what wanted all his splendour but endurance? Time, however, rolled on; and alas! Time also brought fast to him, as it has brought and is still bringing to others, the wretched consequences of improvidence, in the shape of difficulty and embarrassment; and after that desperate struggle to right the vessel, which might have been expected from a person of his warmth of temperament, the mighty statue reeled, and fell from its pedestal for ever!

Lightly, most lightly, would I pass over the distressing months which witnessed his difficulties, his exile, and his despair: let me say only, that when the last black period arrived, and when in his misery he thought he read inscribed on his prison portal a *farewell to Hope*—he vainly endeavored to quench the darts of remembrance by a still deeper and more deep immersion in that fatal although honeyed lethe, of which with impunity he had drained so many a bowl to its very dregs, but in which also the *deadly archer* was already steeping the shaft which was so soon to fly unerringly to its aim! As the Italian proverb justly says, "*L'arco si rompe, se sta troppo teso*;" and, to use another image, even the British oak of Mr. Mytton's constitution, *broad-sided* as it had been for a series of years by

the furious assaults of excess and excitement, *and never once hauled into dock to be refilled and recruited*, had begun at last to open its seams to the inflowing element; the "wine and wassail," therefore, of abandoned Hope did rapidly, and perhaps compassionately, their sad office: the "*invicti membra Glyconis*" shrank perceptibly and even daily, and he, who was formed alike for the admiration of man and the love of woman, closed his eyes, at the early age of 38, in an abode whose vulgar miseries I will not attempt to paint, leaving behind him a name, which, *whatever may be now said of it*, he might have transmitted to his successors as one most brilliant on the family records! With what a tearful eye must his Reverend Preceptor, did he see his cold and emaciated remains laid out on his last and miserable couch, have repeated his exclamation\*, "Only think, Sir, what the Squire, with his abilities, *might have been*, AND ONLY SEE WHAT HE IS!!"

SIT TIBI TERRA LEVIS!!!

My acquaintance with Mr. Mytton takes its date from either the last days of 1826 or the first of 1827, at which period he was in London, and a good deal about Long's Hotel, whose coffee-room I was then also in the daily habit of frequenting. My first actual introduction to him, however, took place before old Pearce's door at Smitham Bottom, and as the events of the day were rather good than otherwise, I cannot refrain from recording one or two of them. A lot of us were bound from London for Lord Derby's

fixture at Caterham Common; and it had been arranged over night that the well-known Matt Stewart, of the Queen's Bays, should take Mr. Mytton and myself to covert in his phaeton, we covenanting to give him, for the "value received" of the cast, the best breakfast (cherry brandy included) that the Red Lion could produce. No Mr. Mytton, nevertheless, made his appearance for a good hour after the appointment for the start; and as we knew that he had *five horses* (I believe of Mr. Tilbury's) stationed that morning *at the fixtures of five different packs* within reach of town, and that a highly important prize-fight was also to come off within twenty miles of Tom Cribb's, we concluded that he had altered his destination, and accordingly made the best of our way without him. A lark, however, against Matt Stewart, on his new chesnut horse, was too tempting to be resisted (it was this, and this alone, which procured for the Noble Earl and his stag-hounds the honor of Mr. Mytton's choice), and just as we had whoop'd a capital breakfast, up *whirl-winded* our lost sheep in a cab at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and in a cab, too, of which the owner knew at that moment no more "the whereabouts" than if such carriage had never belonged to him. The case, it appeared, stood thus:—Mr. Mytton arrived at Long's at much about the same time that Matt and I were clearing the town of Croydon, and, much to his relief, on finding that we had started without him. At the same moment up drove a Gentleman (*all but a stranger to*

\* See *Sporting Magazine* for May 1824, p. 112.

him) in his cabriolet, to ask a question of Sir Godfrey Webster on his road to the prize fight. Allowing, therefore, Mr. — to go quietly into the house, and abandoning his already meditated invasion of Sir Godfrey's chariot and four, which was in waiting at the Clifford-street entrance to take him also to the mill, he at once made prisoners of war of both cab and tiger, and, almost as much to the astonishment of the latter as of the unfortunate black horse between the shafts, proceeded forthwith to Smitham Bottom at about the pace of the Manchester engine that ran over poor Mr. Huskisson. "He'll die by God!.....give me something to drink!" was the first exclamation which I heard escape his lips on pulling up. However, die the poor devil did not, but was next day able to get back to his master's stables; and I am correct, I believe, in adding, that this unceremonious proceeding of helping himself to a lift to covert (so completely in keeping with the lights and shadows of Mr. Mytton's character) was the means of procuring for the Laird of Halston an intimacy with "the damned good fellow," as he used to designate the owner of the cab, which he valued not a little, as did all who possessed a similar advantage. To return however to the Red Lion. Though *we* had breakfasted, the Squire had not; and to my dying day I shall never forget either the meal which he made or the draughts which he swallowed. The vulgar cat-lap of tea or coffee was of course quite out of the question; but, ye Gods! to see him *turn* down the egg-flip—yea, positively *egg-flip* at half-past

ten o'clock in the morning!—was a sight that would have astonished even Mr. Beverley, who tells us, in one of his raving and most veracious rhapsodies, that the usual breakfast of Undergraduates at Cambridge consists of *cherry-brandy and bottled ale!*

By some piece of great good luck the hounds kept *their* appointment scarcely better than Mr. Mytton had kept *his*; and it was half-past eleven before the first batch of *sportsmen* started off at the haunches of the deer, and at least ten minutes later before Jonathan laid on his most splendid and even *princely* appointed pack, and we were therefore in fair time. For the first half-hour, almost as a matter of course, there was nothing but checking, and swearing, and over-riding; but for more than twenty minutes afterwards the pace became severe, and, my God! how both Mytton and Matt (or rather *Mad*) Stewart kept it up! As for riding to their hounds as ordinary men would endeavour to ride, *that* never for a moment entered into their imagination: the point in pursuit was to pick the largest fences, and as many of them as possible; and I must say that they succeeded to a miracle. To give even the most faint idea, however, of their various antics—their turning away from their hounds, and, like a couple of weathercocks on a windy day, pointing rapidly in succession to every "air" of the compass, in the laudable hope of pounding each other—utterly defies the pen: suffice it to say, therefore, that a more extraordinary exhibition of nerve and madness was never witnessed, and as our deer was kind enough

to accommodate them by crossing the very severest part of the Surrey Vale (taking in his way all the brooks and boggy bottoms in the neighbourhood of Bletchingly), there was quite enough, in my humble opinion, to do, without larking, to live with the pack for several miles. This I know right well, that it was as much as I could by possibility accomplish, although on a most superior fencer, which I had just purchased from George Orbell of Romford; and to do what they did, the two desperadoes must have been mounted on something almost preternatural. As I have already said Mr. Mytton rode a hired horse—a superb-looking brown—belonging, I think, to Mr. Tilbury, and Stewart was on his famous chesnut, which on the same day that I purchased my Gohanna mare he bought also out of Orbell's stables.

Our deer being fairly housed and taken, a kind of *posthumous* flight across the country homewards closed the proceedings of the morning; and after a *quantum sufficit* of hot chops and brandy-and-water (to have seen Mytton's performances on both would have made the hair of *Dandy Dinmont* stand on end), we all started together on our road to a hand-in-pocket dinner at Long's. Believe not, however, most gentle reader, that the White Lions, and King's Heads, and Black Horses of the way-side were "passed unheeded by" in our progress: long and long before the last *doch-an-donoch* left the pewter of the Swan at Stockwell, Mytton, at least, was amply qualified to have given evidence before a Parliamentary Committee as to the respective merits of

every porter-brewer in the metropolis; and as our rapid motion through the air (for, when we were moving at all, it was at a devil of a pace) caused of course "a curmurring of the liquids in the stomach," as Sir Walter has it, sundry sedatives were also necessary to keep all quiet, in the shape of purl and peppermint, gin and bitters, *cum multis aliis*. One incident in our progress town-wards I cannot refrain from putting on paper, inasmuch as it shews this extraordinary man in a light in which few have chosen to view him, and speaks forcibly of his sympathy with distress, even in some of his wildest and most unaccountable moments. We had pulled up to hay and water both bipeds and quadrupeds at the Telegraph on Britton-hill, and before the door of the public-house there was sitting a woman, evidently not a common beggar, though in apparent great distress, surrounded by a groupe of little shirtless and shoeless wretches, the sight of whom, before a word was spoken, made an appeal to Mytton's feelings. Causing the woman to come up to the carriage, and changing his tone from the boisterously mirthful key in which he had been convulsing us by his anecdotes, &c. &c. into one of deep and even respectful sympathy, he drew from her in a few sentences her tale of misfortune; and, as he literally had not one farthing remaining in his own pocket, borrowed a sovereign from me, and made me present it to her on the spot! Tell me that this shipwrecked man had not a heart? Why, what do I happen to know that he offered only a few days after this very occurrence to an



acquaintance—not a friend, but simply *an acquaintance*, then under a cloud? He had himself just raised ten thousand pounds on mortgage (this I know, for my own solicitor raised it for him), and hearing that the individual alluded to was most hardly pushed for *five hundred*, the want of which might operate most prejudicially on his future prospects, he went at once to him *with the bank notes in his hand*, and would have left them with him to be repaid at any time, with or even without the simple security of an I O U, or a note of hand, had not his noble interference been rendered unnecessary by a relation of the party having anticipated him. Nor is this at all a singular anecdote of his career: and could every act of generosity performed by John Mytton be put on paper, the record would form a volume, of which the dimensions would astonish this censorious and calumniating world! Again do I repeat the Roman formula, "*Sit tibi terra levis!*"

The closing scene of the first day of my personal acquaintance with this intrepid sportsman consisted of as excellent and jovial a dinner as eight fellows ever sate

down to in their lives, but one also, on which I confess I cannot look back without the strongest sensations of emotion and even distress. To think that in the brief space of seven short years, one individual, and one only, of that merry conclave should be left, over whom either "the gardener of the gravestone" had not performed his office, or whom the black ox of fallen fortunes had not visited with his rude assaults, is indeed a reflection that must sober the most mirthful! Yet even thus is it with regard to the party of that memorable evening. Poor Mytton himself, and Ralph Benson of Lutwyche, dead and gone!—Jack Tarleton of Collingwood—Matt Stewart of Lockridge—John Longden of Ashbourne—Jamie Henderson, the ally of Theodore Hook—the pilfered penner of this paragraph—all dispersed before the pitiless pelting of the storm—some into exile, and all in at least discomfort! there remains but the eighth, *My Lord of Birmingham*, as Beardsworth was then jocosely designated, on whom the sunbeams have not ceased to shine!!!

DASHWOOD.

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### ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

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SIR,

**O**BSERVING that your excellent, well-conducted, and widely-circulating Journal has within the last year warmly taken up the cause of Yacht Clubs, and the fiat of public opinion as to their national utility having been stamped upon them (the R. Y. S. and the Royal Irish Y. C. having had their advocates in your pages),

I may perhaps be not deemed obtrusive in offering you a few remarks upon the Royal Cork Yacht Club—the more so, as the history of this Club will supply information as to the origin of the institution of Nautical Societies.

To business then: I shall be as brief as possible.

The precise period of the com-

mencement of the "Water Club of the Harbour of Cork," as the R. C. Y. C. was then designated, cannot be stated, but the following facts have been fortunately preserved from oblivion. In the archives of the Club are preserved the Rules and Orders of the Club, with a list of the Members of 1720. One of those Rules (3d) refers to the "*ancient Rules and Constitutions of the Club*;" thereby shewing that the Club must have existed previous to 1720. An old copy of these Rules is in the possession of one of the Hon. Secretaries of the Club, and a reprint of them has been by him presented to the Club (one of which is sent you): this old copy was printed for the use of Members in 1765, and contains a list of "*New Members of 1760*;" and in this copy is also contained the order for the Secretary to "*prepare an Union Flag with the Royal Irish harp and crown on a green field in the center*," which, as well as pennant, they were authorised to wear by the then Commissioners of the Admiralty; and which flag is still the distinguishing one worn by the Club. So far is the history of this parent of Y. C.'s: it only remains for me to shew a *continuando* to the present time; after which I shall give you a few details as to its present constitution and management.

We have distinctly proved the existence of the Club anterior to 1720: its prosperity in that year: in the old copy we have, as you may perceive on reference to the 26th Rule, an Order, made the 21st April 1737: but in addition, I have to state this remarkable fact, that My Lord Inchiquin,

the ancestor of our Noble President, the Marquis of Thomond, procured the celebrated "*Monamy*" to paint a picture of the Club in sailing order; and also a representation of "*two Gentlemen's boats, Members of the Water Club of the Harbour of Corke*." Those two pictures, which were painted in 1738, are now in the possession of the Marquis of Thomond.

To proceed: I now produce an extract from a "*Tour through Ireland by two English Gentlemen*," printed in London, for J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane, 1748.

"I shall now acquaint your Lordship with a ceremony they have at Cork, where we are arrived: it is somewhat like that of the Doge of Venice wedding the sea. A set of worthy gentlemen, who have formed themselves into a body, which they call the *Water Club*, proceed a few leagues out to sea, once a year\*, in a number of little vessels, which, for painting and gilding, exceed the King's yachts at Greenwich and Deptford. Their Admiral, who is elected annually, and hoists his flag on board his little vessel, leads the van, and receives the honours of the flag. The rest of the fleet fall into their proper stations, and keep their line in the same manner as the King's ships. This fleet is attended with a prodigious number of boats, which, with their colours flying, drums beating, and trumpets sounding, forms one of the most agreeable and splendid sights your Lordship can conceive."—p. 18.

This evidence is certainly, it must be admitted, most impar-

\* This is evidently a mistake of the Author's, and should have been "every spring-tide," as the Rules shew.

tial; it is the evidence of Englishmen, who were inclined to do us more justice than, I regret to say, the present race are now-a-days. I have not, however, done with such testimony; for we have another traveller, Mr. Derrick, who, in a letter to the Earl of Cork, dated Sept. 18, 1762. (*vide Derrick's Letters*, printed in 1767,) says, "This harbour is large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain; the entrance is free, open, and bold: when you are in, you come to anchor off a village called Cove, where you are land-locked and secured from all dangers. Here are two islands, called Spike and Hawlebowlis, that serve as bulwarks to protect vessels riding at anchor from being damaged by the tide of ebb or floods off the land. On the latter of these islands are the remains of an old fortification, erected about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and which commanded all vessels of burden passing {up to Cork. Under this island we saw several elegant yawls and pleasure-boats belonging to a Society formed by the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry, who meet here every Saturday, during the summer half year, to dine and make merry, in an apartment which they have fitted up very commodiously among the ruins of these buildings." But we have still yet another authority or two of the same stamp. Here you have an extract from a "Tour through Ireland in 1779," by Phillip Luckombe, printed by J. Loundes, in Fleet-street, in 1783; 2d edition. On reference to page 96, you will find the Club noticed in like terms: and, to conclude, you may refer to the

"*Complete Irish Traveller*," which was published in London in the year 1788, wherein strangers are recommended to witness the assemblage of the Club on Club-days, as one of the best worth seeing amongst the sights in the south of Ireland. The rest of the period down to the present time is in the memory of many, during the whole period of which the Club continued (not excepting the disturbed times of 1798) with more or less success: during most of which time they enjoyed the co-operation and assistance of the Admirals on the station; amongst whom Thornborough, Drury, Gardiner, and Hollowel, are particularly to be mentioned; the latter two of whom prepared and revised the Code of Signals which the Club still retain. This patronage ceased with the command of Sir J. Rowley. I much regret that his successors were imbued with very different feelings towards the Club, and the hostility of the last Gallant Admiral cannot be accounted for upon any other principle than his avowed hatred for *everything Irish merely because it was or is Irish*. That, and the circumstance of the "*Paddy from Cork*" acquitting herself in such style in beating two crack cutters of the R. Y. S., may throw some light upon this aversion.

I find my paper has run to a very long extent. Should you deem these observations worthy of a place in your periodical, fair play entitles the Royal Cork Yacht Club to be heard through its columns. With your leave I shall close my present observations here, with a request that you will permit me to give you the details of the pre-

sent constitution and management of our Club, and, as I trust, to shew you, that, as we are the most ancient, so we are the most liberal Yacht Club in existence.

A MEMBER OF THE R. C. Y. C.  
Cove of Cork, May 25, 1834.

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RULES AND ORDERS for the WATER CLUB of the HARBOUR of CORK.

1. ORDERED—That the Water Club be held once every spring-tide, from the first spring-tide in April to the last in September inclusive.

2. ORDERED—That no Admiral do bring more than two dishes of meat for the entertainment of the Club.

3. RESOLVED—That no Admiral presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat; for it has always been deemed a breach of the ancient Rules and Constitutions of the Club, except when My Lords the Judges are invited.

4. No Captain to bring any stranger to the Club, unless they should lie at the Captain's house the night before: this Order not to extend to the Admiral, who has a right to invite whom he pleases.

5. ORDERED—That the Secretary do prepare an Union Flag with the *Royal Irish Harp and Crown* on a *Green Field in the Center*.

6. ORDERED—That the Water Club Flag be hoisted on Club-days early in the morning on the castle of *Haulboline*.

7. RESOLVED—That six Members make a full Club, and that all transactions and matters whatsoever, as are agreed unto by such a number, or more, shall be binding to the Members of the said Club.

8. ORDERED—That the Secretary have the Rules of this Club affixed to some proper place in the Club-room at *Haulboline Island*.

9. ORDERED—That no long-tail wig, large sleeves, or ruffles, be worn by any Member at the Club*.

10. ORDERED—That no boat pre-

sume to sail a-head of the Admiral, or depart the fleet without his orders, but may carry what sail he pleases to keep company.

11. ORDERED—That when any of the fleet join the Admiral, if they have not guns to salute, they are to give three cheers, which are to be returned by the Admiral; and one cheer to be returned by the Captain so saluting.

12. RESOLVED—That the Admiral of the day, to be the better distinguished, do wear at his mast-head a proper small flag.

13. RESOLVED—That twenty-five be the whole number of the Members that this Club may consist of.

14. RESOLVED—That such Members of the Club, or others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner, be fined a bumper.

15. RESOLVED—That the Members of this Club do entertain in course of seniority (if in the kingdom), or appoint another Member to take his turn, upon proper notice given him by the Secretary, upon pain of expulsion.

16. RESOLVED—That all business of the Club be done before dinner, except appointing the time of the next Meeting, or presenting, mulcting, and levying fines.

17. RESOLVED—That every Member to be admitted into the Club shall pay (*pro rata*) as much as has been paid by any Member, towards building and upholding the Club-room, and for any other necessities.

18. RESOLVED—That the Captains of this Club, who have boats, and shall not attend properly for the future, by sending their boats (unless they can shew very good cause), shall for every such offence forfeit one *English* crown towards buying gunpowder for the use of the fleet, which the Secretary is hereby ordered to levy, and lay out for the said use.

19. RESOLVED—That the Knight of the Island be accountable for all goods and materials belonging to the Club-room.

* There is in the old copy a manuscript annotation, stating this rule to be abolished.

20. ORDERED—That the Knight of the Island for the time being do suffer no person or persons whatsoever to go into the Club-room, unless brought by a Member, or by an order of five Members at the least, under their hands, on pain of being cashiered.

21. ORDERED—That the Admiral singly, or any three Captains whom he shall appoint, do decide all controversies and disputes that may arise at the Club; and any Captain that shall refuse to abide by such decision is to be expelled.

N.B. This order to extend to the Chaplain, or any other inferior Officer.

22. ORDERED—That the fleet meet at *Spithead* between the hours of nine and eleven in the morning; but the Admiral may appoint any hour, not later than eleven, as also the place of rendezvous, upon extraordinary occasions.

23. ORDERED—That the Secretary write notice to the Captains not present at the last Club (but in the kingdom) of the next Meeting, either by post or messenger: the Captain sent unto is to pay.

24. RESOLVED—For the future that no person whatsoever be admitted or elected a Member of this Club but by ballot.

25. RESOLVED—That no person be suffered to land on the Island on any Club-day unless by leave from the Admiral.

26. April 21st, 1737, ORDERED—That for the future, unless the company exceed the number of fifteen, no man be allowed more than one bottle to his share, and a peremptory.

27. RESOLVED—That each Mem-

ber (unless out of the kingdom) entertains in his turn, or substitutes a Member in his room; otherwise the Secretary is to provide a dinner, the cost of which is to be paid by the Member whose turn it shall be to attend, on pain of expulsion.

OLD MEMBERS 1720.

Lord Inchiquin.
Hon. James O'Bryen.
Charles O'Neal.
Henry Mitchell.
Richard Bullen, Chaplain.
John Rogers.

NEW MEMBERS 1760.

* Thomas Newenham.
Morrough O'Bryen.
George Conner.
Richard Longfield.
James Nash.
William Hodder.
* Philip Lavallin.
John Newenham.
Walter Fitzsimonds.
* Samuel Hoare.
William Hays.
Michael Parker.
* Abraham Devonahere.
John Bullen.
* Robert Rogers.
* James Devonshere.
John Walcott.
Thomas Parsons.
Henry Puxly.
* Robert Newenham, Secretary.

The names thus * marked subsequently died or ceased to be Members, and the following were elected in their room, and are added in MS. in the old copy.

Edward Roche.
Edmund Roche.
Richard Dunscombe.
Robert Atkins.
John Baldwin.
Robert Baldwin.
Sampson Stawell.

TWO LETTERS ON THE PROPAGATION OF THE EEL.

SIR,

I AM afraid, when speaking of "the Loves of the Eels," and requesting an elucidation thereof, your Correspondent J. M. LACEY has indeed started a "slippery subject;" but as the inquiry has

been entered on before, and occupied the attention of Naturalists (although I believe without any satisfactory result), I see no reason why it should not be renewed, in the hopes that some

new light may be thrown on the puzzle, no matter whether under the auspices of "the Lady of the Rose," or "the Black Witch of the Dell." So here goes—"think of that, my mistresses"—and if your lovers are as *secret* as the cock congers, and you are as happy in your *accouchemens* as the hens, you may "plant" the produce in every corner of the world, and yet be considered as chaste and pure in your "Loves" as the Angels—by the bye, *not* Tom Moore's Angels.

But to be serious. Having resided many years during my youth on the banks of the Severn, at a place called Ellmore (probably in olden writings Eelmore), mind on the "Western Side," I can therefore bear testimony good and true both as regards King Richard and "*The Witch*." I am now about to relate a *fact*, and therefore shall be very plain. I have, together with other boys (for this question was mooted amongst us Tyros even then), stocked, direct from the Severn, the horse-pond in our play-ground, just opposite the old house and Roman Catholic Chapel, and which belongs to Sir William Guise (I see it in my mind's eye now), with elvers in the spring, and taken them out a few months afterwards considerably improved in size. That *they* were the *same* identical fish which were put in there is no reason whatever to doubt, as the said pond was dry and cleaned out the summer before, and there were no fish then in it; nor was there any stream to feed the said pond, whence a supply might be gained. This

I consider established the fact that small elvers become what are commonly called silver eels. If further proof be wanting, let any one who is curious on the subject, and who lives in the neighbourhood, take a forked stick and twist it round a thick matted weed in any of the ditches on the moors on the western side of the Severn, say two or three months after the appearance or ascension of the elvers up the mother stream, and they will pull out from ten to twenty small eels, differing perhaps in size from each other; that is, from the original elver up to a crow quill, from that to a swan's quill, and even bigger; and this, I should think, would happen (as well as I can recollect) between the hay and corn harvest; and try them *later*, and you will find the young eels *larger*, and so on. Then set "eel pouts" or pots, or *wheels** as they are called, in the same ditches, early next spring (and mind before the elvers run up again), and the present year's produce *shall be* as big as your thumb. I have since resided on the estuary of the Tone, and can vouch for the same appearance in the spring of elvers both in that river and in the Parret; and as there are a considerable number of weirs and locks, and other obstructions in the former river, so as to hinder the elvers from running so quick up as otherwise, I have noticed that many of those small fish so obstructed or kept back about the locks and weirs, have stayed long enough there to grow, and may be seen swimming on the surface, many of them *im-*

* The eel will come, like many other fish, to a scent, and, if I am not mistaken, some of the boys used to touch the bait in the eel pout with a finger. These baskets used to be taken out as full as they could hold.

proved in size, amongst the small or tiny fry, which may have been rather later in their arrival.

The trout feed upon them whilst ascending the river Tone. A quarter of a pound weight of elvers may frequently be found in the stomach of a moderate sized fish: and it may be further remarked, that during the whole run of the elver, and which continues longer on the Tone than in the Severn, the trout in the former are invariably white and flabby when dressed. And this circumstance of the trout feeding on them is a further proof that elvers become large eels; for if they did not (and it has never been argued that they die in this early state), why then the trout would continue to make them their food until the autumn; but the fact is, they grow rapidly, and are soon out of size for bait for trout. They which remain about the weirs and mills then get, as in the moors near the Severn, imbedded in the weeds; and in the latter part of the summer, in the hot weather, the boatmen catch thousands of them, when the water is down, in their coal-baskets—then elvers no longer, but grig eels, the same as J. M. LACEY means when he quotes the word “totting.”

Having proceeded thus far, the next question which may be asked is, whence come these shoals or myriads of small eels or elvers? I answer, probably from the depths or caverns of the ocean; and that these tiny fish are the off-

spring (whether viviparous or not is nothing to the present question) of the mighty conger: and when they first run up, it may be observed, they are the same colour as the conger, but afterwards get darker, or of a greenish hue, as they increase in size; and if they were viewed, no doubt, through the lens of a microscope, they would be found to correspond with their huge parent in every particular*.

I consider both Rondeletius and Walton to be right when they state that eels *seek* the salt water, but never return from the depths of the ocean; yet I will, nevertheless, *not swear* by old Izaak's authority, when he goes so far as to state, that he is much inclined to that *opinion*, because, by his own experience, “powdered beef,” or salt junk, “is an *excellent bait* to catch an eel.”—Let us now continue the hypothesis: if elvers continue not at their original size, but increase and become silver eels in their progress up the stream, why not, *per contra*, this silver eel become the conger; and that in a very short time, too, when he has reached and laved in the briny sea? Most Naturalists know the very quick and surprising increase of the salmon after its first, and I believe second, return to the salt water; and as elvers are not found *after* the month of August in our estuaries, or further up in the fresh-water streamlets, but *have* become eels; so silver eels are never found, as I have under-

* Mr. Yarrell says, “the notion entertained by some that river-eels on going to the sea remain there, and become congers, scarcely requires a serious remark. No person, who is accustomed to look for specific distinctions in animals can fail to observe them when comparing either of our fresh-water eels with the conger. These differences, which extend to colour, form of body, and situation of fins, receive further confirmation on examining their internal structure.”—*Izaak's Gleanings in Natural History*, Second Series, page 69.—E.P.

stood, after October or November (the months for running) in the ocean: but during the hot months, in the following year, then slides forth the greedy and monstrous conger from the holes and fastnesses of the rocks and sunken caverns, and will take whatever bait you fling to him—powdered beef, mutton, or veal. But mind, if you fish for *him*, that he is as strong as well as a slippery fellow; your tackle must be strong—your nerve good—your hand ready—your hatchet sharp—or he will prove an ugly customer in a boat.

But some limit must be put to this, or my letter, like the elver, will soon grow into a conger, not with the *taste*, however, of salt water. I confess that a dozen or two of Burgundy would be much more likely, if necessary, to make me *expand*; and I remain, Sir, yours, &c. P. H.

SIR—Having read the remarks in your April Number on the subject of Eels, and as the writer seems to intimate that anything tending to a further elucidation of their habits and mode of procreation would not be unacceptable, I trust I may not be thought intrusive in offering the following remarks on the subject.—It is well known that great differences exist as to the manner in which eels are bred; some averring that they are produced by generation, as other fish, and others maintaining that they breed as some worms do out of mud, by the sun's heat, or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways; which reasoning derives some countenance from the well-known fact of barnacles being bred by the sun's heat on the

sides of a ship: and in support of those denying eels to possess the power of breeding by generation, it may be argued that no person has ever known an eel to possess a roe or melt; whilst, *vice versa*, it has been urged, that although eels breed by generation (having been observed clinging to each other like dew-worms), yet they do not spawn as other fish do; but the young come alive from the female, being then of the size of a pin: and it is affirmed that eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish, but so small as not easily to be discerned by reason of their fatness, the he and she eel being distinguishable by their fins. I believe it is a question undecided by Naturalists whether the eel is a viviparous or an oviparous fish. If it should be granted that eels do not spawn, and are never out of season, yet as they are best in winter, and worst in May, this may be taken to be their breeding month: and it has been said, that as pearls are formed of glutinous dew-drops condensed by the sun's heat, so eels are bred of a particular dew falling in the month of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers adapted by nature for that end, which by the sun's heat are in a few days turned into eels: and indeed rivers and ponds have been and are annually known to be literally covered with myriads of young eels or elvers, in such quantities that the poor people catch them for the purpose of making a kind of eel-cake of them to be eaten as bread. From what circumstance eels should be induced to take long and perilous journeys it is difficult to determine, as it has never been ob-

served or imagined that *old eels* take annual trips, after the manner of salmon, for the purpose of depositing spawn; but, on the contrary, I believe these swarms of wandering eels have invariably been found to be *young ones*. Whatever may be the cause, yet the following extract from Jesse's "Gleanings in Natural History" tends to shew that some extraordinary commotion happens annually among the eel tribe:—"So strong is their migratory disposition, that it is well known few things will prevent their progress: even at the locks at Teddington and Hampton the young eels have been seen to ascend the large posts of the flood-gates, in order to make their way when the gates have been shut longer than usual. Those which die stick to the posts; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer of them is formed to enable the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. A curious instance of the means which young eels will have recourse to, in order to perform their migrations, is annually proved in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Near that city there is a large pond, immediately adjoining which is a stream. On the bank between these two waters a large tree grows, the branches of which hang into the pond. By means of these branches the young eels ascend into the tree, and thence let themselves drop into the stream below; thus migrating to far distant waters, where they increase in size, and

become useful and beneficial to man. A friend of mine, who was a casual witness of this circumstance, informed me that the tree appeared to be quite alive with these little animals. The rapid and unsteady motion of the boughs did not appear to impede their progress."

Eels, contrary to other fish, never swim *up* but always *down* the stream; and it is said that eels bred in rivers adjacent to the sea never return to the fresh waters, as the salmon does, when they have once tasted the salt water. Eels are very susceptible of cold, and, during the cold months of the year, they get into the soft earth or mud, where many of them bed themselves together, and live without feeding upon anything, as some swallows have been observed to do. There are several sorts of eels—the silver eel, green eel, and a blackish eel, whose head is more flat, and bigger than ordinary. The river Kennet in Berkshire, the Stour in Dorsetshire, the Irwell in Lancashire, and the Aukham in Lincolnshire; together with the Severn, have been famed for producing excellent eels—the river Aukham so much so as to give rise to the following proverbial rhyme:—

"Aukham eel, and Witham pike,
In all England is none sike."

I believe too I have somewhere read of "the Kennet swift for silver eels renowned *."

Yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

May 23d, 1834.

* Pope.—ED.

This question—the generation of the eel—which has not only puzzled the learned, but occupied the attention of Naturalists from Aristotle to our own times, has been at last set at rest by Mr. Yarrell, who has proved, by exami-

nations and dissections of eels procured from different parts of the country, that they are OVIPAROUS, having *melt* and *roe* like other fishes. That gentleman has traced them to the brackish water, where they generally, though not universally, deposit their spawn, and has followed the young in their extraordinary spring journeys up the great rivers, and into the brooks and rivulets, in which they seek out appropriate haunts.—Ed.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST—BY JUAN.

LETTER THE SECOND.—FALCONRY AT DIDLINGTON HALL, NORFOLK.

SIR,
WHEN I offered for your consideration a series of papers for the summer months, I proposed to cater for your pages such matter as I conceived best suited to the object with which they are published: I trust you will find me not of those "who keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope." The present is an era in which the periodical press has assumed far too high an altitude, and is conducted with too much talent and energy, to allow any work to lay claim to public patronage by the revival of stale "*refacciamientos*," from however ingenious originals, or to continue its fame by a career of literary larceny. Surely then a Magazine, which has been for so many years the *only* channel for the record of sporting events, in the greatest sporting country in the world, when *all* are making such rapid strides towards perfection, ought to be among the foremost in this race of generous contention. In the days that are gone by doubtless there was much individual excellence, though exerted for the few—the multitude feeding upon coarser viands: *now* the taste for the acquirement of letters has become universal, and mediocrity is no longer tolerated. It is, I fear, an impertinence in

me to offer counsel to you; but, Sir, if I may be permitted a word of well-intended advice, I would say—"Put your shoulder to the wheel—whip your horses, the contributors—*then* call upon Jove (the public), and your prayer will not be *unregarded*."

It is singular that Hawking, once a sport so celebrated as to be the very symbol of Nobility, should, at the present day, be almost unknown in England. Certainly the enclosure of the extensive waste tracts of country, so essential to Falconry, may account for its not being as general as once it was, but now it is all but extinct. In fact there is but *one* establishment of hawks, such as was wont to be, in England—indeed in Europe. The season for this noble sylvan play is from the early part of April to the commencement of July, that being the period at which the heron, the great quarry in falconry, is most fitted for flying at. In affairs of sporting literally "all have been fish that come to my net:" could I then, longer, have left this prime "fin" unthrown for? Of hawking I knew as little, as the inhabitants of *Boothia*, if there be any, may be imagined to comprehend of

the quadrature of the circle. My resolution was soon taken, and as quickly acted upon; and thus, with many conflicting anticipations of this *wrinkle*, I left town early in May for a brief sojourn in the land of ponderous poultry and indigestible dumplings.

Although I have never taken the obligation formerly administered at Highgate, not to kiss the maid when I could kiss the mistress, &c. &c., still I have ever cultivated the practice never to apply to a subordinate when the principal was to be met with. Acting upon this salutary plan, as I have ever found it, I wrote to the Noble Proprietor of Didlington for permission to visit his Hawking Establishment, and to view the sport. To this application (I had written to a Gentleman) of course I received a polite reply: in this instance it was most kind and considerate, instructing me, as a stranger, how best to arrange my plans so as to further my wishes.

Shaping my course from the advice I had thus received, I proceeded to the little rural village of Mondford in Norfolk, situated about two miles from the *kennel* of the Falcons: here, however, I was not long fated to continue, for immediately on my arrival I had a most hospitable invitation from Lord Berners, and set up my staff at Didlington. As I must believe everything connected with Falconry to be as perfect a novelty to the readers of these pages as it was to myself, before I proceed to a detail of the sport, it will not be unacceptable to offer such preliminary observations as may the better enable the subsequent matter to be understood.

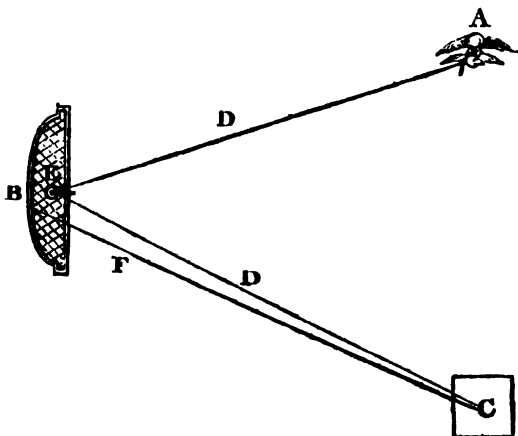
With the exception of the Hereditary Grand Falconer, Lord Berners is the only person now in England, or, as I said before, in Europe, who cultivates this fine wild sport in its original fashion. The hawks used for flying at the heron are brought here from Germany, the common hawk of this country not having courage for this chase. The most celebrated of these birds is the Iceland: this is, however, extremely rare, the only "cast," (that is, pair) ever seen I believe in England having been presented by the King of Denmark to Lord Orford, who formerly had an establishment for hawking near Newmarket. The next in value and rarity is the Gyr falcon, not known here now. These two species had the peculiar faculty of "rising on the trail of their quarry," that is, of proceeding in a direct line after their game. The description now in use is of the genus "*Falco peregrinus*" of Linnæus, and which for the purpose of ascending is obliged to fly against the wind, using it as a lever to lift them, as we see boys do with their paper-kites: this, however, much enhances the interest of a flight, which, from the manœuvres of these splendid birds, is often beautiful beyond imagining: fixing their prey with the eye, and forcing themselves up the wind, they stoop upon the foe, cleaving the air rapid as bolt from cross-bow.

Years ago, when falconry was more practised, there used to be a fair for the sale of these birds, tamed and trained, at a village named from it "Valconswaard," situated twenty-four miles from Bois-le-duc, a town in the Low Countries, seventy miles north-

east of Antwerp. In this place, at the present time, reside the persons by whom the capture and training of falcons for the chase are exclusively professed. The manner of this achievement is very curious, and deserves especial notice. They are taken in October and November, when proceeding from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark to the southward, and in March on their return. The latter period is, however, the least esteemed for capturing them, as it is too far advanced in the year to allow for training the birds for that season. A very strange circumstance occurred to these men some years since, when engaged in this oc-

cupation: a hawk had been lost in June in a flight at Didlington, and they re-captured the same individual, in their German toils, on his route home in the subsequent March.

When the falconers proceed on their annual hunt, they select, in the first instance, a piece of rough heathery waste, over which the hawks are accustomed to pass; from this they remove the long grass, heath, &c. &c., and fasten a pigeon to a small stake driven slightly into the ground, so as to admit being pulled up when necessary. Their net is then laid, and arrangements made, of which the annexed anagram will furnish the most correct idea.



- A.—The stake to which a live pigeon is fastened.
- B.—The top or frame-work of a net, of a circular form, and rising about four feet from the ground.
- C.—The hut, constructed of rude materials, such as heather, &c., in which the falconers are concealed.
- D D.—The string, one end of which is attached to the pigeon, and passing through a hole (E) made in a stake standing about the centre of net, and returning to the hut.
- F—A string fastened to the top of the frame-work of net, to enable the falconers to pull the net over the hawk when drawn under by hanging to his prey.

When the hawk has stooped and fastened upon the pigeon, the line attached to it is drawn till it is "chock" with the hole E in the plan: this being too small to permit the pigeon being drawn through, the net is drawn over both, and thus simply the taking effected. The falcons thus procured are then carried home, familiarised as much as may be, and held constantly, hooded, upon the "fist." Two little bells are attached to the legs, for the double purpose of giving notice to the falconers if their bird be hid in covert or long grass, and also to prevent a keeper from shooting him should he stray away in a flight. About the close of March, having trained their hawks to fly at pigeons, their future "lure," with a line fast to the leg, the falconers set off with them for England, arriving early in April at Didlington, to which place, if it so please you, we will also accompany them.

On my visit, I found there thirteen—of classes for different flights, at rooks, curlewes, and herons: five were "*hors de combat*" from various casualties: nine "casts" is the supply brought over yearly. To attend on these I found three German falconers, a principal and two assistants: the former told me he had been making this journey for the last fourteen years, and indeed, as some assurance of this, he speaks English like a native. Of the other two Van Duncks, one is about the handsomest young fellow I ever happened to set eyes on; and, of a surety, if the girls of Valconsward are but as well looking as this male specimen, then must it be a choice place for a lounge of a wet Sunday. The

hawks are kept at a spot called "The High Ash," where the falconers reside also. On this magnificent eminence a building is erected, something resembling the "stands" on our race-courses: from this, when the wind is at east, the hawks are sometimes flown, as *then* the game, going down wind, has no plantation or other covert near for concealment. However, the general mode of flying them is thus: some sheltered nook is selected, over which the herons are in the habit of passing to the fens to feed, or of returning with prog to their young. Here the party engaged in the sport, mounted, assemble: presently the cry of "*Heron à la vole!*" which being interpreted meaneth "Tally-ho!" announces the quarry in view. One or two hawks, as the case may seem to require, are forthwith unhooded and enlarged: for a moment they soar away, lost apparently in wonderment and delight: anon the heron is espied, and away you go.

Now here let it be permitted me to premise that I am no tailor. On the contrary, it has been conceded that I am a very tolerable tool. On the faith of this accordance, I pronounce that fox-hunting is but as a canter on a rocking-horse when held in comparison with a *run* with falcons in full flight after their heron down wind. If any of my readers chance to feel sceptical, by way of assisting his imagination, let him place himself upon his saddle, bringing his nose as near to the perpendicular as possible; then "*his thorough-bred gingery til, a star-gazer too,*" let him ram "*the Sheffields*" into his ribs as hard as he is able, and rattle away,

through a rabbit warren, and see how his nerves will feel after that. Lord Berners told me they were occupied one fine day for two hours trying to pull in a worthy's shoulder, who had dislocated it after this approved manner. The Duke of Rutland had not long since a shocking bad fall while galloping thus, and not "minding where he leaped." Of course, in an affair of this kind you leave all to Providence and your pony; and his must be no despicable faith who puts it to such ordeal.

During the day the hood is never removed from the hawk; in point of fact *his* nightcap is only taken off when the falconer makes preparation for putting on his own. Their food consists of the very best of beef: your hawk has a saucy palate, and turns sulky as a bear with a sore head upon detecting any inattention to his table. They are fed once a day, but, of course, not before they are taken out to hunt. I do not think they would ever follow their quarry except from sheer hunger. In my opinion, they are very far from being birds of courage; indeed, I have seen them show marks of very distinguished dunghill: one of the people related a convincing proof of this to me. A few days before I saw them, *two* having been unhooded and flown at a heron, missing her, tackled each other—termed in falconry "crabbing." Here it was to be supposed they would have got up a "mill," but it was far otherwise—these truly christian specimens of feathered respectability suffering themselves to be separated with praiseworthy resignation. This is said, however, to be no trait in the charac-

ter of such as have not been subjected to restraint. In their wild state, their German masters told me, each appropriates to himself a certain territory, where, in imitation of His Grace of Newcastle, he "does as he likes with his own:" none other, under any pretence, is suffered to approach his dominions: if an intruder show, who thinks himself a better "hawk," they see it out upon the spot, and the conqueror installs himself as lord of all, like the strong man in the Bible.

The family falcon bestows much care and attention on the education of his children: having *captivated a bird*, as they express themselves in Yankeeshire, he gives it a gentle squeeze, lets it go, and sets his youngsters after it. If they are able to catch it, well and good; down they sit to dinner without grace: but if it should prove too strong or fleet for them, the old boy gives it another little nip, and so on, until they succeed.

It had been attempted to breed hawks in this country, but without success, by a Gentleman of the name of Downes, who resided near Yarmouth. He used, I understand, every possible precaution to assimilate their treatment to their wild state, but it was a failure. Some few are annually taken at Hunstanton Cliff, situated near Lynn; but though they answer pretty well for partridge, they never can get them to muster courage for a flight at the heron. There was a gentleman, some years ago, who, wishing to have an establishment on a most magnificent scale for *hawking* (I borrow an Irishism from the lack of any appropriate term), caused some young eagles to be pro-

cured, and trained by a German falconer to fly at deer, hares, kites, and such like. Having been subjected to the regular discipline, and gone through the customary routine, being supposed fit for a trial, they were taken out; but on the removal of the hood, they shewed such ferocious anxiety to get at a *ohild* which happened to be in the way, that our Scottish experimentalist, not having a turn for such amusement, ordered their instant decapitation as the safest alternative.

The only interruption which their hawking in Norfolk has met with during the last seventy years was during the latter part of the last war. Louis Bonaparte, at that time King of Holland, detained the falconers when about leaving that country for England, and employed their talents for some time in his own service: he then transferred them to his brother Napoleon, who used to make them exercise their art for his entertainment at Versailles. On his commencing his ill-fated Russian campaign, having expressed a wish for their company to those inhospitable regions, they obtained their *cong  de partir*, on representing theirs to be the profession of *wings*, and not of *arms*.

One of the most remarkable features at Diddington is the "Heroury." Here these birds build in prodigious multitudes, going regularly to the fens, about eight miles off, to feed. When going out these are called *light*, when they return, *heavy*. On being attacked by their enemy, the hawk, they possess the facility of disgorging their "*wittles*," and thereby lightening themselves for

the contest. Of course, it is well known that they are migratory, though some are found to continue with us all through the year. They generally turn themselves towards the south before the winter sets in, where the open springs afford them good fishing stations, returning here again in February for the purpose of breeding. They are a generation of long-lived ones, of which the falconers recite many anecdotes. In *hunting* them, if it be possible, the life of the heron is always preserved. When taken, the custom is to make fast to its leg a small plate, bearing the date and place of capture. One was sent to England which had a plate attached in this way, and was shot very many years "after date" at Vienna. In the year 1821, as the falconers were returning into Germany, after landing at Calais on route for Ghent, they were accosted on the road by a person, who inquired if the hawks they were carrying were not the property of Major Wilson (it was before Lord Berners had succeeded to the Peerage): on being answered in the affirmative, he said he had shot, a few days before, a heron with a label on its leg, which had been taken at Diddington in 1814! The falconer told me he went to the Gentleman's house where the bird was preserved, and found the statement was perfectly correct.—Their habits appear to resemble very much those of the swallow, as they constantly return from their winter's tour to their former accustomed haunts. They are very graceful looking birds, and I wonder to see them so little countenanced as domestic subjects: in my opinion they

form a colony vastly more appropriate and ornamental around a country mansion than your noisy riotous rooks, who appear to have cawed themselves into such undeserved popularity.

Here, for a space, may I crave permission to withdraw my notice of generalities, and individualize a scene, the better, as far as the powers of a most feeble pen enable me, to pourtray upon my page a *real* run with falcons. To this end I select for my specimen the seventeenth of May, on which day it was generally pronounced that they had one of the most superior flights witnessed for some years, and on which auspicious occasion it was my good fortune to be present. From experience I wanted no warning of the danger attending indiscreet jockeyship over these most treacherous downs; but where is wisdom or discretion when the blood is boiling in the veins?

"Quid enim, concurratur, horæ
Memento, cita mors venit, aut victoria
læta!"

"Who would not ride to see the falcon's
stoop,
Or risk his neck to join the gay who-
whoop!"

In a former part of my letter I denominated this a "wild sport," and I cannot imagine any of which the features possess more of the very spirit of the ancient sylvan pastime. It were impossible to invest *this* with aught of the tameness and mannerism which are too often, I lament to say, permitted to cast their chilling shadows even over our own noble fox-hunting. The place of meeting is almost always, as it was on this occasion, a dreary, wizard heath: around you looked in vain

for trace of man's handy-work: no sound broke the palpable stillness, save the curlew as it darted past with its shrill and startling whistle, or, from the sole spot of concealment, the jingle of the small silvery-stoned bells of the falcons sounding as unearthly as the airy manacles of the Lady-spirits flitting along the midnight corridors of Otranto! Presently were descried, on the farthest extremity of the moor, bounded only by the horizon, indistinct visions of horsemen rising as it were from out the earth, and gliding swiftly forward to the trysting-place. Small space elapsed till all had reached the goal—the tiny band of Cavaliers, standing out in full relief from the sunny back-ground, as if grouped in very foil to Nature's wide magnificence! A moment all is anxiety and breathless expectation—the "*Heron à la vole*" resounds, the hawks are enlarged, and the chase is up. Behold how the falcons, "towering in their pride of place," essay to climb above their game for the fatal stoop—the quarry feels to fight at odds—she remembers her of home and kindred—regardless of her own safety, yet knows she, with all the mother's instinct, that in her destruction were involved that of "all her little ones at one fell swoop:" and now turning again homewards, see her stretch in her swiftness away for the nest of her callow progeny, far in the leafy retreats of woody Didlington. "Now rose from earth to air" the fierce yajer yells of the German, mingled with the exhilarating cheers of our own fair land. In an instant, with these spirit-moving cries, the frenzy of the

chase took possession of both the horse and his rider. Before me dashed madly onwards the young and gallant leader of the sport, his looks intently turned towards the Heavens, as though he invoked their aid and protection for his perilous adventure. Next him did even I full recklessly urge forward my prancing steed, nothing loth, though I am not ashamed to plead guilty to the impeachment—

"I trembled as I gallop'd, 'pon my soul!"

"Now they're on her..... beautiful, beautiful!.....ha! she foils them.....at her, at her, my boys, at her.....see they breast it.....lovely, lovely!.....now they stoop to her again.....on her, boys, on her.....again she doubles.....magni—(*hold up, damn the burrows*).....now again she's straight and away for the covert.....forward—(*dreadful fall that gentleman's got!*).....see how they stoop to her as she goes.....what a flight! oh! rare, rare!"

Amid sounds and perils such as these I speedily found myself close to the lodge at Didlington, though of my way thither I saw about as much as does the youthful porker of the turnpike-road, along which he travels when consigned to the market in a bag, the mouth of which is carefully confined by a string twisted and tied around it. To descend from hyperbole: I had done four mortal miles across a *rabbity* country, best pace, literally like "a pig in a poke." I am far from secure that description is my *forte*, but certainly, should I have succeeded in conveying to my readers anything like a correct idea of a flight of "Heron and Hawks," I confess it is infinitely more

than I could achieve for myself till by the aid of a soothing cordial I had regulated the pace of my pulse, and brought back again my brains to their "local habitation," from which the unwonted elevation of my *caput* had so strangely dislodged them. Feeling, as I do, the incompetency of any grey goose-quill to enable even a guess to be formed of this singularly interesting sport, I am happy to say that the principal outlines of its features to-day were sketched on the spot by a gentleman, who purposes to paint it on a large scale; and which I would gladly see form a part of this Work's embellishment, convinced that he will execute it in a manner alike worthy the subject, and creditable to the artist.

It was scarcely four o'clock, when this sharp burst and a lowering sky put a finish to our falconry. It yet wanted three good hours ere one might hope to hear

"The tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell."

Here, however, there was ample resource against Dan Time. Unless hooded and fast by the leg like a hawk, what could have kept me from paddocks stocked with the blood of old Juniper, and the promise, as I trust, of future Derbys and Oaks? To me the survey was indeed a treat. I had been in the morning with the two-year-olds at exercise; of these there are but four in training. One, in next year's Derby, by Lamplighter out of Spinning Jenny, is a splendid colt, about as full of size and power as a Yorkshire coach horse. The Derby nag for this year was lame; and May-day, the winner of the Thousand Guineas Stakes at

Newmarket so cleverly, second favorite for the Oaks, had gone to Epsom. There were some choice yearlings, particularly an own brother to that above spoken of; and the foals proclaimed their high descent, the dams being Old Spotless, Spinning Jenny, Camarine's dam, and a Sister to Bull-dog. Black Daphne had just been sent to Newmarket. Lord Berners seems to have got at the right cross to breed from; and may he long enjoy the triumph of his labours! He of the scythe and hour-glass is proverbially a fast one: what marvel then, that, with such helps as race-horses, the dinner hour was on me long before I had reckoned on it? Around this social scene I draw a curtain, which I hope good taste will ever defend me from removing—a practice alike contrary to the "*bien-séances*" of society, insulting to the host whose hospitalities it outrages, and degrading to the guest whose good breeding it convicts. To quiet the apprehensions of those friends who may tremble at my jeopardy, I merely name that I *was* preserved by an especial Providence from committing Norfolk dumplings—condiments having the appearance, and, I should imagine, the digestibility of boiled paving-stones. The thought that would intrude, as I partook of all the comfort and luxury of this truly splendid seat, I cannot cushion: I asked myself, "with such appliances and means to boot," what the devil sends men a wild-goose-chasing beyond

"The Pyrenean and the river Po."

Byron, Byron, how speak'st thou ever, Vates of my soul!

"An English autumn, though it hath no vines

Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The path, o'er which the far festoon entwines

The red grape, in the sunny lands of song;

Hath still a purchased choice of choicest wines,

The Claret weak, and the Madeira strong.

If England mourn her bleakness, let me tell her

The very best of Vinegers is—the cellar."

A connoisseur would find a pilgrimage to this shrine worthy his devotion. Here are some very fine Holbeins; one of the three sole originals of the Eighth Harry, with a mouth and eye proclaiming the character of the man, so that "they who run may read;" two magnificent pictures of Charles the First and his Queen; and the Lady Essex, with the wicked smile, of whom such sad stories are recorded as touching her spouse. A picture of the Lady who rode the races at York, presented by Col. Thornton to Lord Berners, is in one of the lobbies: she is in *her birthday suit*, playing with a Cupid, but the silly urchin looks as apathetic to her endearments as did that oaf Adonis when Venus coaxed him to refrain from his boar hunt.

The next morning, in the phrase of the *Lakers*, "before the matutinal meal" I strolled around the fine piece of water, more than sixteen acres, which almost laves the house to the eastward. Having thus indulged my taste for the picturesque with the lovely scenery of this Oasis of the heaths, and my palate with a savoury French *paté* all the way from Angueleme, I ordered my pony, and, resisting a most kind invitation to prolong my visit, I left Didlington with a deeply grateful

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FALCONER DISGORGEING A HERON.

Published by M. J. Pearson, Warwick Square, London, W. 1854.

feeling of the hospitable reception with which I had been greeted; and

"My bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne."

JUAN.

As appropriate to the preceding article, we give as one of our embellishments "*The*

Falconer disgorging a Heron," painted from a sketch made on the spot by Mr. F. C. TURNER, while at Didlington during the Hawking Season. After JUAN's beautiful description of the sport, the engraving needs no farther explanation. It is executed after COOK's best manner.—The portrait of the German Falconer is a correct likeness of the man.

EPSOM RACES.

SIR,

Monday, May 26, 1834.

IT was the early dawn as I left town for the smiling hills of Surrey. I had begun a lonely pilgrimage, none other dreaming perchance of commencing such on a similar errand for at least a round of the dial: but I have ever loved, like the Persian Fire Worshipper, to bend at the rosy altar of the odour-breathing Goddess; and where could meter occasion for this sacrifice be chosen than a morning bursting forth in all the freshness and fragrance of such a summer? I have said that it was the young morning:

"Up rose the sun; the mists were hurled
Back from the solitary world."

A calm, still, balmy sunrise seemed to pour the very essence of health and peace upon the multitudes who were hastening towards London with all the countless varieties of rural produce. As yet this scene of active industry was uninterrupted by the idle hordes, who at a more advanced period of the day crowd all the various avenues leading toward the vast Metropolis. The silent streets through which I passed were unoccupied, save

by solitary, houseless, wandering curs and drowsy policemen, lounging about with that peculiar swing of listlessness which seems the pace peculiar to the cerulean body. Looking back as I advanced still further into the country, the outlines of the immense City were all distinctly traced, free from smoke, the "inky cloak" in which we see it enveloped by day, and all within it still apparently buried in repose. The grey mists of the morning, which still hung upon the hills, gave a soft and tranquil hue to the landscape, well according with the solemn stillness which reigned over a spot containing probably more dead and living inhabitants than any other capital in the world. In what an unaccountable manner habits and tastes are often opposed in persons whose *perceptions* are perfectly similar! I am never less in solitude than when wandering alone with all Nature living and rejoicing around me: it is in such scenes and hours that least of all I desire society: then it is that I love to "commune with my heart, and be at rest."

It is related of a Frenchman, whose wife upbraided him with infidelity (he had taken a *figurante* in his carriage on an occasion of visiting his chateau), that he thus quieted her scruples, in a manner worthy an admirer of Nature after the fashion of his country:—"My dear, you know it is impossible to travel through so beautiful a country as ours without some one to whom one can say, *Voilà une belle campagne!*" Were I only composing a manual to refresh the memories of the comparatively happy few, who are destined to participate in the scenes I attempt to describe, it would ill become me to revel in the diffuseness into which the lovely hills and valleys of this truly sylvan county seduce my pen; but I know these pages will be perused by many who have now, alas! exchanged Bob Newman's prancing bays and varmint boys in silk and buckskins for a funeral ride on the shoulders of the swarthy sons of the Ganges, sweltering in their palanquins, the very marrow bubbling in their bones, panting and gasping like dying dolphins! To such "welcome to the hart as are the water brooks" will be the glimpse of the stroll, however feebly pictured, from which I am just returned.

Having dined, I went forth, yielding my path to chance. Passing over the Downs, which already exhibited ample promise and note of preparation for the morrow, clothed with a bivouac of as much wildness as though it were a thousand miles from any dwelling place of settled man, I entered the shady coverts of Ashstead, the beautiful domain of Colonel Howard. Would that I

had a descriptive power to do something like justice to all I saw and all I felt! The last faint tinges of rosy twilight still lingered on the loftier trees, shedding a mellow purple over the verdant carpet on which I walked. Emancipated from the toil and trouble of real life, I seemed to have entered the very chosen asylum of pure and happy spirits!

"Fantastically tangled, the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through
the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the
bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass:
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their
class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their
dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep-blue
eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of Heaven, seems
coloured by its skies."

On my return I found Epsom had filled considerably during my temporary absence. The important Monday's business had kept the sporting men in town till somewhat late, and so these cool hands came down in the cool of the evening. The Estaminets were all fully inhabited, much tobacco of various flavour blown, and topics multifarious as the debaters started, but all I think in the end generally merging in the one thing engrossing. It is idle here to say that the professional gentlemen visit Epsom with but one object—the betting on the two great races: the veriest tyro in the world of sporting knows this; but it would almost put to the blush the Exclusives of Almack's to see how these indefatigables stick to their craft: for an instant no intruder in the shape of any matter foreign to the idol all bow down to is tolerated.

The odds ! aye, they're the things
With which the room continually rings.

There was nothing done about the OAKS this evening, it being considered *mauvais ton* to name that affair till the fate of the DERBY is decided ; so you see how omnipotent is fashion when it can regulate even the spirit of speculation in an avowed *leg*. Like "small Jack Horner," I ensconced myself, with a Virginia in my cheek, in a comfortable corner of a popular coffee room, and benefited by much instructive conversation on "matters, and affairs, and things in general : " but as hearsay is not evidence, neither will I record aught save that of which I have knowledge of myself. Seated between a well-known speculator and a jockey of merited celebrity, whom Fortune had destined to be the hero of the great day, I was in a fit *fix*, as the Yankees say, to pick up crumbs ; and I am not one that often sacrifices a chance. This much I may relate : I learned from the latter that racing establishments are as little exempted from differences of opinion as are Cabinet Councils, and that's no particularly convincing argument of their *unanimity* as times go ! The weather was too sultry for more than a second glass of brandy toddy, which furnished me with an apology (to myself) for a couch pressed at the gothic hour of eleven.

TUESDAY MORNING.

This pretty little town exhibited but little outward sign of its approaching saturnalia as I turned out at ten this morning to seek my breakfast at mine inn ; for I sleep, be it known, in *private* lodgings, so called, I presume

sarcastically, as there are about a score more *private lodgers* under the same roof. There was "nae left in the sky," as our brethren Trans-Tweed say when an atmosphere clear and cloudless is to be expressed in Scotch-English. Literally it was the weather of July. I went early to the Downs, for I absolutely could not resist the ravishing beauty of the day loitering over a *dry Morning Paper* doing London at second hand. *Apropos* to a dry newspaper : it is not an uncharacteristic trait, that was once circulated of a certain celebrated Corps of Light Dragoons which was some years ago exiled to the wilds of Connaught, that, having a strong abhorrence of *stale news*, they caused their valets sprinkle with a garden water-pot the journals on their arrival, five days after date, so as at least to give them some resemblance of that dewy freshness which makes the welcome flavour of those indispensable adjuncts of the breakfast table. The sutlers were all busy as bees, and preparations, in point of guarding against the possibility of the supplies being cut off, were being completed, which would have done credit to the siege of Troy. To me the course appeared, not to speak it profanely, the very Land of Promise. What, oh Canaan ! was thy boasted *milk* and honey, when contrasted with the genuine "cream of the valley" flowing here in all its frothing freshness and measureless abundance, or the nectarine sweetness, the racy relish of Goding's real XXX ! Here were grouped tents numberless even as thine, oh Israel ! their "streamers floating in the wind," where spread the tempting tables

groaning with those savoury solaces for the hungry, which in the worst prodigality of thy foolishness were as abominations in their eyes. Here might be seen in most lavish profusion that luscious animal,

"Magnificent in forests, and less fine,
Though not less fat, our own domestic swine,"

decorated with every attractive art of culinary fascination to lure and arrest the vagrant gastronome, and extract from his watering mouth the epicurean prayer of Quin the sensual—"Oh that my throat were a mile long, and every inch of it palate!"

I went up to look at the recent alteration on the Hill, and found it a very essential improvement. It will lengthen the course, I should imagine, about a half quarter of a mile, at the same time easing the pitch most materially where it is now the sharpest, going off on the rise at the Furze with a fine bold sweep, and much additional width—a change which is *now* absolutely necessary at that narrow pass, since the number of horses in the two great stakes so greatly exceeds anything within the expectation of those under whose direction it was laid down in years gone by. It will come into use next year, if pronounced fit for running over then by the Stewards.

As it drew on towards one o'clock, I was aghast to see the prospect tame almost to a horror. The weather was all that could attract; the list offered plenty of running, if that be an object to bring company to a race meeting; and, if people under these circumstances will stop at home, why then they may growl away about headaches, spleen, bile, blue

devils, and all the rest of the catalogue of the miseries of human life, they get no compassion from me.

At one o'clock, the hour named in the programme, the first race was mounted for—the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—the last mile and quarter.—For this we had a very tolerable field of third-raters; and some appearance of spirited betting, as the result, as regarded Belshazzar, was looked to to affect Bubastes materially. Belshazzar was the favorite, but with such a fluctuation of the odds that it is impossible to give any correct quotation: they gave 30 to 25 for the field, 3½ to 1 agst Colwick, 6 to 1 agst Clarion, and but little said about the others. Just as the Ring was about breaking up, Mr. Mills sent to say that Old Bill should start provided he arrived in time. This of course would make the field a shade a better favorite; but it had no great influence, as *this* Old Bill has not quite so many friends *as one* we know in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Just before starting Darling, who rode Belshazzar, gave him two or three rattling brushes up the Hill, which looked as if his joints were rusty. To me the King of the Jews appeared as stale as a mouldy mackarel; but then he belongs to a party who never cry "stinking fish," and that accounts for the good odour he was in. They all got off tidily together at the first attempt, toddling not extraordinary fast up the Hill. Darling had now, I suppose, got the gout out of his horse's toes, and led the dance round the Corner,

and for a while *down the middle*; but this was too good to last: Pavis, with Clarion, began to close him fast, Colwick lying well with them, and appearing to wait only for being called on. This request was gently put at the fall of the ground at the Grand Stand, and promptly complied with, by his coming away, and winning a good length, rode by the *head-lad* rejoicing in the appellation of George Ezard—

“Oh name untuneful to a racing ear!”

Clarion second, and a fairish account of the remainder. The Noble owner of Colwick seems destined ever to take the lead. He won the Craven at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, the first race; the Two Hundred Sovs. Sweepstakes at the First Spring; now the first here; and I wish he may make it a practice even to the end of the chapter.

There was a dreadful Babel-like confusion of tongues on the termination of this race, such as we may imagine to arise on the disembarkation of a party of ladies from a Female Emigration Committee ship on its arrival at Sydney the Cœlestial. The signal defeat of Belshazzar set the holders of Bubastes' stock funk-ing furiously: that investment was in small favour: the bulls were as silent as Yarmouth bloaters; the bears as greedy of traffic as the slopsellers of Rag Fair and Field-lane. No doubt the young one's school-master ran “a stumped up one,” to judge from his going to-day, and his corporal contraction; yet this lays down no absolute rule for all the flutterings and fears evinced. May it not be that Blue-blastes is the better scholar, small blame to

the tutor for that! Oh! ye gentlemen who indite for the daily press, will ye, for God's sake, get *me* a ticket for behind the scenes? Ye alone know all about it there. Traced by you, I read of the odds given with a minuteness that elicits my astonishment and admiration: for wo is me, I can never find them steady for an instant: fluctuating as a weathercock, how on earth do you get them to be still, while you “afford the world assurance” of a bet? For the Derby business I thought the call was still in his favour against *the Irish horse* (foaled at Fidget, half a mile from Newmarket); Glencoe was second to him at 7 to 1; Bentley at 11; the field at 5 to 2, a great many chapmen; but *I heard no 3 to 1 agst Plenipo!*

At half-past one was run the Produce Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. Derby Course.—For this there were three subs. and two at the post. It was truly a most lachrymose piece of work, the rate of travelling being about that of most Telegraph coaches, or perhaps under. Sir G. Heathcote's Son of Figaro was first half the way under the superintendence of Mr. Buckle the younger, Mr. Norman then occupying the post of honour unto the end. Here we had the proverb fulfilled—the last was first; and as to the *credit* of it, why, racing folks don't want *that*: they prefer ready money. I know nothing of the favorite in this job; I don't think either commanded consideration enough to cause an opinion to the cost of a Brummagem to be hazarded about it. So there was no harm in it, nor any fun either; but then there was hope in the prospective, and much evil is to be cheerfully borne with anticipation

of a Derby day, and such an one as we have before us.

Those admirable arrangements as to time which are observed here as strictly as at Newmarket, called on, at two precisely, the Match for 100 sovs. each, h. ft. Last Mile.—Now I am a decided advocate for the short, sharp, and decisive system, and this was a right rattling thing all through. The running was very strong when they reached the rails; down the Hill the speed was a treat after the last: together came they merrily along, the finish being by a good length in favour of Frank Boyce on Lord Stradbroke's Begum; honestly run, and cleverly won. Macdonald rode the loser, the fair Lass of Stockwell, when defeat was no blot in her escutcheon. Of course this begat no public speculation, as every man was coaxing Fortune to put his book straight. I wish they may get it!

At the conclusion of this I sought the Ring, in the idea that a penny or two might be stirring on the next race; but not a brown was doing: never, I believe, was enterprise so slack. There were a few careless, apathetic offers at the following prices: the field at 35 to 20; 3 to 1 agst Intriguer, after the race at 1000 to 30 for the Derby; 4 to 1 agst Pincher, and not a friend to open lip for another.—At half-past two they started for the Shirley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; one mile.—Mr. Balchin's Levity, rode by Chapple, commenced with the lead, holding it round Tattenham Corner (not a word about the *pace*): thus they reached the gravel road; here the Duke of Richmond's

Holkar with Frank Boyce was put *hors de combat*; the rest well together. Intriguer now began to steal away gently from the ruck, John Day with Stradbally having the whip hand well up the high ground: they all looked in earnest about it, nor was there any idle bread eaten: it was a fair show for those who do not set great account on velocity: past the Stand, Teddy Wright brought out Intriguer with a little more pace, and landed him a full length first, his maiden race, an odd epithet for an *Intriguer*, and, as Charles Mathews says, done handsome. Here, if my language should be too often scanty of refinement, let me apologise in the phrase of Horace, "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*," and spite of all its "pride of place," turf phraseology will savour of the *litter*. In this event Mr. Clarke has been perspicuous enough to place the whole party, for which, as I have no such patience, I refer to the *Calendar* at the end of the present Number.

As it is a practice of mine always to see the babies essay their devoir, at three o'clock I was at the Furze waiting for the Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds, bred in Surrey or the adjacent counties of Middlesex, Kent, Berks, Hants, or Sussex, or which have been trained at Epsom for the last three months previously to starting: colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.; last half mile.—Young and inexperienced as they were, they came off at one offer, crossing the gravel road and carrying a full front, Connolly on the Langar filly having the whiphand; Mr. Martyn's Mameluke filly, for whom Sam Mann was officiating, shewing

early symptoms of sorrow. My Irish friend I think soon found his little lady not lively enough for one of his mercurial kidney, for he kept tickling her with his heels, and, I blush to write it, absolutely administering the whalebone after a fashion by no means popular with the sex. Arnall, who rode Lord Egremont's, was on the *qui vive* to all this bustle, and won his race cleverly by a length. It was a fastish thing: indeed, the distance always ensures something like pace, even with the worst sort; still I have often seen better, and will again I hope.

In my verdancy I took my way towards the Ring in the expectation of hearing something said about the Epsom Stakes, the next and last affair for the day; but I don't think that twenty men there knew or cared one straw about it. They had all travelled to *Derbyshire*, all else being trodden under foot by these high flyers. I never heard a sixpence laid out, good, bad, or indifferent, as the Dublin boys say: somebody spoke of odds in gingerbread nuts, but no one *swallowed* them.—At half-past three came off the Epsom Stakes of three sovs. each, with 40 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; one mile heats. On the start they shewed a tolerably unanimous appearance, though, without any joking about it, none of the party seemed ambitious for the post of whipper-in. Right honestly was it achieved, every man urging on his master's interest to the best of his hand and heels. The first heat was decided in favour of Teddy Wright

again for Mr. Edwards, with Crocodile, the scaly monster shewing none of the propensity of his tribe for sticking in the mud. This, though cheap, was not of the family of the *nasties*: from the turn of the Furze, Gratis, Crocodile, and Eleanor were hugging the rails with, in Irish parlance, no majority. Norman was second on Gratis, looking as terrible as summer thunder: none other placed. Act the second was done in the spirit of a generous rivalry. Four started (Mr. Cousins having withdrawn the Son of Angelica and St. Patrick): away they rattled all of them as fast as ever they could, Norman grinning fearfully with Forth's half a length in advance, with no disposition to throw away his advantage: just as they closed the Grand Stand, Wright went to work with Crocodile, leaving it, as it struck me, a shade or so too fine; another two or three strides would have done it for him: as it was they made a dead heat of it, and certainly a very interesting race. For the third heat Gratis cantered over, as also for the *fourth*, to enable him to split Stakes with the owner of Crocodile: otherwise Mr. Forth had never taken all this trouble, being a man of too much *nous*, in every sense of the term, to *work gratis for nothing*.

Just before the Craven was run for, an accident occurred that looked like a very terrific affair, but most providentially did not terminate tragically: a phaeton, *full of course*, the balance being all on the side of the ladies, in attempting to cross the gravel road by the Furze, *ran away* down the inclosure, between the chains, towards the Stand; then, turning

short, it charged the rails, going over, or rather through them with an awful crash, throwing a complete summerset over the terrified inmates: luckily no lives were lost, though the petticoats were flying majestically aloft: of course the breakage was considerable.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

There is a term of distinction in the Latin, which, often passing through the three degrees of comparison, has *then* a superlative to its superlative. I wish most devoutly we had some such powerful figure of speech in the English to enable me to convey some correct idea of the weather in which we luxuriate here on this goodly twenty-eighth of May: one cloudless ethereal blue, deep almost as the tint of Italy, canopies the whole horizon: gentle airs, wafted from the gossamer wings of young and wanton zephyrs, who all the live-long night have celebrated their frolic revels, quaffing dewy nectar from rose, woodbine, and scented jessamine, fan the cheek and brow, breathing health and fragrance. Land of my affection! while others seek beyond the seas all that boon Nature, in her very prodigality, has lavished upon thee, ever let me, thy fond and grateful son, know how to estimate and enjoy the blessings of my native soil! "There is a tide in the affairs" of racing—sometimes a stormy one enough, God knows. Here just now the flood sets in right merrily; at about two we shall have it high water. At Newmarket, on the other hand, the ebb is at the lowest—there all is "bound in shallows and in miseries." I heard a man

say who left it on Monday evening, that when he came away a cannon might have been fired, loaded with grape and cannister, up the main street, without any apprehension of murder being the consequence.

It would be a vile piece of basest ingratitude to pass over unnoticed the great improvements which the last year or two have effected for Epsom Downs. I am indebted for my information principally to a Gentleman, of whose kindness I am very sensible, who has published an account of the manner of these important alterations. Lord Byron, no bad authority, has declared that

"Ready money is Aladdin's lamp."

When, then, it is known that a very few years since the income of the Racing Committee was but eighty or ninety pounds, and that this year it is over five hundred! the means of the change is at once ascertained. The great object of this surplus income is, after having brought the Course to as much perfection as the nature of the ground will permit—an object which I think is already attained—to place the town of Epsom on an equality with the other principal races in amount of Plates and public money to be run for, as it is superior to all in the number and rank of its visitors, and the intense interest its two great Stakes excite in the Sporting World. The largest amount of public money ever given under the late system of management (till the year 1832) was 150l. This has been already, by great exertion, nearly doubled, 275l. having been given in 1832; the same in 1833; this year accomplishing a still more consi-

derable advance. Possessing as it does the two greatest races in the world, it is to be trusted that it may not long continue in this most material requisite inferior to Liverpool, Manchester, and many other Meetings of immeasurably less importance.

To-day on the Downs matters seemed vastly to have progressed to improvement since yesterday. Whole streets of new canvas had started into existence during the night; and though the asparagus beds wanted rain, the absence of moisture was most favorable to the increase of tents and the prosperity of the vendors of ginger beer.

The first race was the Committee Stake, a first and promising fruit of the salutary effects of the new management; the conditions rather exclusive, but natural enough, considering the sources whence the money comes. A large and tolerably fair field was at the very low premium of 35 to 20—Ince, the pet, at 3 to 2; 3½ to 2 the Maid of Underley; Sister to Imbar, 4 and 5 to 1; 5 to 1 Zitella; and 8 to 1 the other two. This was a smartish matter, though the interest in it was languid enough. Up the Hill Zitella and the favorite cut out the work: they ran alternately in this way till at Tattenham Corner. Here Forth's filly, with the higher ground all in her favour, went into strong running; as did the Maid of Underley, hugging the rails below. When opposite the distance, Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Carnation, with young Buckle, ran out and cut the connection. It was run a right true race, the Sister to Imbar, with Twitchet on her, winning cleverly by a length. She

was ridden with great care, as, in my opinion, the horses out of that stable always are—no dash, nothing to make the vulgar stare, but steadily and in a workman-like way, as things of this description should be done. Natt, on Zitella, was second: the rest all placed; much praise to Mr. Clarke. Ince, with Arthur Pavis, being the favorite, was of course beaten, such being the practice of yesterday also; producing much consternation among the particular body of men who take the denomination of their whole persons from their lower extremities. There was a disqualification against Mr. Richardson, in consequence of the exclusiveness above alluded to, and he did not start.

When I can purloin a minute from more serious business, I take a turn among the multitudes who throng the scene of grubbing and gambling at the tents. Here some of the cries would sadly puzzle the understandings, as well as scandalise the proprieties of a foreigner: for instance, those of the retailers of "Pies all hot!"—"Here they are, only a penny a piece; GENTLEMEN, only a penny apiece!" sounds sadly symbolical of the fall of Aristocracy and the discount of all distinction. When I see strangers here surrounding our itinerant minstrels, I blush with shame for the contempt of melody their performance for the most part evinces: the horrid discords perpetrated by the men who assassinate some of our fine old glees, brought forcibly to my mind an anecdote of Handel, who was applied to by an individual ambitious of commencing a vocal career. "My friend," said the

great musician, "go and get the situation of parish clerk; God may forgive your singing, *but the wicked world never will!*"

At half-past one the Woodcot Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds—colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; last Half Mile—was gone on with. There was a promise on the card of three, and when I reached the starting post at Tattenham Corner, the three jocks were arrived, but only a pair of quadrupeds: I should have said two, for certainly they were anything but *paired*—resembling in size the couple of men so earnestly sought after touching poor slaughtered Mr. Richardson—the one tall, the other short, a good hand being the difference; Arnall, who was to have ridden Red Leg, giving a reason for not going, perhaps not so satisfactory to the legs of another colour. "The long and short" of it came away cheek by jowl; the little one with the advantage of ground, I suppose to save appearances. Thus ran they a dead heat till within the distance, going a fair bat considering. Here Norman, on the little black girl, looked in some tribulation; Sam Darling, holding his young woman fast with his pickers and stealers; and when they reached the Judge's chair Norman and Mr. Grant were floored, Samuel Darling conducting the Committee's affairs extremely judiciously. Here again, according to custom, the favorite, at 2 and 3 to 1, was dished, shewing either abundance of spare cash, or great lack of judgment.

Knowing that business must be attended to, I, at the conclusion of this, took my way over the Hill to hear what was doing

about the Derby. There were not many bargains made, nor any material alterations. Shilelah was esteemed before Bubastes, almost at the rate of 6 to 4: 5 to 4 I saw taken by *the Leviathan*; 7 to 1 Glencoe; 12 to 1 about Bentley; 1000 to 25 being the opinion of the winner of the great Riddlesworth. Is this Roman traveller really such a brute, or is there any humbug about it? If he *be* good, then he is truly in the hands of those who know how to make the *very best* of a good thing.

At two we had the Gold Cup Stakes, a subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Racing Fund—for three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; two miles; the winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1834 to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of more, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded.—This was very attractive, bringing lots of people to witness the set-to. For once in a way the starting post was a stirring sight. In the Ring they were backing the field at 35 to 20, Viator having the call at 2 to 1; Chantilly 3½ to 1; Old Bill 3½, 4, and 5 to 1; and still larger odds against Myrrha. On starting the Ranvilles filly took away gently, as became her, looking at the distance; followed by Chantilly, who bolted off full of frisk and fooster, like Paddy Moonney's goose; the Hill, however, doubtless soon bringing her to her senses. There were lots of tailing over the Hill. When they were getting into strong running round the Corner, Old Bill, with little Rogers, came right pro-

misgivingly to the front, looking well for it; Frank Boyce, on Lord Berners' Spotless, below him, and striding away rarely, hard held: thus to within the distance the race was open to many. Once within these sacred precincts, however, it was between three—Myrrha, Chantilly, and the Oscar filly. A terrible struggle then followed, the three running stride for stride, contending every inch of sod, Arthur Pavis earning for Captain Gardnor no empty laurels; Chapple next, with Chantilly; and Frank Boyce third, for Lord Berners: no other placed. This affair certainly merited the interest it created, and from Tattenham Corner was as beautiful a sight as eye could light on.

At half-past two came the Croydon Stakes of three sovs. each, with 40 added: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; one-mile heats.—Ambrosio had the best of the betting, and alack enough was the speculation, somewhere about even: the devil a syllable could I hear of any other. At the Hill they shewed like wild geese, every man having apparently a game of his own to play, Ambrosio bringing up the rear, a situation he persevered in to the end of the heat, George Edwards pulling him up just within the distance, speed not being altogether his peculiar *forte*, and looking to weary them to his own rate of travelling. At the gravel road the other three went with one consent to the front, running a smashing race for it home. Oppo-

site to the Grand Stand Arthur Pavis called upon Goldfringe, and made her a winner of the heat, to the best of my judgment without a blow, though I rather think he shook her a little by the collar; Land's End second, with John Day, apparently not at all flurried; Jason next, bestrode by a young Gentleman, with whom I have not the honor of an acquaintance.

Duly within the half hour thrice tolled the bell, and they were seen approaching for the second act, the performance differing widely from the former, as I had foreseen. Bottom, and not a spurt of speed, was the reliance of Edwards, and so he jumped away for this like winking, leading them over the Hill and round the Corner as hard as ever he could batter, a dozen lengths or so before them. At the rails Pavis came coaxingly along with Goldfringe, as if parleying for a little less hurry, but he had got hold of no spoon to gammon: the further they went the further from them grew John Day, looking as if he might as well be on the real Land's End of Cornwall as that so denominated of Mr. Trelawney. At the Stand Pavis made a rush to get to the head with his filly, but unsuccessfully, Ambrosio going before the lady most ungallantly. The plebs were joyous that a fresh horse had won, the multitude always liking plenty for their money: and, taking everything into consideration, I was not very sorry that we were to be somewhat longer detained from the social meal. The breeze, as the sun got lower, had mended deliciously; the heat was now tolerable; the scene was delightful, and whatever the victuallers

may say in their vulgar avidity of gain, I require not my tens of hungry thirsty thousands to make tolerable the verdant downs of Epsom. I said that the wind had freshened, and under similar circumstances these same hills, covered with some score hundreds of pretty girls, are not exactly the spots where a man might desire to shut his eyes: where may be seen in prodigal profusion—

“ White stockings drawn, uncurdled as
new milk,
O'er limbs whose symmetry sets off the
silk,”

are not precisely the things to be sneezed at by a lusty young fellow in very remarkably rude health, and nothing else very particularly pressing on his hands at the time.

For the third heat again they all came unflinchingly to the fight, and were seen at the Hill-top working away as spiteful as the old devil, Goldfringe leading; Ambrosio next, and Trelawney's last, Faun having been taken out of the ring after the first round. At the rails the gait of going did not appear to suit John Day, so he went up to and rattled by George Edwards, giving him, as I opine, a startler. Pavis, upon this notice to quit, took off with Goldfringe as much faster as he was able, for as long as he could, but the *Land's End* was “*treading on his kibes*,” and he was floored to a turn at the gravel road. On this Ambrosio took to *ruffianing*, lying well up the Hill, but in no gentleman-like indifference: in fact he was in the middle of a mess, and there was John Day and the *Land's End* sticking to him like the *Old Man of the Mountain* to *Sinbad the Sailor*.

Opposite the Stand it was all U P, Day having only to let the dirty acres to slip out of his fingers to win cleverly: and thus an hour and a half of hard toil had brought matters very little nearer their consummation.

The fourth, and it was to be hoped the last, heat brought out but two, and for this lengthy job George Edwards made all the play; though it was anything but *fun* for poor Ambrosio, who had already had enough and to spare. At Tattenham Corner, closing fast upon him, came John Day, as welcome as you may imagine a Gentleman in a drab great coat from Carey-street or Chancery-lane to the procrastinator of payment, and as indefatigable in attendance. A few lengths from home *Land's End*, pulling hard, and as fresh as a cucumber, went by the chesnut, and won cleverly, affording at last a hope of dinner to many a one who had long before received some delicate internal hints of cupboard. I heard some men in top boots, verdant single-breasted coats, and leathern *unhintables*, complain bitterly of this termination, raving about crosses, and the devil knows what trash; of course they had parted with their “*seldoms*.” Now if a blind man had heard the two gallop past him at the end of the last heat, he would have found but little difficulty in distinguishing between the lively rattle of the unjaded, and the dwelling sticky stroke of the beaten one.

THURSDAY, MAY 29.

The morning had scarcely tinged the Eastern horizon as I threw open my chamber window, and looked out upon the land-

scape from which Aurora with her rosy fingers was just withdrawing the dewy curtain of night: and thus at last, I mentally exclaimed, is that eventful day arrived, full as it is of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, for thousands! and yet of the many on whom this fair sunrise so tranquilly dawns, how few perchance will escape the bitter self-reproach, the goading regret, ere its career shall have finished in the west! Yet how very few look forward to the result save in trust and confidence!

"Auspicious Hope! In thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, and charms for every wo!"

And thou, mine own especial quill! is it to be thy envied labour to transmit to posterity "the racing of this day?" Renowned for ever among the downy wanderers of the fens be that fated She from whose wing thou comest, predestined to honour such as this! Exalted, for ever exalted shall she be in History's page, far above the proudest of those whose conservative cackles in the Roman Capitol Fame has loved to sound forth with her thousand trumpets of brass!

Before seven o'clock the town had begun to afford evidence of what was to be expected "ere set of sun:" by ten, as I sat at my breakfast in the bow-window of the coffee-house, the whole street was as densely thronged as the noon-day glut of Temple-bar, and quite as promiscuously. Carriages dedicated to public convenience, drags "*pro bono Pimlico*," as Mrs. Orger says, with a dozen inside to be drawn, and one outside to draw—Shade of Martin, help him!—flocked

down the road with sporting groups of dusty denizens of the dingy Metropolis, a little sprinkled with juniper to lay the powder.

At an early hour, that is to say before high noon, I had reached the Downs, losing the *spectacle* of a pilgrimage to Epsom on the Derby day in consequence of my head-quarters being in Surrey. It has been, in my thinking, much too long the practice to get up that "descent from town" in the style of the *Gilpin School*. As I was not there to witness it, of consequence it comes not within compass of my describing; nor would in truth any portraiture of it suit my habits or taste. Doubtless there were but too many who were doomed on that occasion to bite the dust, whose equipages lacked the strength of Chamberlain and the grace of Adams; but I cannot be instructed how to look upon these men of lowly ambition, "whose poverty and not their will" was floored, as legitimate objects for the pointed finger of scorn, or the bitter laugh of Fortune's spoiled children. I cannot drag my dull comprehension to see why a poor man's broken leg or dislocated shoulder should provoke the mirth of such as wet the snowy cambric when the foot of the heedless visits too roughly the toe of Her Grace's Italian greyhound, or the tail of My Lady's poodle.

Long before one o'clock the entire lines of chains leading from the Judge's chair on the lower side of the course, and the Grand Stand on the upper, were lined as far as Tattenham Corner with quadruple ranges of carriages, deepening in some places at the near end to a dozen or twenty:

This being a holiday at all the public offices, of course added to the multitude considerably, and some such cause must have tended to produce the unexampled crowd of to-day. I heard Mr. John Clarke, the Judge, say, that it was the Fourteenth Anniversary of his Derby experience, and that he had never before seen on a like occasion such a concourse of people assembled on Epsom Downs. This being King Charles's day, the oaken chaplets with which the tents, booths, and wagons were profusely ornamented, added still more to the sylvan character of a scene, which no other spot of earth's surface can afford even a faint conception of. It has been said that on the visit of the Emperor of Russia to this country in 1814, he inquired upon one occasion where all the poor people dwelt? Had he been on Epsom Downs to-day, his question would have been more limited: he would doubtless have demanded what position in our Red-book every man and woman he encountered possessed. I have not all my life kept my chimney corner, but so many right well-appointed people it has never yet been my chance to see together in my day.

At about half-past twelve the gate of the Warren was opened, and that little equestrian Vauxhall disclosed its green avenues and shady retreats to the competent to pay a shilling for the treat of witnessing the process of saddling—a sight which, for interest as well for the actual as the aspirant in turf affairs, is unparalleled. Just before the horses were brought out we heard distinctly the Park guns firing *feu-de-joie* for the escape of the

Merry Monarch, and I could not avoid thinking that many a man there would have fired his *feu-de-joie* as merrily too, could he have extricated himself as cleverly out of his difficulties. My object in visiting the Warren was to steal a look at Plenipo, whom I had not had an opportunity of seeing for the last fortnight: he was wisely kept out of the crowd, and saddled at the lower end. I confess I felt somewhat anxious from the number of conflicting reports which in that short space of time had reached me; but when the word was given, and he was led out, a single glance satisfied me.

"Bring forth this horse: the steed was brought,
Who look'd as tho' the speed of thought
Was in his limbs."

At the sound of the bell for saddling—

"That little bell
Which brings reality and breaks the
spell!"

I hastened for the Stand. I dare not attempt to picture the scene which burst upon me as I rose the Hill in my way thither: it was literally beyond language to convey. In the Stand they were "thick as the leaves in Valambrosa" from roof to floor; I could compare it with nothing but one immense flower-stand, tier on tier filled with hues of all kinds, waving in the bravery of colour and living beauty. Occupied, as the whole of the course was, by a densely-wedged mass of people, it required great exertion to clear the ground, but it was quickly and most effectually executed by the excellent arrangements of the plice, of whom we had seventy very day, and a hundred on this occasion. Either these men were a picked specimen, or there

exists a most unfair prejudice against the whole, for it struck me that their conduct was most exemplary. Before the final breaking up of the Ring, a very strong effort was made to get Shilelah on equal terms with Plenipotentiary, but the latter was *plenus potentie*, and the attempt was unsuccessful. The latest state of the odds was—Plenipo 5 to 2, takers very reluctant; Shilelah 3 to 1; Bubastes between 6 and 7 to 1; Glencoe 10 to 1; Comet 19 to 1; Bentley a shade worse. These were the current stock in the market, the outsiders being almost too unsteady to quote. Intriguer, Defensive, and Brother to Marpessa were esteemed at nearly equal points, verging between 30 to 1 and 25 to 1, at which they left off: 50 to 1 was greedily offered about the grey, Viator; and Young Barossa was worse than 60 to 1.

In consequence of having chosen my place for this race near to the Judge's chair, I give the report of the first portion of it from the account of a confidential person I had placed upon the Hill for that purpose. As usual there was some *confusion* before they could be got together; but, unlike some years that we have read of, I believe *no wilful annoyance*. One of them kicked off a plate, and that bred delay, and five times they tried it without success—yet still without doing harm, as they never ran more than a couple of hundred yards before being pulled up. At last, on the sixth offer, they jumped off all well gathered, Connolly, however, having the best of it, as indeed he had of all the false starts, the big horse, as he was called, getting as fast on his legs

as a pony; Robinson next him with Glencoe, appearing determined, if required, to *force the pace*. There was, however, no need for this, as Intriguer came up a flyer, and went smack to the front, followed by *Darius—I know why*; Stradbally and two or three others all putting the best leg foremost. At the pace they were going it was clear some must soon give way; of these Paris shewed early symptoms of not admiring it; succeeded in the same way of thinking by Guardian (the dark and dangerous one), Brother to Marpessa, Nisus, Trulla, Stradbally, Comet, Noodle, and others of that kidney. When first I caught sight of them Intriguer was in front, going at a rate which he *can* for a little way, Glencoe on the near side; close to him Darius—Shilelah now coming into the running, with Bentley close at hand. As they rounded Tattenham Corner, and got into the straight ground, Bubastes caught my eye in the front rank, shewing well for fit; Robinson, on the low side, stealing his horse away with his seat of perfect stillness. At the road, Plenipo, who above Tattenham Corner had cleared himself well of the crowd, went up to and passed Intriguer, Bubastes, and that party; Connolly's fears, if he had any, resting in my mind, on Glencoe: but for a moment only was he left in uncertainty. The matchless animal that he rode was in an instant with the terror of Newmarket, past, and Glencoe was no more in his palmy pride! Just at this spot Robinson passed me so close that I could have laid my hand upon his thigh; I got one glance of him, but it was enough—I saw

that he was beaten. We are now within the distance; here Chifney—notwithstanding the endless Tom-fooleries of the professional gentlemen as to the impossibility of Mr. Batson winning a Derby—who had all along been awake to the danger of such a customer, and in consequence, contrary to his almost universal habit, *lying all through the race as much in front as he dared*, prepared for his rush, for which he has made himself famous almost to a proverb; but this had been long since cared for: the crash of speed

with which the race had been run from end to end left nothing of that sort in any but the one, who, the instant he heard Shilelah coming, went straight away, winning by two lengths, at a *flight of speed* that I believe no man on the turf has ever seen in his day, nor his father's before him.

Before I proceed to remark upon this Derby, creating, as it has done, more interest than any of its predecessors in modern days, I will here give a description of the horses engaged in it in the usual manner.

The Second Year of a Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last Mile and a half.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expense of additional Police-officers.—One Hundred and Twenty-four subscribers.

Mr. Batson's Plenipotentiary, by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles (Connolly)..... 1
Duke of Cleveland's Shilelah, by St. Patrick—Emiliana's dam (S. Chifney) 2
Lord Jersey's Glencoe, by Sultan out of Trampoline (J. Robinson)..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—

Mr. Henry names Bubastes, by Blacklock out of Sister to Coulon (W. Scott).
Mr. Shard names Mr. Gardnor's Comet, by Whalebone out of Luna (G. Edwards).
Mr. Ridsdale's Guardian, Brother to Trustee (Lye).
Duke of Grafton's Olympic, by Reveller out of Whizgig (J. Day).
Mr. Cooke's Visitor, by Stumps out of Catherine (Forth).
Mr. Cooke's Bentley, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth (A. Pavis).
Mr. Hunter's Morotto, by Gustavus out of Marrowfat, foaled in 1823 (R. Arnall).
Duke of Richmond names Mr. Greatrex's b. c. by Lottery out of Trulla (C. Edwards).
Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Nisus, by Velocipede out of Norma (F. Buckle).
Mr. Thomas names ch. c. Noodle, by Bedlamite out of Sinbad's dam (Spring).
Mr. Houldsworth's Darius, by Reveller out of Fanny Davies (S. Darling).
Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Muley out of Clare by Marmion out of Harpalice (W. Wheatley).
His Majesty names Lord Orford's Paris, by Waterloo out of Posthuma (Wakefield).
Mr. Wihon names Mr. Sadler's Defensive, by Defence, dam by Selim (Chapple).
Duke of Grafton names Mr. Cosby's Stradbally, by Waterloo or Reveller (S. Mann).
Lord Lowther's c. by Reveller out of Trictrac (Rogers).
Duke of Rutland names br. c. by Bizarre out of Young Barossa (F. Boyce).
Mr. Mills's b. c. by Lapdog out of Effie Deans (Flatman).
Mr. G. Edwards names Intriguer, by Reveller out of Scandal (E. Wright).

The above twenty-two started, and Plenipo won by two lengths.

Here, before I proceed further, may I be allowed to lift my voice against a practice common, and I believe most prejudicial, to the best interests of the Turf: I allude to the habit of altering the

description of a colt when he passes into other hands, from the manner in which his engagements are made: for instance, how would it be possible for one of the uninitiated to recognise in the no-

mination for this year's Derby Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Muley out of Clare by Marmion out of Harpalice—in plain Sir Mark Wood's Brother to Marpessa? In the case of such gentlemen as Sir M. Wood and Mr. Nowell, of course no sinister result could arise; but then these alterations in nominations cannot always be confined to *gentlemen*; and see the possible abuse to which they may be applied—there *has been* such a thing I believe as a *four-year-old* running for a Derby: too much care cannot be taken to prevent its possible repetition.

And now turn we to the race which has just come off. Of Plenipo I have never expressed but one opinion—that he is the most splendid colt ever seen in this country. To-day—and I am supported in my belief by some of the most competent judges on the turf—I am satisfied he could have won with *fourteen extra pounds on his back!* A leading man in racing said, that were it possible for Shilelah to start for the next hundred Derbys, he would, could he live to witness it, back him to win at odds every year; and that, could Eclipse rise from the earth, and make a match with Plenipo, he would back the son of Emilius to the amount of his whole fortune. Can it be other, under all the circumstances, than a cause for deep congratulation to the writer of this article, to whom is confided the responsibility of reporting the racing matter for this Magazine, that, EVEN TO THE LETTER, his recorded opinion of this horse has been borne out by the event? In his account of the Newmarket Craven, after his race with Glencoe on Thursday,

April 7, his words are, “SHOULD THIS HORSE CONTINUE AS HE NOW IS TILL FOUR O’CLOCK P.M. ON THE 29TH OF THE ENSUING MAY, AT THAT HOUR MR. BATSON WILL POSSESS THE DERBY FOR 1834.” Had Plenipo run a bad horse, his judgment had been for ever convicted: as it is, may he take to himself at best the merit of some small discernment? Again, to adopt my more familiar first person singular, from my heart I congratulate Mr. Batson and the Sporting World on the result of this race. It was conducted as English racing used to be when it was in its pride and glory, and when its patrons and supporters were all Gentlemen! There is something like a trait of the old English School too in a promise made by Mr. Batson on the occasion of the defeat of Glencoe, that, *should he win the Derby, all his tenants should hold their farms rent free for a year!*—a pledge which no doubt he will keep sacred.

While I was preparing my notes taken at Epsom for your pages, I looked into the Papers to see what they said of the racing there, and I found the Derby described as being “won IN A CANTER!!” Surely the Gentleman to whom the flying speed of the race appeared *but a canter* must be in the habit of taking his morning's ride upon a thunder-bolt, and doing the attractive in Rotten-row upon a flash of lightning!

Who that has not been at Epsom can form any conception of the scene before the Judge's chair when the Derby race has come off! All the pens and pencils in the universe would fail to do justice: ten times ten thousand

anxious faces all turned upon one man, to hear his fiat; each influenced by contending feelings, hope, fear, joy, and sorrow, in all their endless modifications! All the ice-bergs in the North Sea could not have allayed the fever heat at which pulses were galloping after the decision of this affair of unparalleled interest. Even I, trained and hardened by custom to such scenes, had some doubts for a time whether my head or my heels were uppermost. Time, however, "that's ever on the wing," as the song says, did get forward: bells were rung; desperate, and, as I was told, almost ineffectual efforts made to clear the course, and a race was ridden, of which (I write it with the utmost contrition) I saw none; as at that moment

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

I was "sitting in a pleasant shade," with my mouth full of raspberry ice.

The Ewell Stakes of five sovs. each, with 30 added: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six and aged, 9st.—winners once to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., and thrice 7lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; horses that have started four times and not won allowed 3lb. (matches excepted); last half mile.—There were five entries for this, but Mr. Peel did not think fit to let his Clarion go. I understood that Clearwell was the favorite for this at 3 to 1. Just as I laid down my ice, as aforesaid, I saw Wakefield ride by on Lord Orford's Clearwell, something more like a *man cantering* than was Connolly on Plenipo, followed by three others at respect-

ful distances, which constituted the struggle for possession of the Ewell Stakes.

One now found a little breathing time to look about one: the losers had begun to "smooth their ruffled brows," and the winners to be a little more decorous in expressing their triumph. Surely, oh Epsom! on this auspicious day, thy Downs were "pleasant places," where Mars held the brave in proud array, and the fair in all "the might and majesty of loveliness;" full many a cheek, fresh and radiant as the rose-bud of Cachmere, and many an eye "bright as the jewel of Giamschid!"

"And oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding; the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty, which
agree,

In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we know not, nor
shall know;
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more
below."

The Slow Stakes of three sovs. each, with 40 added, weights as in the Epsom Stakes, the winner to be sold for 100 sovs., heats, rather more than three-quarters of a mile.—With a proper respect for the Gentlemen who christened these Stakes, those who this year contended for them took care they should possess an undisputed claim to their characteristic. Mr. M. Stanley's Skimmer was the successful candidate for the first heat, and Mr. Pavis cantered over on him for the second. Surely this day scorns to have the sentence of *canter* upon it, nothing but the *grand pas*. Mask, second, was drawn; and the boy who rode Forth's broke a stirrup leather, fell to the ground, and came in short of weight. The filly, hereupon, ran away

merrily, as if weary of the "Slows" she had just got out of; and when they caught her, and brought her back to the weighing house, she had all the appearance of having gone much faster for her own pleasure than she had done for her master's profit.

FRIDAY, MAY 30.

Yesterday was dedicated to pleasure; to-day business predominates, and a tolerable arrear of it, I fancy, some traders find upon their hands. The Yorkshire party, if appearances will allow deductions, must have dropped it handsomely; and unless it be within their compass to foresee the fate of the Oaks *here*, I, without any pretensions to being a conjuror, can easily foretell the fate of the Oaks *there*! Even before the early hour of eleven had sounded, the extensive solid circle opposite the door of the Coffee-house proclaimed "with most miraculous organ" the mischief of the past day, and how few, at least of the Northerners, the popped syrups of success had "medicined to that sweet sleep which they owed yesterday." Your losers are ever full of industry; early risers, whom no head-ache from quaffing bumpers "pottle deep" to the health of the winner, chains to the noon-day couch. It was evident to me, though quietly conducted, that this was a very heavy betting race. The Derby had caused much confusion in the books of those who must either go on or stand still "*in eterno*." The winner of that race had been the horse of those who could afford to lose—the Field, the loser for the many who depend

more on their industry than on their capital. The speculators had already their work cut out—books required putting straight:

"To be or not to be? that was the question!"

I left the town in the bustle of high change, and reached the Downs happily without suffocation, a process which the later arrivals looked as if they had nearly been subjected to:

"Lach thick the dust lay on the ground, For it had long been droughty weather;" and melancholy disfigurement of silk bonnets and kid shoes was the natural consequence. If it be said, and I do not think it a great over-atement, that there were half as many here to-day as there were yesterday, it will easily be conceived that there was no lack of company. The Hill, though not so densely covered, was yet most populously occupied, and the rows of carriages on the lower side reached nearly to the gravel road, though for the greater part of the way only in single files. The Ring on the Hill was unusually great, and tolerably noisy, as every one who had lost consequently was in a hurry to square. In an age like this, when the slow march, with all its grace and dignity, is universally exploded, and all mankind jig it along at double quick, would it not be an improvement, where in so limited a space of time such multifarious bargains have to be struck, were an auctioneer, regularly diplomized, to be appointed to set up the odds on each horse in succession, keeping a book of those who take and those who lay them? This would, to say but a very tithe of its advantages, save a horrible din, pre-

venting men with lungs less powerful than the venders of Bath brick from making themselves heard, or those with nerves less fragile than the steel of Damascus from obtaining even a sight of the market.

This is a great day for the Surrey farmers, as Thursday is for the people of Cockney Land. As the bell for saddling was ringing, I posted off from the Warren, where the gathering was very considerable for an OAKS exhibition, purposing to take my observation of this race from the rise beyond Tattenham Corner, hard by the finish of the new ground. As I passed the Ring on my way thither, they were tra-

ding briskly, all at this moment looking in downright earnest. The odds on the favorite ran almost even with those against the leader in the great affair of yesterday, 5 to 2 being as near as a toucher the notion of Cotillon, 7 to 2 or a shade less about Louisa, 6½ to 1 May-day, 10 to 1 Pickle, the same against Zulima, nearly a couple of dozen to one Pussy (just introduced into society), 40 to 1 Delightful, Rosalie at like figures, and a dirty half hundred against Slight. As they were a long time before they joined me at my place of observation, suppose I give the *matériel* of the race, while we await their coming.

The Second Year of a Renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—All other conditions as for the Derby.
—Ninety-six subscribers.

Mr. Cosby's br. Pussy, by Pollio, dam by Valve (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Forth's Louisa, by Longwaist out of Miss Witch (Wheatley).....	2
Mr. W. Richardson's, by Young Phantom (Connelly)	3

The following also started but were not placed :—

Mr. G. Walker's Cotillon, by Partisan out of Quadrille (W. Scott).
Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Zulima, by Sultan out of Emma (Chifney).
Lord Berners' May-day, by Lamplighter out of Camarine's dam (J. Boyce).
Mr. Thornhill names Pickle, out of Mustard by Emilius (Flatman).
Mr. West names Delightful by Defence—Lady Stumps (Chapple).
Mr. Cooper's Rosalie by Whalebone—Electress (Pavia).
Lord Stradbroke's Begum, by Partisan—Sultana (Wright).
Lord Jersey's Nell Gwynne, by Sultan—Cobweb (Robinson).
Mr. Vansittart's, by Lottery, dam by Abjer—Slight (Arnall).
Mr. Grant's Fiddle Faddle, by Whalebone—Fatima (Norman).
Mr. Batson names by Whalebone out of Benedict's dam (G. Edwards).
Mr. Forth's Sister to Echo by Emilius (Twitchet).

Soon after half-past two, the bell for starting having been rung, they all got together at the post, some exhibiting anything but a disposition to behave themselves as young ladies should in public. The favorite with the French name cut as many extravagances as though she were the incorporate emblem of her designation: two or three

others, tickled by the novelty of *stripping* before some thousands of the other sex, were as restive as young things generally are in parallel situations. After half an hour's larking they came a little to their senses, and were got off, Nell Gwynne, of all the lasses in the world, setting them the example of propriety, and shewing them the way; Louisa,

Rosalie, and another lying well with her—the rear rank being composed of Cotillon, Pickle, May-day, Slight, Jenny Mills, and the rest, Pussy being among the sternmost. When on the rise of the Hill, at the Furze, they were all together, and so they well might, for any hack at Epsom would have shewn them the road. I never saw so wretched an attempt at a gallop. At the rails Arthur Pavis on Rosalie was first, having taken up a good place, but shewing no ambition to mend the pace. Old Wheatley, on Forth's, took a pull, but it was wretched till they had cleared Tattenham Corner: here the speed mended, Louisa forcing it into something resembling racing. May-day lay on the higher ground, Frank Boyce sitting still upon her, and having more the appearance of a winner than anything in the race. Cotillon just here made an offer for the front: Scott, however, either saw it was a vain attempt, or the filly herself gave in, for in a few more strides she was among the hindmost. In this form they crossed the gravel road, and ran to near the distance, when Lord Berners' filly was seen to pitch upon her head, falling with a fearful crash. Boyce, who rode, was up and on his legs in an instant. How those behind her escaped, I should think the jocks know as little as their horses; but most providentially they *did* avoid the danger. Pickle, who had been the companion of the leading party up to the date of this disaster, was now shook off, Zulima, Delightful, Slight, and Mr. Richardson's making breast-work of it. On catching a glimpse of

Pussy, who had never appeared in the race before, it was quite evident that she had the thing at her disposal. John Day never stirred her till they had passed the Grand Stand: there he let her out, when she came gallantly away, and won by a good length. Louisa and Wheatley were the second couple, the third Connolly handing in the daughter of Jenny Mills.

Upon reaching the spot where poor May-day had fallen, I found her alive, with her near fore-leg, *that which was down the Hill*, literally broken off a little above the fetlock joint, hanging on merely by the skin: of course, a speedy end was put to her sufferings! Was it a weakness that I turned to conceal the tear I could not restrain, as I gazed upon my hapless favorite? During the two last Newmarket Meetings she had been to me almost as an associate; the paddock in which she walked was under my chamber window: at that time she was scarcely known. I was the first who prognosticated her triumph for the Thousand Guineas Stakes, and from my report, just before the race came off, as the Ring was breaking up, a leading speculator was induced to back her at 8, then at 7, and finally at 6 to 1. Poor May-day! thine was indeed fated to be but a brief career! a little month, that rose upon thy glory, has set upon thy grave!

"But now we saw thee triumph, and now *there*."

I scarcely know how to give an opinion upon the race for the Oaks of this year: I should think a more indifferent one has been rarely seen. To judge from

this specimen, I should say the fillies are as inferior as the colts have shewn themselves superior to any that late years have produced. How far its results have enabled the Northerners to rectify their *mistake*, I am not prepared to shew upon any authentic grounds. Pussy was unknown in the market till this morning. That, perhaps, might have operated in her favour, and given her grace in the eyes of the worthies above-named; for it is characteristic, to a proverb, of the people of Yorkshire, that when they meet with a *stranger*, they *take him in*.

In both the great races, it is a good omen for the Turf that two of its constant supporters have been victorious, and, to judge from the strong expression of popular feeling, the result of each was universally hailed with pleasure. That such may be the fortune of successive Derbys and Oaks is my devout wish, as the sure, unfailing remedy for the fungus tribe who have lately disgraced the annals of racing, and whose ephemeral career a short reverse will for ever extinguish.

At half-past three, came a Free Plate of 50l., given by W. J. Denison, Esq., M. P. for West Surrey: three-year-olds 6st. 7lb., four 8st. 11lb., five 8st. 7lb., six and aged 8st. 10lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; two-mile heats. The card contained a list of eight, but only half the number thought fit to go. The Ranvilles

filly had the call at about 2 to 1, and Minster a point or so worse, the others having no supporters. Up to the Furze the rate they chose was anything but racing: at Tattenham Corner they mended it, keeping it well up to the Stand, Minster having the lead. Here the Ranvilles filly was brought out with a rush *à la Chifney*, running every inch up to his saddle skirts, and was at the end defeated by a short head, after a smashing turn for it, and a struggle gallantly contested. For the second heat only the two engaged in the tussle for the last were brought out; Minster the favorite with the industrious, who seized this last opportunity of turning a penny. From beginning to ending the filly never had a chance, Lord Conyngham winning in a canter.

There was a Match announced, but, like other "matches" that we have heard and read of, it produced no unanimity of opinion, falling to the earth fruitless, unless, indeed, the "walk over" obtained the premium of half forfeit, which I much doubt, as I only look upon the whole affair as being a good-humored *ruse* to prolong the day's festivities.

"My task is done—my tale hath ceased:
my theme

Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted
dream;

The torch shall be extinguished which
hath lit

My midnight lamp—and what is writ is
writ—

Would it were worthier!"

CRAVEN.

A FEW REMARKS ON MERITS OF THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR FIELD PURPOSES.

BY STUD.

SIR,

IN the last February Number your Correspondent Ringwood has favored us with his opinions on this subject, in one and all of which I so decidedly coincide, that were it not that he has thrown out a wish that others might communicate such facts or instances as might have come under their observation or experience, I should not have attempted any remark or comment. As once, however, I was prejudiced against thorough-bred ones as hunters, and came to change that opinion by accident, which led, through experience, to conviction, I will avail myself of your valuable Correspondent's solicitation, and state as briefly as possible what I have *known* about the matter.

The strongest and most general prejudice which exists, or did exist, in my hunting days against thorough-bred horses as hunters, is the notion that they can hardly be ever made safe, powerful, or pleasant fencers, never *brilliant* ones; and that at all times they are in this respect uncertain, liable to bungle at cramp places; and, in short, not as safe as others. Their want of size—I do not mean height altogether—I have also heard objected against them; that they do not fill you *between* like other horses; and, lastly, their being such bad ones to come home with on the road. As these were the rocks I split on for years, and I believe others, who may have entertained or still la-

bour under the same mistaken notions, to be in a great measure actuated by the same feelings and prejudices which swayed me, I shall attempt to explain what they were, and how pertinaciously they adhered to me until I was forced out of them by accidental practice and conviction.

The first attempts which the youthful aspirant to fame as a fox-hunter commonly makes—I know it was so with your humble servant and several of his contemporaries—is, through the medium of skylarking, to acquire a firm seat over fences, &c.: he can indulge his “quick coming fancies” this way, though he dare not perhaps shew his nose with a pack of hounds. Now whoever may possess the best fencer of such a lot of the rising generation, who as yet “talk, with open heart and tongue, affectionate and true,” if he be as good a plucked one as the rest, *sets* the other lads so often, that each mentally and vocally resolves not to be outdone, and vows, whenever he can accomplish it, to get a real good jumper.

When further emancipated at college or elsewhere, the same feeling for the most part exists, and at that time of life there is not one in a hundred, who, at first at least, does not go out to ride, and ride alone. Let any one recollect or mark the after-dinner conversation of a set of choice spirits at that *glorious* period of existence when to

the youngster of anything like fortune nothing almost is impossible; when the magic talisman of youthful blood imagines nearly all things, and, dashing on without fear or difficulty, almost realizes what it imagines. Listen to them, and you will find that their talk is solely about the day's riding; each horse's manner and powers are carefully noted and scanned; every particular place and leap remembered; and the style and merits of every man in the field as minutely discussed, and laid up to be applied as each one fancies or judges best to the furtherance of his present ambition, namely, making himself a top-sawyer.

As life progresses, the feeling, if possible, strengthens, though he may have given up the vanity of shewing off, setting a copy, pounding, &c.; and goes out now to enjoy hunting as well as riding.

Next he comes really to man's estate—he comes to his own, settles, and marries. Now he has the whole world before him—everything to enjoy, and the means to do so. Fox-hunting, no doubt, will have lost none of its relish, but other things require attention; and it won't do to be brought home to pretty madam with dislocated or broken bones if possible, and turn her into his nurse. That is not the sort of nurse either of them want to make of her at present; nor is it just or fitting they should. So a perfect fencer is still the desideratum; and that is not to be expected from a daisy-cutting, creeping, straight-knee'd, thorough-bred one. Along with these almost imperceptible as

they are gradual antipathies to the the blood-horse, sight and (if trial even be made) sensation too lend their aid to strengthen the prejudice. A brilliant leaper always makes a certain palpable exertion, and men become habituated to this, until they unwittingly combine this *feeling* with safety, and if even they be persuaded to try a blood-horse, this soon shews itself.

Intimately has RINGWOOD shewn his knowledge on the subject, when he says—"The feeling there is in the action of a thorough-bred horse to the rider is like sitting in a London-built Stanhope, after having journeyed in a country dog-cart." The thorough-bred horse either makes very little effort, or his style is such as to be little *felt* by the rider. So when a man, who has been for seasons used to brilliant and bucking jumpers, persuades himself to ride a thorough-bred over a fence, he hardly knows he is over by sensation, and he shakes his head—"It may be all very good, but it is not comfortable; it don't *feel* safe." Let no one here accuse me of spinning too fine, or of drawing inferences solely from my own ideas: what I state is the result of ocular and auricular demonstration in the cases of others in repeated instances.

As to sight, it is just the same; the same showy method is observable in almost all first-rate fencers. Many sportsmen, and good ones too, continue amateurs in this way all their lives. I once heard a well-known one say, after seeing a splendid leaper shewn over some very high timber on trial, that he would go

fifty miles to see him do a day's work. Now, generally speaking (though I have seen one or two instances to the contrary, and Ringwood notices as such old Bulow), the thorough-bred horse is, as a fencer, in appearance any thing but imposing; indeed, he rather gives the impression of carelessness; small cramp places that the half-bred flies, he either walks over or half hops; and larger, he gets over certainly, but how?—not as custom has stamped, in a workman-like way: and thus, though they may see such go through a season without fall or mistake, it is attributed more to that sort of providence which is said generally to attend a drunken man—in short, more to good luck than any merit in the prod, and a happy indifference in the rider, who is set down as one gifted with obtuseness of nerve, and a want of sense of the risk he runs. "Rather he than I." How often is that not heard? I will appeal to any old sportsman, if such should chance to cast their eye over this. But this very appearance of carelessness and indifference, when coupled with actual safety, arises from one of the pre-eminences of the bred horse, as I think I can subsequently shew.

And now, under favour, I shall state a trifling occurrence which happened to myself in my hunting career, and which caused a complete revolution (perhaps I should say *reaction*) in my way. It was in the latter end of the season of 1816-17 that, in company with a brother sportsman, we took it into our heads to have a look at the far-famed Daventry country; but wishing also to combine as many packs as we

could, after some investigation and discussion of the matter, we set ourselves down at the small village of Charwelton, five miles from Daventry, where we were in occasional reach of the Pychley, Sir T. Mostyn's, (the then Lord Anson's) Lord Lichfield's, and, if we chose, sometimes the Duke of Grafton's. Nothing could be pleasanter than the situation, and at the little inn, the Fox, the stabling was excellent. The accommodation in the house might not have suited probably Exquisites, or Exclusives, but it was quite comfortable for plain sportsmen—men, indeed, whom that immortal gastronomic worthy old Kitchener would have looked down on as barely fit to live—*insipid villains* of "intolerable entrails," fellows who actually could eat common roast and boiled, and that too not critically done to a turn or a bubble, without being compelled on the ensuing day to resort to his "peristaltic persuaders" and "restorative ragoos," to save them from the "horrors of indigestion." If the Port was not of the finest vintage, it drank pleasantly mulled, and we were well and merry withal. It chanced to be one of those broken seasons in which wet days were frequently succeeded by intense frosty nights; and one of these frosts lasting a day or two, the best horse in my possession, a brown gelding, got by Lop, which I had purchased of old Harris of Stapleton near Bristol, a man who in those days had many a good horse passed through his hands, slipped up on some ice near the foot of the bridge, being frisky with the frost, and smashed his thigh bone so badly that he had

to be shot as soon as possible. This was a sad loss every way, as my stable was confined to three, and they had (where we were) enough to do.

A day or two after, my servant, who felt about the accident more than he needed, as he was a very careful man and a long time with me, informed me that he had heard from a sporting farmer of a horse a country-dealer had by him, who was to be sold, as he thought, worth the money; and were he himself in want, he would not hesitate, as he knew the horse. Now I did not know but the farmer and dealer might be friends, so I took no heed: but my servant made the horse out, and had him brought over. He had not at first glance the best appearance, but was a very nice horse when in action—had been an indifferent runner, and was fired, but very neatly, all fours. His legs were otherwise as free as a foal's from blemish, and he had *very* good feet. I could not fancy him, though quite size enough to carry 12 stone, my exact weight, *as a blood horse*. The fairest trial was given, and he proved himself a *safe* fencer, but no show. However (without warranty), though the man said he had rode him two months every way, and believed him sound, I bought him for 65 guineas—the first thorough-bred (as a hunter) I ever owned. He was in good working condition, and I rode him occasionally to covert, taking such fences as I thought fit; but I could not get on terms with him: I could never *feel* him *spring*; and I always wondered he had not bungled, or given me a fall: to ride him in all other way was like sitting in

an arm chair. He had been with me about a fortnight, and was much the better from sheer elbow-grease, when the Duke of Grafton's hounds coming to Plumpton wood, we resolved on seeing them; and hearing the country was not good, and little probability of a run, though we might have a long day in the large coverts, I thought it a good time to save my old cattle, and sent the racer to covert. He had, as I have said, greatly improved; and when I got on him, my companion said, whatever he might be, he was as sporting a looking horse as was at the covert side. We missed at Plumpton, and went on to a country-seat where the gates were all locked. Here were some as ugly fences as I ever saw, and not feeling at home at all, I went away by myself up a very deep dirty lane to pick and choose, and, as *I felt sure of a fall, that no one might see*. While splitting up the lane, more than hock deep, I heard a noble crash to my right; they had found—there was nothing for it but the fence, or go home. At it I went both spurs in, and got “well into the next field;” but how I could not account to my *satisfaction*, as I hardly *felt* I had been over a fence. Well this continued until we got rid of the gentleman's park and plantations, and got out on a common then inclosing, the deepest and worst ground I think horse's limb could be stuck in: many soon stuck in earnest, and there was I grinning, and nursing, and screwing, andfunking every minute as my last, the blood slipping away though from all, and craning, though temperately, for his head. Old Tom Rose, who, on his well-

known roan-nerved horse, was out that day in great coat and hat, after a severe illness (it was the first year his health began to fail), was pegging away, and with His Grace of Grafton and a few others, my pail in company, were at the head. This common ended in, if possible, a worse lane, between two immense woods: if all the cattle that had been in Smithfield that year had been on it, it could not have been worse. Into the right-hand wood, over a new pleached and dangerous stake-hedge, and bank almost impracticable, the hounds blazed away; and, about a hundred yards up, Rose, a Mr. Maxwell on a Pioneer mare, a very straight rider, and one or two others, went in after them, over a high iron cramped oak stile, with a foot-board across a wet ditch on each side. His Grace or no other, not even my friend, though on a known safe horse, liked this: up we went the lane; but I had not gone fifty yards, when, seeing no opening, and the cry dying away every minute, I wheeled back. There was none to see and grin. At the stile I went, and over cleverly, but without sob or exertion; and I looked back to see how the thing was possible. Here the poor fellow began to shake his head, as much as to say, "D—n you, you spoon, let go my head," and I did so. In quick time were we at the exact fellow stile of the last, as pleasantly over, and into another quagmire of a lane, beyond which was a third wood: into this they had gone, and, after a second's pause, I was following, when I heard the hounds turn and come towards me. Never was man more lucky; I stole

down the hedge to the corner, where I was but barely a moment when out at the bottom of the wood they came blazing and screeching, with about four miles of heavy, and not long inclosed, open to face between them and the next woodland — close to them came Old Tom, and those who had stuck by him, his face as pleasant as one of his full-blown namesakes in June, and cheering (no harm could be done) in delight. *Such* four miles at *such* a batt never went I over: one by one they dropped astern, and at length the roan began to whisk his tail, and groan to the spur. One man I had not noticed, on a light grey horse, was absolutely coming up, though he had not been out of the covert at starting; it was the under whip, on a thorough-bred Son of Waxy. In the last mile I went by old Tom, now floundering at a trot, and was well and cleverly first at the covert side. Barely was I there, when up came the whip on his gallant grey, spurred from girth to flank, his fine chimneys ventilating, and his tail slightly shaking, though well up and yet answering the spur. The man touched his cap, looked very hard at my nag, and asked, "Isn't that a thorough-bred-un, Sir?"—"Yes," was the reply. "Nothing else, by G—!" was all I heard as he scrambled over the bank into the covert, round which I edged away. Out of this woodland we could not move the varmint, and I was thinking of home, when up came my friend, who had been Lord knows where, thunderstruck to see me, still more to hear my story, and *better*, the whipper-in's.

I rode this horse four seasons, during which I hunted him in all the Midland Counties, and never knew one make fewer mistakes. He much resembled in marks and colour his half-brother Cannon Ball, being got by Sancho—dam by Highflyer; Young Marske, &c. &c.—This set me on looking more after thorough-bred ones, and I have had some very good hunters of them since; but I will drop myself, already too much mentioned—though when a man has to speak of his own experience, he may hope to be excused. Now one of the reasons that makes a blood-horse a racer, more or less, is his stride, and this they all have to a certain degree superior to the common horse; consequently, I think it is less exertion to them to get over anything: and this, coupled to the great natural smoothness and ease of their movements, gives them that apparent slovenly carelessness of action, and want of exertion in fencing, so remarkable in the first-rate half-bred hunter. I may be wrong—no man will be happier to be set right. My companion in this little tour was not long in taking the hint, and he was very lucky in procuring a strong Son of Hedley after one of the October Meetings: but, wanting to do the thing too well, he sent him to a riding-school, to be put on his haunches, and to the bar. This they overdid, and caprioled him, &c. too severely, until he threw out spavins, which were ever more or less against him: nevertheless he made a top hunter. The manner I took (here we go, I again, Heaven help us!) with those I got hold of was, to tie them up to a wooden horse-rider—getting their heads as high as

possible, as one of the greatest plagues about them is the place in which, from general training, their heads are set—walking so strapped up in ploughed ground, a person leading them by a side-rein, with a switch to *rap them over the shins*, or otherwise correct them, when over-careless and blundering about; next lunging at the *trot*; and, lastly, riding in ploughed ground, roads, &c. When this is done, and they go with somewhat of a bent knee, and mind where they are going, they must be taught to leap: but great care must be taken to begin in the lunging, &c., as previously stated, with all possible gentleness, or you may set the screws loose, or go wrong with the temper. The bar may be begun with, but small drains and ditches in the lunge, and a tandem whip behind, is the best: the head tied up. At first the horse should carry nothing, but as he gets on, and begins to jump without bungling or falling, &c., weight should be put on him gradually, by means of sand in a pair of old saddle-bags, which may be easily fixed. When he comes to *leap really*, you may get up yourself, or if you know a horse-breaker, or have a groom with *hands*, put them up; if not, better stick to the tied-up head and sand-bags until you choose to mount yourself.

I have now, according to Ringwood's expressed wish, communicated my little quota on this subject, in which unfortunately there has been too much of the pronoun personal. It may be trivial, and not the kind of information which your clever Correspondent sought to elicit; but whatever be its demerits, it is plain matter of

fact—or the result of observation—

—“ Quid verum
Curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.”

In conclusion, and addition to what RINGWOOD has more pointedly stated, it may be said of the thorough-bred one as a hunter, that he is far superior in his powers of getting through deep, heavy, or stiff ground, and that the worse it is, the more will this excellence be felt and found—

that he will come quicker and oftener in his turn, keep his condition generally better, and heal quicker of any knocks or cuts than the common horse; and moreover, if not overmarked altogether, he will last longer.— These attributes, in my very humble opinion, must be conceded to him.

I am, &c.

Strun,

Buxton, May 30, 1884.

THE SUMMER MARINER'S SONG.

Oh is it not sweet, in our bark so fleet,
To gaze on the less'ning shore,
As it fades on the sight, with spirits light
As the wave that we're sporting o'er !
For the Sea, for the Sea ! all's clear on the lea,
What heart can wish for more,
Than the breeze abeam, the merry moon-gleam,
And a lass that we love ashore !

Bends the mast like a reed as she leaps in her speed
Through the foam that she dashes aside,
Like a bird, or a steed from rider free'd,
That bounds in grace and pride !
Then who would not be on the Summer Sea
Gliding the blue surge o'er,
With the breeze abeam, the merry moon-gleam,
And a lass that we love ashore !

Slack sheets, give her room for a spanking boom,
For free'r the land-wind blows,
What joy on earth can match our mirth
When the good boat cheerily goes !
Thus we live on the Sea, and we pledge in our glee,
Till the ruby tide runs o'er,
With the breeze abeam, in the merry moon-gleam,
The lass that we love ashore !

J. W. G.

TRAITS OF ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING.—BY OLD HARKAWAY.

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 "Hoc est

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui."—MARTIAL.  
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SIR,
THAT we frequently may and do enhance even the present enjoyments of life by recurring to those of the past, is a truism which the Roman Epigrammatist has recorded in the above-quoted sentence; and as my former attempts to snatch a few fleeting traits of our great National Sport from the "fell whirlpool of oblivion" have been received at least without displeasure, perhaps I may indulge in the harmless vanity of thinking that some one or another may dissipate a hot or weary hour over this continuation of them, which, should it haply so befall, will also prove my best excuse and palliation for the as harmless self-gratification specified in the epigram. I may safely say harmless, as of one of the many advantages and merits the fox-hunter can claim for his favorite disport, it is not the least that he can look back upon it, and its associations generally, without alloy. He can have no hesitation or dread therefore that there can be any just repugnance on that score for any one to dip into the rakings of his memory; while, should any of those whose entrance on the stage of life has been but recent only vouchsafe to lend them an ear, the latter too will in some sort partake of the feeling expressed in the epigram from the mere force of novelty. Broad summer, too, lends her scorching aid to him who has to face the fiat of publicity, for the hunter is in his loose box, the hound in his cool grass yard, and

all the means and appliances of the enthusiastic fox-hunter—I mean him who is thoroughly inoculated with the soul-engrossing virus—are only so many present instruments of tantalisation:

"Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica,

disaue
 Longa videtur opas debentibus, ut piger
 annus

Pupillis quos dura premit custodia ma-
 trum;

Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora."

I forget who has said, but some one very properly has, that even now-a-days everybody is not bound to understand French; which being the case, and Latin dead, it is still more out of the question: so, with the alteration of only one word, we will see how Pope Anglicises the above:

"Long as to him who works for debt the
 day;

Long as the night to her whose love's
 away;

Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
 When the brisk minor pants for Twenty-
 one;

So slow th' unprofitable moments roll
 That lock up all the pleasures of my
 soul."

Such is the frequent soliloquy, suppressed feeling, or open bewailing, of many a young sprig of scarlet, who is thoroughly and deeply smitten—a first love is the only thing to be compared to it; ay, woman's love, of which we read so much, except indeed a Frenchman's fondness for dancing might form another exception, which I look upon to be a passion nearly as engrossing. Nothing, however, that ever entered into the heart of the love-lorn maid, or the heels of the

mercurial Monsieur, or any of their other organs, can exceed the exclusiveness of enthusiasm which reigns dominant in the breast and overpowers almost all other inclination in the desires of a downright votary of the brush. Like the love-stricken damsel, he takes not his impressions from the objects around him, but communicates to them the all-engrossing influence which sways his every sensation. Fancy, indeed, may lend her magic aid occasionally, and in his musings his spirit may wander away into the woods and wilds, there, like lost Eloisa, to "dream the rest." Ay to the wild woods roams unbidden his impatient spirit—but not the woodlands, as they now are, clothed in green, and gemmed with cowslip, harebell, and eglantine, and pregnant with sweet sounds of bird and bee: these delight not, nor heedeth he them, while his

"Eye in a fine frenzy rolling"

views the covert under bare poles, waving and sighing to the last autumn breeze; while in lieu of being carpeted in Nature's curious gauds, it is mantled in russet brown, and soaked with Equinoctial rains, indicative of the splashed boot-top and soiled scarlet. Not to go too far, is there *no truth in this*, and will not many a grown-up young Gentleman plead guilty in some sort to the soft impeachment, as well as the enthusiastic novice? I recollect the day when there were some such spirits in our land, which leads me to surmise there may be yet, the which encourages an old *raconteur* still more, as anything connected with the glorious sport will not in such dull times prove

altogether tasteless; inasmuch as it will enable the younger reader, if not exactly to fight his own battles over again, to compare the doings of these his days with the passages of others long mingled with the past, which occurred among those who were then and there accounted men of mark and estimation, and which, however feebly, shall at least be *faithfully* detailed.

Had I from the first adopted any regularity in these my brief memorials, taking up the matter where I last left off in the Gloucestershire or Cotswold country, having already noticed the Duke of Beaufort—Sir T. Mostyn's or the Warwickshire would naturally suggest themselves; but as the best Divine can only preach according to his knowledge, so must I confine myself to what I knew; and though I once rode a great distance to see Old Corbett and his bitch pack, for which *grace à Dieu*, it never was my hap to be much in this crack county, which I look upon to be one of the best in England, and which in this last most extraordinary open season laid claim at one period, at least I saw it so recorded, to the proud boast of having had the best season of any hounds in England. Is this really the case? If any of your numerous friends could let us know the *pros* and *cons* actually, not from *hearsay* or reports, I for one would feel singularly obliged. I have called Warwickshire a crack country; but I believe the greatest though best endured of all impertinences, the stamp of fashion, does not in all respects bear me out; in such case I ought I suppose to cry *peccavi*. But no, I think otherwise; it is a very

severe and terribly fenced country in many parts, which is probably not so fashionable as nice clipped hedges and cleaned ditches. The Oxfordshire I have been with; but at present, passing Warwickshire, we come into Northampton, the county in all England most after my own heart, where I spent some pleasant seasons, and which will form the subject of my present paper.

Northamptonshire as a whole is hunted by many packs, but that which may be deemed its own more particular, and from which it takes as well as gives to them a long, very long established reputation, second to none, and in the eyes of many superior to all, is that so well known as the Pytchley. This denomination it takes from a small hamlet or parish of that name at the Old Manor House, of which in days of yore, when "there were giants in the land," (Dick Knight who then hunted them rode upwards of eighteen stone,) and when they were at least as celebrated as ever they have been before or since, they were kept; and where also, under the denomination of the Pytchley Hunt or Club, some of the first sportsmen of title, rank, and fashion of the day hung out their flag. Pytchley originally belonged to the Knightleys, whether of Fawsley or not I never knew. After it was given up as the regular Club House, it was frequently uninhabited. It had nothing very particular about it, and its situation, as the country was hunted under Lord Althorp (the time I was in it), and subsequently, was not just the most central. Probably, when it was in its glory, a wider scope or a different district formed the

scene of operations. The country, still generally so called, as were the hounds as often as not, though their then proper denomination was Lord Althorp's, lay principally east, west, and north of Northampton, being more curtailed to the south, where the north of the Duke of Grafton's country bounded it. The hounds themselves were kept at Althorp. This country then extends in the direction above named from Northampton, by and beyond Billinge, Sywell, Hardwick, the Harrowdens, Pytchley, Broughton, Kelmarsh, Stanford, Yelverton, Crick, Watford, Norton, Brockhall, Weedon, Fawsley, Low Heyford, Duston, Upton, &c. This includes an immense tract of fine country, lying as it were in a ring, the nearest point to the centre of which is the town or village of Brixworth, seven miles on the direct road from Northampton, through Market Harborough, to Leicester. Here, to a person who comes to hunt with the Pytchley, and nothing else, is certainly the best place to quarter, and the accommodations must be good. The time I was in this country it was the abiding place of Messrs. Davy, Gurney, &c., Colonels Allix, Pack, and other first-rate sportsmen. Northampton is excellently situated in the middle of the Pytchley and the Duke of Grafton's country, and to a man who had half a dozen horses, and wanted to hunt every day in the week, was certainly the best *point d'appui*: accommodation of every or any description, to suit any man's purse or habits, could be had, and there are comfortable inns of all sorts, which are all furnished with suf-

ciently good stabling. The George is the principal; and here, though there is no regular Club, there are generally a good knot of sportsmen, who for the most part live together. The Angel is equally good, and the stables of the best description. Although, having but four horses, it was not in my power to hunt every day in the week, I used to take up my quarters at the latter house, as I had the good fortune to be acquainted with a very pleasant family in the town, a most gratifying resource in the long winter-nights. As a town, I should say, it is a particularly dull one. Althorp, where the hounds were kept at this period, is four miles from Northampton on the road to Rugby, and, though lying rather to the left of the centre, is in that point much better than Pytchley. It was moreover excellently situated for some of their finest country adjoining Warwick and Leicestershire—Crick, Watford Gap, Stanford Hall, &c. *The Squire's* present quarters, Pitsford House, are perhaps the best in this respect in the county, lying close to Brixworth, in the very centre of the whole: it was occupied in the time I am speaking of by Colonel Corbet, a veteran sportsman. The country on the whole is a severe one, equally for man and horse; and, indeed, none but a *man* and a *hunter* have any business in it: in a measure, it may be divided into two parts, having each on the main characteristic and distinguishing features—the grass country more decidedly so. The road already mentioned to Market Harborough might be taken as a rough bisection; the country to the right and north-

east of Northampton, and stretching away by Sywell Wood and the Harrowdens towards Kettering, and thence easterly towards Kelmarsh, Naseby, &c., being called the Plough, arable land on the main prevailing, and some of it very extensive and heavy. As to Naseby Field, of bloody memory, it is reckoned the veriest choak-jade in England, or perhaps choak-horse; for it would stop anything almost in deep weather if fairly crossed. When it is even partially so, there are always tales to tell of—spell the word which way you will, tale or tail.

On the other hand, taking the country from its farthest extent in the south-west from Fawsley, and so on back by Weedon, Brockhall, Watford, Crick, and Stanford, the intermediate is almost solely a grass country of the most splendid description. As merchants, however, end their invoices, &c. I also plead errors excepted here; for, although on the main I feel it to be correct, there are no doubt sprinklings of grass in the one, and arable in the other. Both are tremendously fenced, the post and railing on the plough of former days having given way to the now grown-up hedges, which they never used to cut; while the inclosures about the villages are stiff, stark, and well staked. Brooks too adorn the bottoms; not your piddling water-cut—so dignified to suit the vanity of the would-be hard rider—but genuine streamlets, in which there is no mistake, if you manage—no hard matter—to get in. Bullock-fences, and all varieties necessary to keep in cattle, stiff stiles, locked gates, &c. bedeck the grass country in profu-

sion. Nor is it deficient in water, either running or in large ponds; where these latter lie, as they frequently do, just under a bullfinch, they prove no mean Squire-trap: I have seen three Gents at one and the same time in one of them: *I have been in myself (horresco referens)*. The main *desagrément* in both these lines of country is the practice of not cutting the hedges, at least it was so. I think it is Devonshire that does, or did, boast of broken knees as a coat of arms; the Pytchley might as well of bunged ogles. No horse hardly can go a few seasons in this country without injury or partial loss of sight; and the rider has so much to do to guard his own, that he can hardly take as much care as he might perhaps of his horse. While I was there, I had one horse lost an eye, and another blemished, though not injured, through severe slaps in these tremendous highandstiffquicks. Nevertheless, difficult as it is, it is the best country, to please me, in England; and I never knew one who stuck to it but liked it, though he might have felt otherwise at first.

It may not be in good taste, perhaps, to say a great deal about the then Master, he who now hunts the Commons pack for my Lord Grey in the St. Stephen's country. It is not my business, whether or no it might be for the benefit of the field at large, but I will hazard the assertion, that the former Noble Official would find it greatly for his own ease if he could introduce among these heterogeneous and babbling new drafts, whom their second season don't seem to have much improved, some of the admirable discipline he had established in

the Pytchley; it was so perfect that there is no use in trying to describe it: where there literally was nothing to object to, there could be nothing to notice.

Lord Althorp was a thorough sportsman, a resolute rider, and of course mounted as such a man in such a country should be. I speak it not (no sportsman could suppose another guilty of such folly) in disparagement of men like Musters and Osbaldeston; but it was a sorrowful day to those used to that establishment, about which the manly condescension and noble urbanity of the owner threw a halo, within the influence of which a man must have been to conceive, when the endless vexations of a badly dislocated shoulder, which never could be kept in its place, induced Lord Althorp to give up the Pytchley.

Of their huntsman, Charles King, few words will suffice; anything I could say would add none to his well-earned reputation: in my own humble opinion, he was the best huntsman I ever saw, for, in a long acquaintance, I cannot call to mind ever having seen him commit anything like a blunder. Every thing went every day (weather of course allowed for) like clockwork. The basis of his system was evidently *hunting*, and nothing else—"Hounds, do your work."—To this was superadded a quickness, in which, while there was no bustle, there was as little delay. If necessary, and it was seldom I saw him practise it, he could let the varmint feel that he knew as much as himself, and sometimes a little more. He was an excellent horseman, ever with his hounds, and liked, and would

permit, few to ride before him. He was admirably mounted, always with two horses out. In this respect, as probably in others, I heard he was much indulged, from not being in a general good state of health. I cannot enumerate all the good ones I have seen him on, but will name one or two:—Blue Beard, a bay gelding (yet to me unknown), not apparently thorough bred, a good 14 stone horse—King was about 12—said to be as perfect a hunter and as good a horse as any in England, but impossible to shoe without casting;—Grasper, a black gelding, near 16 hands high, a sterling horse in any country or ground, and to my eyes the *beau ideal* of a crack huntsman's horse; he wore the coat of arms I spoke of, a queer eye, I believe blind of it, from a slap of a thorn-hedge:—Sir Paul, a thorough-bred brown gelding, 16 hands high, with lop ears, a lengthy powerful horse, not a showy hunter, but he seemed a great favorite. The two last were by Grasper and Sir Paul.

The first whipper, Jem Wood, was in all respects worthy of those above him: he was the best horseman I ever recollect to have seen; and Christian, of Melton celebrity, however excellent he was or is, could not be better. A young thorough-bred one, that never saw a hound, was in his hands a perfect hunter, and many a one he used to ride for the different Gentry. One day, at Sywell, we were not able to throw off until past twelve for the snow, which, however, had thawed by that time sufficiently: a very sharp burst succeeded an immediate find, and in the hustle the snowballs from the horses'

feet were anything but *sport*. Wood was on Calaba, a Sorcerer mare, bred, I believe, by Mr. Andrew, of Harlestone, but now belonging to Mr. Elwes of Billing, a descendant—grandson I believe—of the *Elwes*, a first-rate performer with hounds, and who mostly rode thorough-bred ones. This mare was just then five years old, and had, like most of Mr. Andrew's stock at that time, not turned out as superiorly as the care, expense, and judgment bestowed might have led others as well as the breeder to expect. But if ever there was a thing which man yet tried, wherein he ought to self-fortify himself against the ten chances to one of unlooked-for and endless failure, where, on the contrary, from all premises, precedents, and data, he has reason good to look for triumphant success, it is in the breeding of thorough-bred stock to race. That Mr. Andrew bred some very good horses, there can be no doubt; but were they in performance like what everything would have induced the most fastidious even to expect? I cannot help thinking they were not. Well, Wood was on this raw mare; she had been trained and tried—I forget whether she had ever raced or not—but at this time she had been only as many months taken off suckling her first foal, as put her in sufficient condition to stand the rally she was sure to get from Wood. She was a lengthy, rather hollow-backed chesnut mare, and barely able (to look at) for 12 stone. The shower of snow and mud-balls from the horses' feet was, as I have said, anything but *sport*, and, after getting out of the first gate, a few of us hauled to our left to avoid it; among

others, Wood: it brought us upon an ox-fence, a very high flight of rails, with a sort of hedge and a deep wet broad ditch the other side. The leading man, Mr. Nethercoat, of Haselbeach, a determined rider, charged it on a known good hunter, whose whole four legs, however, the snow-balls took from under him at taking off; and he went *through* into the next field—about as ugly a fall as need be—where he lay, horse and all, doubled up like a hedgehog. Wood was sufficiently to his left and behind to have pulled up, but no; young or old, trained or as green as horn, was all one—at it he put her, and such a fence taken in fine style I never saw a horse clear. I made use of the fallen man's clearance, and hearing from himself, as the Irishman says, that he was only kilt, played away as well as I was able. We had a trying sharp burst about five miles to a drain, whence the fox was bolted in less than five minutes; and thence a very severe chivy by Orlingbury and Isham to a large homestead and farm-house, &c. near Barton Seagrave, where King, seeing pug was likely to prove tricky, gave one of the few lifts I ever knew him, and turned up Charley in a ditch. Through the whole of this Wood was going at his ease, and the mare at hers apparently, and "no mistake," in every sense of the word, and seemed to make no bones about it; and I believe he made this mare perfect in a few days. He had done the same before for Mr. Elwes; one horse in particular, a Sorcerer too, I think, of Mr. Andrew's breeding—a most su-

perb horse he turned out. I have seen him, Wood, on a farmer's nag; on a coach-horse once, from an accident: it was all one—they went; but how certainly must have been at least as well known to Wood as themselves. His style, in every sense of the word, was *impressive*; he put them at everything fastish—generally fast. That he had them at his will in an extraordinary way, I infer, because I can safely say I never saw a horse balk with him; and I saw him ride hundreds, and used to take amusement in watching him when I could. He had a fine voice, knew his business to a T, and was one of the civilest beings living. I shall have once more, in speaking of the best gentleman rider in that country, and second to none in any, to mention Wood again in contrasting their styles.

Jack Ward was the second whip, a civil, quiet, and younger man, who, from the excellent management the hounds were under, had but little to do in the field; however, he did that little well. He had a slack style of riding, but was always in his place.

The hounds, and those who used constantly to attend them, naturally now suggest themselves: but there are other considerations—your room, and the patience of your readers. It is a capital thing in an old hunter to be long-winded, but it won't do to get fractious and break away: so for the present a check is inevitable, and we must endeavour to hit it off in another paper.—I am, Sir, &c.

OLD HARKAWAY.

June 1st, 1834.

SUMMER PRACTICE FOR YOUNG SHOTSMEN.

SIR,

June 7, 1834.

I AM not going to write a dissertation on a subject, which, like many others, has been well nigh exhausted; I only intend offering a hint, which I leave to its fate. The yearly batch of young ones who are about to be entered for the first time this incoming season to the field use of the trigger, will many of them be now practising in such ways as either fancy or other influences may direct. The general ways are at swallows and pigeons: neither can contribute much to advance the beginner, who wants to become a good game shot. I know a person, who lives near me, in the prime of life, whom practice has made so good a pigeon shot that you might nearly always back the gun; but take him, as I have seen done, from the trap, among wild rabbits, or along plantations, where flying shots at wood-pigeons, &c. are to be had, and he is a *dead miss*: at game it is even worse: in short, if he can't *see and know* where or whence his object is going to *spring*, he is good for nothing. Many others are in the same way, and this is why I object to swallows and pigeons in the usual way for *practice*; for wagers they may do. A man sees a swallow long before he wants to fire, and he has his eye on the pigeon's trap: this is not only useless, but absolutely does harm when he comes to actual shooting in the field. Habit gives him this as a sort of point to commence with; and the consequence is, when birds spring, or other game rises otherwise than where

he thinks, he is flung and disconcerted altogether. Even shooting over a steady pointer will not obviate this, as game will spring random; and it is to be presumed no man hardly will set out now-a-days with the intention of only firing over a point. I have seen such system and such doings among some of the old fumbletonians of the last generation—the old Slows, whom Major Hawker mentions, “who can cock an eye and poke down a bird, provided they *pick* their shot.”—To a young man living in the country, and who has the way, rabbits will be excellent practice; or anything, vermin, birds of any kind sprung out of hedges; or, in short, any thing flying or running *which gets up unawares to him*. But either in town or country, where people choose to meet for practice, the method might be much improved, and should be varied, by procuring wild rabbits—a thing, I suppose, as easy as getting blue rocks. If in one of these places a space of 50 feet or so were planted with privet, butcher's broom, or any small bushes, a sort of covert might be made, in which the shooter, not being permitted to be present, a pigeon or rabbit might be trapped; so that when he came up, he could not know where it would spring. The wing-shot would be much the same as at present in other respects, but the habit of shooting at rabbits in the openings of a small covert—no matter how insignificant—would be of first-rate importance, as it not only would give some notion of a ground

shot, but put him in the way of acquiring the grand secret of all field and covert shooting—quickness in catching sight of your object, and decision in laying your gun correctly on it. By the present modes, a beginner only habituates himself to that which he must totally unlearn before he can make the least progress towards becoming a good field or covert shot. In such practice as I mention, when a little advanced, a pigeon and rabbit (always so that the shooter could not know where they might rise) could be put down together; and double shots,

wing and ground, practised. I am aware that there are many who are both excellent pigeon and field shots; and I request the pigeon-shooters generally not to imagine I mean to decry their pleasant amusement. I am equally aware many fair field shots would make poor hands at pigeons. My remarks are merely addressed to those who may be practising with a view to improvement, and it is as much as may be to save them unnecessary vexation I have ventured to record my opinion.

I am, Sir, &c.

MARKSMAN.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FORTHCOMING FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.

SIR,

IN continuation of the plan developed in my former Letters on the British Yacht Clubs, I have much pleasure in communicating to you the particulars of the arrangements entered into by the Committee of the Royal Irish Yacht Club for the forthcoming season. It will be in the recollection of your readers that the plans and management of their Regatta of last year exceeded those of any other Club. It was therefore confidently expected that the programme for 1834 would be no less attractive. That the public expectation on this point will not be disappointed, I shall proceed to shew by the following details of the arrangements for the forthcoming Festival.

The Regatta of the Royal Irish Yacht Club is appointed to take place on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of next month, the Most Noble

the Marquis of Donegal officiating as Commodore, and Sir Robert Gore Booth, Bart. as Vice Commodore. On the first day, Thursday, 17th July, the following Prizes will be contended for:

1. *The Kingstown Challenge Cup*, for all yachts. The race to commence at ten o'clock.—(This valuable Cup was won last year by the *Kate*, 42 tons, the property of Colonel Lloyd, one of the Honorary Secretaries.)

2. *The Dublin Cup*, for all yachts belonging to the Royal Irish, Royal Northern, Royal Cork, and Royal Western Yacht Clubs: a time race. The yachts to be divided into eight classes, viz., 15 tons, 20, 33, 45, 60, 85, 110, and unlimited entrance. Yachts to start at two o'clock.

3. *Sweepstakes* of 11. 10s. per oar, and a *Silver Cup* added by the Club for four-oared gigs. To start at three o'clock.

SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, JULY 18.

1st Prize—*The Kent Cup*, presented by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, for Club yachts not exceeding 50 tons. The yachts to start at ten o'clock, as on the previous day.

2. *The Ladies' Cup*, presented by the Ladies of Dublin, for yachts, on the same conditions as the Dublin Cup. To start at two o'clock.

3. *The Garrison Cup*, for four-oared giga. To start at three o'clock.

N. B. On each of these days there will be additional prizes given, as usual, to the boats and punts of yachts, and to the boats of the Revenue cruisers, pilots, and fishermen.

* * The Members of the several Clubs will dine this day at the Royal Hotel.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, JULY 19.

1. The yachts of the several Yacht Clubs will sail in fleet, and manœuvre in Dublin Bay, under the command of the Commodore.

2. On the evening of this day there will be a Ball and Supper at the Royal Hotel, under the patronage of the Club.

SAILING REGULATIONS FOR THE REGATTA.

1. All yachts must be entered with the Secretaries on or before the 13th July, the distinguishing flag made known, and the regulated entrance paid. Any individual not complying with this rule will not be allowed to sail for the prizes.

2. All vessels starting for the prizes must be the *bona fide* pro-

perty of the individual, as well as all the spars, sails, boats, &c.

3. No Member will be allowed to enter more than one vessel for each prize to be given by the Club.

4. At the Club Regattas, cutters shall carry four sails only—viz., mainsail, fore-sail, jib, and gaff-top-sail:—*yawls*, the same sails, with the addition of the mizen;—*luggers*, three lugs, jib, and main-top-sail:—*schooners*, main-sail, fore-sail, fore-stay-sail, jib, main-gaff-top-sail, fore-top-sail, and fore-top-gallant-sail.—No booming out allowed.

5. Vessels on the larboard tack must invariably give way to those on the starboard tack; and in all cases where a doubt of the possibility of the vessel on the larboard tack weathering the one on the starboard tack shall exist, the vessel on the larboard tack shall give way; or if the other vessel keep her course and run in to her, the owner of the vessel on the larboard tack shall be compelled to pay all damages that may occur, and forfeit his claim to the prize.

6. Refers to yachts getting on shore:

7, to the hand lead in sounding.

8. If any objection shall be made with regard to the sailing of any other vessel in the race, such objection must be made to the Stewards within one hour after the vessel making the objection shall arrive at the winning post.

9. No vessel to be allowed to throw out or take in ballast for twenty-four hours previous to the time of starting.

Each yacht must carry her distinguishing flag at her main top-mast head, which is not to be

hauled down till she gives up the race.

ROWING REGULATIONS.

1. All the Matches of the Club are to be pulled for in four-oared gigs.

2. The gigs are to be pulled and steered by Gentlemen; one of the crew at least to be a Member of the Club.

3. Every gig must be entered in the name of the owner.

4. There will be no race unless three gigs start.

5. Each Challenge Cup shall become the property of any Member winning it two years in succession.

6. The owner of a gig running foul of another shall forfeit all claim to the prize, and be compelled to pay any damage that may occur.

7. The flag-staff in each boat must be five feet clear of the gunwale.

ENTRANCE FEES.

1. *The Kingstown Challenge Cup*—To vessels not exceeding 50 tons, 11.; not exceeding 75 tons, 21.; all others, 31.

2. *The Dublin Cup*—All yachts, 11. 10s.

3. *The Kent Cup*—All yachts, 21. 2s.

4. *The Ladies' Cup*—All yachts, 11. 1s.

5. *The Garrison Cup*—Each gig 10s. 6d. per oar.

The arrangements, we are happy to add, will continue to be conducted under the able superintendence of Col. Owen Lloyd, and William Hutchison, Esq. R.N., the indefatigable Honorary Secretaries of the Club.

The particulars which I have here given will be highly interesting to the numerous owners of yachts who propose contending for the valuable prizes herein enumerated. The Club, with the spirited and characteristic liberality which always marks their proceedings, have resolved that all Members of Yacht Clubs coming to contend for prizes at the Regatta shall be admissible to the same privileges of the Club House, Clarendon Buildings, Brunswick Street, Dublin, as are enjoyed by the Members and Honorary Members themselves.

I hope to be enabled to give you full details of the forthcoming Festival; and meantime beg to express my best wishes for the continued welfare and ascendancy of the Royal Irish Yacht Club.

I am, Sir, &c.

MOUNTAINEER.

June 10, 1834.

A NOTE FROM AMBO.

SIR,

IT had been my intention in this Number to have concluded my "Random Records" with a notice of a Thousand Guinea Match between Oakstick and Narcissus, which excited no little sensation in those days in Sham-

rockshire, and the Duke of Grafton's Wire's great race against Friday, Bravo, Pygmalion, and others, for the Gold Cup—an event which, from the great price Colonel Bruen gave for the mare, the heavy sum he won by her,

June 10, 1834.

and other circumstances, rendered it one of the most prominent features of those high and palmy days of the Irish turf. But as it seems that the plea of writing from memory alone, and a true one it was, is not allowable, and that from the rap over the knuckles I got from C. CHESTER, a man who ventures to meddle with such matters must be as particular to point, dates, &c., and qualify and word his meaning as if he were framing an Act of Parliament, the "better part of valour will be discretion," and "Tace" the safest motto. I did humbly conceive that my meaning was so limited by the context, and rendered, if necessary, so clear by reference to the Irish Calendars, that an attempt to rescue a few facts, which involved the merits of some of the best horses in their day from utter oblivion, might have been less jealously scanned, and any slight notice of the Irish Turf generally taken less fastidiously. Not having been able to get at any Irish Calendars of these days since, anything I could offer would be liable to the same objections, the force of which I will not attempt asking you to allow me to dispute. The cavil mortifies me none:

"Nil conecire sibi nullâ pâllescere culpâ!" but I must own I am somewhat chagrined that my repeated requests to some of the Sons of the Sod to come forward and render such failures as mine unnecessary, by noting the principal events of their own times, have hitherto been allowed to pass unheeded. In a

recent Number, *Redoubt* just let us see that he could do it if he liked, and left off with (as yet) an unredeemed pledge to say something of Mr. Kennedy and the Kildare hounds. He, nor any one else, could not have a worthier theme for their pen. Mr. Kennedy has now, for twenty-two successive and mostly successful seasons, carried on these well-known hounds, whom, formerly at least, he used to hunt himself. Nor need he fear to mention in your pages the Powers, Bruens, &c.; in short, the resident sportsmen of high rank in the Sister Island, who have the goodness of head and heart (though for the most part educated in England) to live on their own estates, and promote their country's interest, by introducing and establishing the more refined and better regulated customs of her wealthier and more systematic neighbour. Never were greater public benefactors (as sportsmen) to Ireland than the Bruens* generally, especially the Colonel and his brother John as regards its Turf. The quantity of first-rate blood-stock they brought over is almost incredible, though they by no means, on the average, turned out luckily; and this leads me to mention what I cannot help deeming somewhat curious, though on the broad assertion I may be wrong—and if so, I shall be very glad to be put right—namely, that, as breeders, the daughters of the celebrated Waxy by no means sustained the reputation his sons did. I am aware the same may be said of the get of any horse, inasmuch

* These Gentlemen have been recently noticed, and properly, for their quondam celebrity in Leicestershire: but they are sometimes called Bruin, and elsewhere Brewer—this too by one who professes to have been intimate with them.

as one crack stallion will produce more stock than all the daughters of his sire: but I take it subject to this qualification. Of this blood the Bruens were great admirers, and they imported Folly; Rally (Sister to Fairing); Wilful, Sister to Whalebone, Woful, &c.; Music (Oaks winner); Wire, Sister to Woful, and others. Folly bred Arrogance by Master Goodall, a fine horse, and a fair runner; and some other good enough (I forget). Rally bred Mr. Ormsby Gore's Hesperus by Irish Hollyhock, a good enough country horse: the rest nothing. All Wire's produce in the Marquis of

Sligo's stud were actual failures. Wilful left nothing worth mention even in Ireland; she is still breeding in the stud of Sir J. Boswell, in North Britain, but no produce of any celebrity; she was a very fine mare to the eye. I cannot help thinking many others of his daughters turned out similarly; and though no doubt some, as Pledge, &c., bred some top and good runners, yet, on the aggregate, there is something in the remark. Should anything come in my retired way, which can in any sort interest, I shall still not hesitate to lay it before you.—I am, &c. AMBO.

EXPERIMENT MAKING AT HAFOD TO RE-INTRODUCE BLACK GAME INTO SOUTH WALES.

SIR,

THE experiment now making to introduce the breed of Black Grouse into the mountains of South Wales, by His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, at his princely and picturesque seat at Hafod in this county, is a circumstance interesting to the general observer of Nature and the professed Naturalist, but, above all, to the Sportsman; and although there can be little doubt, that, with all the means and appliances to boot which are at the command of the Noble owner of this most appropriate spot for such experiment, it must be crowned with success, still it remains to be seen whether there may not be reasons which will in a great measure prevent the breed coming to any general head, and extending (as strong hopes are entertained) in time universally over the country.

Before I proceed, however, to the short discussion of such matters, which a pretty considerable acquaintance with the habits of these birds, during a period in which I rented a manor from the late Duke of Athol, in Scotland, on which they were at times very plentiful, gives me some confidence in attempting, I must say a few words on rather a delicate subject.

In common with others, I have not been able to avoid observing an extreme tenacity, in many instances amounting to positive and expressed dislike, on the part of some of our great men, at having the least thing appertaining to them, no matter of what notoriety, made the subject of remark or discussion. However great the men who may thus think to enshroud themselves in the awful

vell of exclusiveness, it is, I must say, by no means indicative of a corresponding elevation of mind. It is one of the penalties of greatness, if they choose to think it so, to be noticed; and, indeed, it is a natural consequence, which ever was and ever will be, that all they do becomes matter of comment and observation: their princely yachts, their noble race-horses, splendid equipages, unrivalled country residences—are all matter for public observance; and unless, which is next to impossible, they are improperly intruded on, ought to afford them pleasure in contributing *à la distance* to the gratification of others. But no, within the last thirty or forty years there has sprung up among the *elite* a sort of *noli me tangere* feeling, as if they must be contaminated by breathing the same air with anything which they choose to consider underneath them—a greater misfortune than which never befel any class of men. In point of fact it renders them totally ignorant of the real world, of which they know essentially and vitally little more than they do of the moon; and they are for the most part acting under feelings and influences which have nothing to do with the unavoidable actions and occurrences of every-day life, and which vitiates and discolours the many excellences, which, despite their false position, adorn several. Well spoke their own organ *Blackwood*, when, stung to madness at what they generally deemed a defeat and spoliation, but which in fact was a simple act of justice, he lost all self-command, and told them in letters on the wall of this imbecile folly

and madness. One of the best recommendations, seriously considered, of sporting is, that in a great measure it obviates this increasing and besetting sin. It was not the worst thing Burke said, “that fox-hunting was one of the balances of the British Constitution:” Lord send it may ever remain so! Of the Noble owner of Hafod I have not, nor I do I presume to have, the least knowledge; but, while disposed to the utmost to render all things due unto Cæsar, the fear of giving offence where no such thing is intended shall not deter me from noticing this circumstance or experiment he is now making.

I know the nature of the grounds, and the South Welsh mountains generally; and, having a certain knowledge of the habits, &c. of the black grouse, shall, for my own amusement and the information of any of your readers who may take interest in it, say a few words about the matter. To breed in any numbers, or to come, in sporting term, to a good head, no birds require such a scope and variety of ground as black grouse, as they hardly use or haunt the same kind of ground any two consecutive months in the same year; and their movements, or rather migrations (for the distance they take even at a single flight when full grown and in bad weather deserves no other name), are so dependent on weather, that they are the least stay-at-home birds I know of. When they begin in spring to crowd, they resort to the lowest rocky knolls at the foot of the mountains; and here, on selected hillocks, the cocks await the hen who solicits the attention of the

cock bird. She comes sailing down with spread wings, and remains quiet, until the crowding hillock has been cleared, after a tough battle, of all but the conqueror, who immediately treads her; when she returns to her retirement, and brings out her young. Soon after hatching they get a little higher up the hills, and, avoiding strong heather, keep as much as possible among the long rushy grass in the vicinity of springs, &c.; and this period, in the month of August (if they be not very well looked after), is one of their most dangerous and critical times. Here they lie with the hen, the cocks having not yet joined them, like stonies; and any blackguard with an old steady dog (who, if he snaps and fetches, as I have seen a pointer lately lauded for doing, will help greatly) can take them up one after another as easy as he can put out his hand.

It is at this period the young cocks are beginning to change colour, put on their black coat, and become what is termed *harlequin*, and in this state they are when the shooting properly commences. In October they become black cocks, and the old birds join them. They then haunt the highest hills and crags, soaring in middle air, and sit on the pinnacles, surveying the lower country for miles around. In November they descend at night at great distances to the stubble and young clover fields; and now is the only time for shooting them, but it requires great patience and labour. While the weather continues open, they are here, there, and everywhere, as they find food; but though no

bird is more difficult of access while fresh weather holds, the case is entirely altered in hard—no bird becomes so familiar with hunger and cold. After a week or ten days severe frost and snow, they crowd the corn-stacks at day light, and it is then that Sawney rakes them down out of windows and doors by half dozens. And are we to suppose Taffy will be one whit behind? I for one, who know them, do not think it.

I do not just agree with QUARTOGENARIAN in thinking they are so much increased by planting as he seems to say has been the case lately in Scotland; but South Wales is not deficient in covert, though Alpine trees, the larch especially, are what, I grant, they most affect; and proprietors who might wish to lend a helping hand, if in a few years they should come to head, and begin to spread and shew themselves, would, perhaps, do well to plant alips of larch and fir—spruce they do not greatly like—along the ravines, gulleys, and small glens of the lower hills joining the arable lands.

We have lately had a most extraordinary succession of mild wet winters—frost and snow are things more remembered than known; and those who discourse with the elements, and *know* the nature of things, assure us that this is to be the case in all times to come, from the clearing of America, Canada, &c. Should these be really prophets, there can be no dread whatever that in nine or ten years a great part of this county around Hafod will be well sprinkled with black grouse. But if, on the other hand, these wise-acres are wrong, and the truth be

not in them (and sometimes grievously out in their reckoning they are), the case will be altered. Seasons often come hard or moist in succession, and a few winters of very hard weather would make it up-hill work to bring out and sustain a real head of black game even at Hafod. There is no such thing as keeping these birds at home; all the Dukes in Christendom and all their keepers could not do it; they will wander, and in very hard weather be destroyed about stacks, barnyards, &c. The best way of feeding them anywhere near home where they most haunt is by putting up corn in small stacks, &c.: they feed much more freely and constantly on it than if the corn be scattered down.

One of the best reasons why there is reason to hope that in due time these birds may become general among us is the well known fact that they once were so; perhaps not to the extent they now are in Scotland; where, as already noticed, the larch plantations are said to conduce much to their increase.

That we in common with our northern neighbours once possessed the *capercailzie* as well as black game, I think there are fair grounds to imagine. In an old statistical work upon Wales, and principally referring to its more ancient state, the Hunting Laws of the ancient Britons are given, said to be from genuine manuscripts in the possession of the Earl of Macclesfield. In enumerating the different sorts of game the pheasant (*ceiliog coed*) is mentioned. Now there were

no such birds known in England for centuries after; and it is matter of notoriety, that when they were introduced into England there were none in Wales. It is extremely improbable they could have existed in such plenty in Wales as to become protected game, and yet none find there way into England. I humbly think *ceiliog coed* and *capercailzie* were the same *Alpine* bird, which will account for their sticking to our (Welsh) mountains, and not migrating into England; and it is probable they ceased to be among us, as in Scotland, about the same time and from the same causes.

If it be true that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one did is a benefactor to society, surely he who, at his own expense and trouble, endeavors to restore, in a congenial climate and situation, one of the finest species of British game birds, may be held entitled at least to the same merit: among sportsmen it cannot be otherwise. From my heart, then, do I humbly wish the Noble Duke success, and that he may receive as much pleasure and gratification from the results of his experiment as he or his may have anticipated; that these noble birds may again crown our mountains, and be seen soaring in high ether over their tops, and continue so in times to come—a circumstance which will hand the Noble owner of Hafod's name down to posterity—"monumentum ære perennius!"

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. P. W.

Aber Telfy, June 1, 1834.

DEATH OF HUMPHREY CLINKER.

~~~~~  
 " With a faint low neigh  
 He answered, and then fell ;  
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
 And reeking limbs immovable—  
 The first and last career is done.—BYRON.

SIR,

A Report having been circulated of the death of this esteemed Horse, *and contradicted*, I regret to inform you it is too true, he having run out his race on Saturday the 7th of June 1894, at the breeding establishment of his worthy owner, William Allen, Esq. at the Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire.

HUMPHREY CLINKER was of immense size and power, and certainly the largest blood-horse ever known. He was bred by the late honored and venerated Earl Fitzwilliam, and foaled in the year 1822 (his colour a bay). He was a son of that celebrated horse, who has contributed as much goodness, if not more, to our present racing stock than any other horse now living, Comus, the son of Sorcerer out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter: his dam, who I remember to have seen win her first race and at the first time of starting, Clinkerina, by Clinker: she was the first of Clinker's get that came out in public, and also the dam of Rinaldo, Wiskerandos, Ballad Singer, Pontefract, and others: his grandam, Pewitt (winner of the Doncaster Leger 1789, and the dam of Lapwing, Woodpecker, Sir Paul, and Paulina, the winner of the Leger in 1807), by Tandem: his great grandam, Termagant (the dam of Evelina, Orville's dam, Cecilia, &c. &c.) by Tantrum: great great grandam,

Cantatrice, by Sampson: great great great grandam, by Regulus—&c. &c.

When arrived at the proper age he was put into the training stable, forming one among that extensive and often splendid string which his late honored breeder and esteemed master and sportsman always possessed, and brought out to the great support and ornament of the Turf. Sir John Byng at that period had the management of the late Earl's Racing Establishment, to which Scaife was then schoolmaster; and HUMPHREY was placed under their management and direction. From his great size it was deemed advisable not to train him, or at least bring him out in public, at two years old; and it was late in the season of his third year when he made his *debut* before the assembled throng on Pontefract race course—Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1825—winning a Sweepstakes of 150gs., beating Mr. Lambton's (now Lord Durham) filly Baroness and the Hon. E. Petre's br. c. Lord John:—6 to 4 agst Humphrey Clinker, who won easy.

As a racer he supported the character of a fair good horse, though by no means a first rater. It is true he ran but seldom, but victory oftener crowned his exertions than defeat; and when we remember, which all who ever saw him run must be aware of,

that, even in his racing day, he was one of perhaps *the worse roasters ever seen*, the wonder must be that he could achieve what he did: short distances were of course generally selected for him on that account.

After he left the Turf he was put to the Stud Farm of his Noble owner, at Wentworth Lodge, near Rotherham, at the price of 10gs.; but I believe he covered few, if any, mares, except some of his owner's and tenantry's, that season (1828). The circumstance of his being a roaster doubtless would carry in the minds of some a prejudice against him, though I never considered it, nor do I now, an hereditary disease; yet such a circumstance no doubt would carry a portion of unfavorable feeling in the minds of many against him.

The following season he was placed at Mr. Allen's residence, the Lodge, Malton, at 7gs. where from him emanated the last winner of the St. Leger, ROCKINGHAM. The three following years, 1830, 31, and 32, he went to Ireland, where the Fitzwilliams have extensive estates, and I understood was sent there to cover more particularly the tenantry's (of that Nobleman's) mares, which his great size and substance rendered him well calculated to improve the stock: and here he also was put to several mares of Lord Sligo's and Mr. Blake's.

In 1833 he again returned to England, and was a stallion at the Lodge, Malton, at 10gs., his stock having proved of much promise; and this year it is known to almost all he was a subscription horse at the same

place at 20gs., and I believe had had no less than fifty-three ladies in his seraglio this spring.

On the Turf only eight of his progeny have appeared in public, out of which four have distinguished themselves as winners. These are—

Rockingham, out of Medora (foaled in 1830), Mr. Watt's: won three times, including the Great St. Leger—value 2660l.

Slinker, dam by Cerberus (foaled in 1830) Mr. Reed's: won once—50l.

\* Bran, out of Velvet (foaled in 1831), Lord Sligo's: walked over for a Stake in Ireland, and won this year at York—1831.

\* Famine, out of Steam (foaled in 1831), Lord Sligo's: won four times—300l.

The four unsuccessful ones are—

Sally Barlow, out of Kitten (foaled in 1829), Mr. Smith's.

\* Chestnut filly (foaled in 1831), out of Flight, Mr. Blake's.

\* Bay Colt (foaled in 1831), out of Aldegarda, Mr. Blake's.

\* Bay Colt (foaled in 1831), out of Smoke, Mr. Blake's.

I believe it was while he was in Ireland, or on his return to this country, that he became the property of William Allen, Esq. who is agent for the Malton and other estates of the Fitzwilliam family, in which capacity he has acted for a number of years: whether he was transferred to him by purchase or gift I am unable to say, as I have been informed both.

The immediate cause of the death of this valued horse was from having been allowed to eat an over-quantity of tares, by which he became swollen, and had no passage for some time. An experienced V.S. succeeded in getting medicine through him, and gave hopes of his recovery; but he relapsed, inflammation supervened, and finally death put a period to his suffering.

\* Those marked with the star were bred in Ireland.

HUMPHREY CLINKER possessed that temper which is identified with the sons of Cornus, and would permit no stranger to do anything with him; and thus the difficulty of restoring him to health was considerably increased. Attempts were made to blister him, but the impatient spirit of the animal tore them away ere they could be of service in his case; and other means, which with most animals might have been acted on with success, proved of

no effect, through the great difficulty of operating upon him.

Thus closed the life of HUMPHREY CLINKER, who, though his deeds and adventures may not be so generally known, or so universally read of, as Smollett's adopted son, yet he, in his circumscribed sphere, contributed to the pleasure, and still more to the profit of those who claimed him as their own.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Ebor, 9th of June 1834.

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### WATER WITCH'S REPLY TO ALARM.

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sir,  
**F**EW words will suffice in reply to Mr. Weld's letter in your last Number.

I assure him WATER WITCH does not pretend to compete with a cutter of ALARM's tonnage on any point of sailing but one—namely, three points off the wind: the idea of sailing to a given point, therefore, would not be a fair trial.

But as the owner of Alarm is ready to meet Water Witch, I accept his challenge, and invite him to meet me at Falmouth, or St. Mary's (Scilly Islands), on the 20th of September next, there to sail (on one of three days which the umpires shall appoint as a fair sailing day) three points off the wind for eight successive hours; to sail to or round a steamer or vessel that shall be there for the purpose: each vessel to have the adversary's umpire on board, to see the time fairly kept, and to see that the vessels are steered by compass three points off the wind: to sail according to the regulations of the Royal Yacht Squadron: to be

fitted with the same spars, &c. as when sailing for the King's Cup: and the loser to pay the expenses of the steamer or station-vessel, with an umpire for each party on board.

Any arrangement to meet the Alarm on the open sea I shall be most happy to agree to, not anticipating any disgrace if Water Witch is beaten by this MAGNIFICENT CUTTER; but adding considerably to the merits of the vessel if she should win—for it ought to be 10 to 1 against her.

Now, having accepted this challenge, nothing remains but to make a few observations on the remarks contained in Mr. Weld's letter. He states Water Witch had a considerable start of Alarm. Here Mr. Weld is mistaken; for he cannot but recollect, and if he does not, I do, that before Water Witch's topsails were sheeted home, Albatross was on her weather quarter (and so near was she that her topmast-stay took the Water Witch's boom end, and hung for a minute), and in less than a minute (before the stern-

hawsers was clear of Water Witch), Alarm was there also: independent of this, Mr. Weld must be aware that a light vessel, like the Alarm, gathers her way in less time than such a body as Water Witch. Then, as to *all* sails being carried by Water Witch, when Alarm only *carried four*; that looks ASTOUNDING on paper, and may lead landmen astray; but it will not go down with the sailors: they know what the relative proportions of sail are between a SQUARE-RIGGED VESSEL and a CUTTER, and also when the latter can only ADVANTAGEOUSLY USE HER FOUR PLAIN SAILS: and, moreover, Water Witch, in place of carrying all sail, had unfortunately two reefs in her topsails; and the topmast and topgallant steering-sails only, in place of *all sail*; and any one with a knowledge of seamanship will know that the shaking out of those two reefs would have been of much more advantage than the two steering-sails, particularly as I could not avail myself of the lower steering-sail: and the disadvantage of being under Mr. Weld's lee was here very apparent; and it is evident Alarm could not have carried her square sail or square topsail at this time (had it been permitted), when Water Witch could not make her lower steering-sail stand.

Mr. Weld seems to doubt the fact of Water Witch's having rounded the Noman Buoy first on her return to Cowes; as he says, "*supposing she did, WHICH DID NOT APPEAR TO ANY ONE ON BOARD THE ALARM.*" They must have been very blind indeed, then, not to have seen both his adversaries a-head of him, as the Albatross, who was considerably

a-stern of Water Witch, ALSO ROUNDED THE NOMAN BUOY BEFORE ALARM. I think Mr. Weld will now recollect, when I tell him, Albatross tacked immediately, and stood in towards Ryde, to take advantage of slacker tide and smoother water, whilst Water Witch was obliged to stand further over on account of her draft of water, and keep in a very strong tideway; and that soon after, Alarm TRIED TO WEATHER ALBATROSS on the *wrong tack*, and in so doing RAN FOUL of her, and thereby lost the Cup; and consequently took (as the lawyers say) nothing by her motion. I had refrained from giving the reason why Alarm did not round the Noman Buoy before Water Witch, not wishing to state that she had found it necessary to shorten sail; while Albatross, 130 tons smaller than herself, was able to continue under the same sail she had started with (only one reef in the mainsail I believe). And here I take my stand, defying all contradiction, being borne out by the testimony of the several Gallant Officers of His Majesty's Navy who did me the honor to accompany me.

I beg to assure Mr. Weld, though this statement has been most unwillingly made by me, he will be convinced that I have still the best feeling towards him; and that no other view than of maintaining the honorable competition which we have so often been engaged in, and of keeping up the character of my vessel (which I trust he will regret having thus, perhaps unintentionally, slighted), could have induced me to do so on the present occasion.

I again re-assert that Alarm

was on Water Witch's weather quarter (and continually doing the injury of becalming her lower sails) from the start, till within a hundred yards of the Norman Buoy, a distance of ten miles; that the wind there heading, Water Witch was reduced to her plain sails: and it will be very agreeable if Mr. Weld will describe what difference there was then, in this part of the race, as to the quantity of canvas, also bearing in mind the state of the wind and weather, and the fact of Water Witch failing after various attempts to set her lower steering sail, what addition to her four

sails Alarm could have carried either with safety or advantage.

I must not conclude without reminding Mr. Weld that Alarm did not round the Nab Light some minutes, but one minute and one half minute only, before Water Witch, the distance then run being fifteen miles; and further, that Water Witch was a-head on completing nineteen and a half miles, having passed the Norman Buoy before all her opponents!!!

I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

BELFAST.

London, June 9, 1834.

### HIPPOPATHOLOGY:

A SYSTEMATIC TREATISE ON THE DISORDERS AND LAMENESSSES OF THE HORSE; WITH THEIR MODERN AND MOST APPROVED METHODS OF CURE. BY WILLIAM PERCIVALL, M.R.C.S. VET. SURGEON IN THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS, &c. VOLUME THE FIRST.

AMONGST the improvements of these latter times, says Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, the extension of a regularly-cultivated system of veterinary practice, and the attempts to rescue the superior classes of domestic animals from the torturing hand of presumptuous ignorance, are not the least considerable, either in the view of humanity or use. It has been frequently remarked as passing strange, that in this country, so celebrated for its beautiful breed of horses—we might add, this country of horsemen—no Public School existed for the advancement of this important branch of science, until the establishment of the Veterinary College

at Pancras in 1792, thirty years after the foundation of that at Lyons. From the patronage of Government to the Institution by annual Parliamentary grants, and by His Majesty conferring the rank of Commissioned Officers on those employed in the Army as Veterinary Surgeons, many talented men were induced to embark in the new and honorable profession. We are proud in our acquaintance with many who have graduated at Pancras, and who are now pursuing their useful career with credit to themselves, and benefit to their respective neighbours.

Of Mr. Percivall we may remark that he stands too high to

need any eulogy from our pen: he is well known from his distinguished post as Veterinary Surgeon to the First Life Guards, and more extensively from the valuable book intitled "The Anatomy of the Horse." The present volume is offered to the Public "as a work in which the Principles of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery are deduced from their natural or legitimate sources—the Anatomy and Physiology of the Animal." Upon no other foundation can a rational practice be instituted for the cure of disease; and even this requires tempering by experience ere it be rendered, to the utmost extent, suitable and effectual. The author's experience is derived from twenty years service in the army."

To say that we have been pleased from a perusal of Mr. P.'s "Systematic Treatise," would be a most inadequate and imperfect term to apply: we have derived much valuable information, and can therefore confidently recommend it to the notice not only of the Profession, but to all Sportsmen and Gentlemen interested in the Horse, as, "next to the solicitude of rendering his work of value in a medical or practical point of view, the Author has felt desirous of adapting it for general use; and, on that account, has refrained from the introduction of technical language."

We cannot refrain from making an extract or two from this well-filled garner. In the Introductory Section on HEALTH, Mr. P. says—

*"In a state of nature animals can hardly be viewed as the subjects of disease: 'the pure stream their drink; the simple herb their repast; neither care disturbs their*

*sleep, nor passion inflames their rest.' Within the course of the year, however, though they may not be troubled with disease, yet are their bodies subject to certain natural inward revolutions, which render them, if not actually ailing, at all events in a much less vigorous condition of health at one season than at another. The satin coat of the summer decays and falls, the same as the green leaf does, to be replaced by a thicker and more shaggy and plentiful pilous covering, to defend the skin from the inclemency of the approaching winter season; and this process of shedding is attended with an expenditure to the constitution that renders it, for the period, comparatively debile. The operation is renewed in the spring, together with its weakening influence; thus throwing horses twice a year, at least, out of their usual health, to wit, during the moulting or shedding seasons. The apparent illiability of horses to disease, while roaming in their native fields and forests, has impressed some people with the notion that they are altogether exempt from the evils our own frail and feverish flesh is heir to: so far from this being the case, unfortunately for them, from the moment they come to be stabled and subjugated to the dominion of man, they become, the same as ourselves, liable to pain and sickness, added to every injury that may happen to them through mismanagement and abuse.*

*"In a state of domestication, then, it is, that we look for the transition from health to disease. Were I roundly to assert that the diseases of horses had their origin in domestication, though I might be accused of stating that which*

was not strictly and unexceptionably true, yet should I be instilling highly useful practical notions of their general source into the mind of the veterinary student. Although all but exempt from suffering in their native condition, yet, when they come to be housed, and treated with what their lord and master considers as care and kindness, do they evince a great deal more susceptibility and tenderness in this respect than any indifferent person would believe them capable of. Even the sturdy ass and stubborn mule, hardy as they both are in their wild and natural state, when they come to be domesticated, bear disease extremely ill, and manifest exceeding softness of constitution under the effects of medicine; of which I had some remarkable examples in the course of the Peninsular campaign, while in medical charge of a *dépôt*, wherein sick mules and asses were received as well as horses.

"Seeing, therefore, that the horse in a state of nature is but rarely disordered, while in his domesticated or artificial condition he becomes, like unto ourselves, the subject of pain and sickness, the inquiry cannot fail to be interesting into the changes of external circumstances he undergoes in passing from one state to the other, together with the effects such changes have, and their mode of operation, on his constitution."

Our Author's observations on the Regimen of Young Horses cannot fail to interest: "their management in regard to *air*, *food*, and *exercise*, when received out of the hands of breeders or country dealers, and for the first

time placed in stables for the purpose of being broke, or being rendered fit for work—occasionally constitutes a very important part of the duty of a veterinary surgeon; the main object being, the averting of certain ailments and disorders to which a change of place and other circumstances has more or less predisposed them. The first and grand consideration is, that the stable they inhabit be spacious and airy, and well ventilated, and not suffered to grow foul from the accumulation of dung and urine. For the first month, their diet should consist of bran-mashes night and morning, and a feed of bruised oats, mingled with double or treble the quantity of hay-chaff, at noon. During the second month, in addition to this, a feed of bruised corn and chaff may be given in the afternoon. During the third month, one mash may be withdrawn, and a third feed of bruised corn and chaff substituted. In regard to the withdrawal of the other mash, and the allowing of entire oats in place of the bruised, I am of opinion that this last change in diet should not be made until such time as the animal is to be taken into regular work. Should any disinclination or disrelish for bran-mashes be manifested—which, if not at first, after a time will frequently turn out to be the case with some individuals—let *scalded* corn, *i. e.* oats steeped in boiling water, be substituted in lieu of them; but then, to such horses, the bruised corn given with the chaff should be either diminished in quantity, or else entirely withdrawn, depending on their respective condition and thrivingness. The custom of



mingling bran with oats is a bad one: nothing so much disposes a horse to swallow his corn unmasticated as this incongruous mixture. Their *exercise*, for the first month, should consist of walking for half an hour, morning and afternoon; for the second month, of an hour, morning and afternoon; for the third, of an hour and a half: during some part of which, if required, they may be trotted.

"*Physic*.—No sooner has a lot of young horses entered on their domestication, than it is deemed requisite to 'put them into physic.' I never, however, allow this step to be taken in a hurry: I have, on occasions, myself had sufficient reason to repent of such imprudent haste; and the mishap, in dealers' stables, I know not to be very uncommon. The ordinary practice is for the whole lot, well or ill, to get their physic the next morning after their arrival; and it occasionally turns out that one among them, who happened at the time (though that probably does not become known till afterwards) to be 'not quite right'—'a little unwell,' while purging with the rest, manifests an attack of inflammation of the lungs, of which the chances are two to one that he dies. Profiting by this experience, I always make it a rule myself to let the horses *settle* for three or four days in their stables before I order them any physic; and then (excepting such as appear to be anywise amiss) I give them from five to six drachms of purging-mass each, according as they happen to be three or four years old, in low or fat condition, of slender or full make, &c. Any one of the lot that is 'off his feed,' or that seems dull or mopish, or has a

cold or cough, or in any other manner evinces indisposition, I not only exempt from this general physicking, but segregate, by putting him into a loose box, where he can be most conveniently treated apart according as his case, whatever it may be, may require. In the course of ten days or a fortnight, the first dose of physic may be followed by a second; and this, from observations made on the effects of the first, we shall be prepared to better apportion. In another fortnight or three weeks, a third dose may be administered—one that will in general require the augmentation of a drachm of medicine; though that, in course, must be regulated by the apparent strength or susceptibility of each individual's constitution.

"Under a system of management of this description, scrupulously and steadily adhered to—in regard to ventilation and purity of stable, quality and quantity of food, hours of feeding, times and duration of exercise, physicking, &c.—experience teaches us, young and hitherto undomesticated horses are preserved in health, or, at least, have such maladies as they are from the time of being stabled in a situation to contract, either altogether averted, or else divested of much of their violence and malignancy."

The fourth Section treats of "Injuries," with the first paragraph of which we reluctantly close our notice, for the present, of this very useful and interesting work:

"*Injury*.—When we regard the horse in the various and manifold capacities in which he in our own country is made to serve by his lord and master,

man—as a racer, a hunter, a hackney, a carriage-horse, a plough-horse, a mill-horse, a bat-horse—and come to consider the numerous trials and constraints he is made, in these several situations, to undergo, and to add to them the too frequent abuses by which they are severally accompanied, we need not express surprise should we find that he is often the subject of what we comprehend, in surgical language, under the general term ‘injury.’ Independently of the risks and chances to which, even under the most careful guidance, he is exposed in some of these undertakings, he becomes more and

more the creature of accident, from being constantly placed in the hands of those who are reckless even of their own, much more of his life; or else of such as are altogether unskilled in his subjugation and management.”

We glean from the Preface that “the work, when completed, will consist of three volumes, which, though connected as a whole, are so constructed that each may be read apart as a distinct treatise. The present volume treats especially of the *external disorders* of the body: the second will comprehend those that are *internal*; while the third will be devoted entirely to *lamenesses*.”

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## PENINSULAR SKETCHES.

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### THE REGIMENT'S DOG.

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SIR,  
**M**OST of those reminiscences, once so dear to the soldier, are now fast sinking into oblivion: occasionally some passing incident again awakens them, and they live in the memory with the freshness of yesterday. Who is there that knows not the “Battle of Minden” at Hilsea? Where is the Peninsula man whose heart does not throb at the remembrance of this little inn? Here he took his last *dejeuné*, made his last march in old England, and in a few hours a transport was his *hostelrie*—his home—his all!

Chaos appeared to reign supreme under the old sign..... scarcely had day dawned ere it became a scene of confusion..... till mid-day detachment after detachment arriving and hurrying to the point of embarkation..... in the different groups might be

seen portrayed most of the various passions with which humanity is afflicted or blessed—grief, love, hope, despair, all in full play. Mine host, who daily witnessed these scenes, kept ploddingly on at his vocations unruffled and unmoved.

In me the sight of the old inn, desolate and abandoned as it is, always calls forth some remembrances—

“*Tristes pensamientos,  
 De alegres memorias.*”

A glance at the coned caps and gaitered legs of the grenadiers on its sign usually revives the memory of some departed friend, whose frame here beat high with hope—abandoning the tenderest ties of our nature—the bright career of honour alone in view.

The first time we ever visited the “Battle of Minden” was me-

morale from the introduction of one in after-times the companion of many a weary march, of many a hard-fought field. However buoyant the nature on quitting "merrie England," there is at all times and on all occasions a little gloom creeping through the system, to whatever land the destination may be: some slight feeling of this kind might be traced in the happiest face. We had finished our repast, and were making preparations for the little remaining distance of the march, when a rough poodle dog, running and scraping acquaintance first with one and then with another, claimed our attention. Some little notice was taken of him at the time, but in the hurry and bustle of embarkation he was forgotten, and the first recollection we have of again seeing him was at Santarem on Massena's retreat. By that time he had firmly attached himself to the corps, and had acquired various cognomens, amongst others "the poor relation," no one owning him; but by the men he was invariably called "Jack."

No poor creature owed less to Dame Nature in the formation of his exterior than Jack: never did rougher coat hide the form of any of the ferine race: it was to his *bonhomme* alone by which he became so general a favorite: in colour of a dirty brown, with long twisted ringlets of hair closely matted together, his appearance was anything than prepossessing: generally he was thought to be of Dutch origin: this, however, was a subject which cheated many a march of its tedium: all agreed that he must have belonged to some of the prisoners then confined at Hilsea.

Be this as it may, never did recruit embark in any cause with truer heart: from the rugged rocks of the Tagus to the smiling fields of the Garonne, Jack's fidelity remained unshaken.

On the line of march Jack constantly took post in the rear of the pioneers: in quarters he was usually to be found at the tailor's or shoemaker's shop: in camp his home was the grenadiers' tent. Passing with a gun, he was ever at your service for a day's sport, and, in the absence of pointer or setter, Jack's assistance was not altogether to be despised. Of all his eccentricities, and he had many, the most singular was his love of getting under fire: if the Light Infantry were engaged, Jack cocked his ears, away he went, and in a few minutes was in the advance: on the line advancing, Jack was about fifty paces in front, barking and howling until his voice was lost in the general cheer or heavy fire, and it seldom ceased till the close of the action. In this way, at Salamanca, at the Nive, the Ne-ville, at Orther, and Toulouse, did he distinguish himself. If the regiment underwent an inspection, Jack accompanied the General along the line: in a word, whatever took place by the regiment in a body, there was the old dog to be found.

The countenance of the Peninsular man did not imply him as the possessor of any of the softer feelings of our nature: it was rough, uncompromising, and scorched with the fierce rays of many a sun; still nothing could be more pleasing than the reciprocity of affection manifested between the soldiers and their dog. At Torderillas Jack was

unwell, and knocked up: for three days, and on three most distressing marches, he was placed on a grenadier's pack, the men lifting him from one to the other as they became fatigued: they had determined he should not be left in the rear, and thus was he managed until his recovery.

Time wore on: that army, which a few years before had been threatened with "the sea," was now in the heart of the enemy's country: at length "peace being proclaimed," it was "For England ho!" The Portuguese brigade had heard the last responsive cheer on its departure: the 6th division had arrived at the embarkation ground, and were encamped on the sands of Pouillac, and on the morrow the veteran Army of the Peninsula was to be dissolved. Regiments, which had encountered toils, dangers, and privations such as the world before never saw, and with the fame of whose deeds it

yet rings, were now destined to separate—to meet no more!

The farewell division order had been read; a joyous hilarity beamed in every eye; gibes and jokes went round; the men rambled from tent to tent, bidding adieu to all their toils over cups of *eau-de-vie* from the Bordelaines, followers of the camp; whilst sounds of "*Charmante Gabrielle!*" and "*Vive Henri IV!*" echoed in every direction from the syrens of "*La Belle France.*" Amidst all this joyousness there was one pensive group, one little knot of veterans, in whose weather-beaten and stern visages might be traced the lines of sorrow, and amongst them were the most fiery spirits of the corps .....out-stretched at their feet on the sands lay their favorite and companion, the Poodle: the old Corporal was unbuckling his shovel and mattock, the last friendly office.....Jack had made his last march!

#### THE BOURRA — A SPORTSMAN'S "TURN OUT" IN THE PENINSULA.

"Hurry no man's cattle, my friend; you may yet have a donkey of your own."  
*Sporting Records.*

"DEVIL another yard he'll stir, your Honour," said Pat Rooney over the prostrate body of a jaded worn-out Bourra; "that march yesterday did his business!"

We had marched the day previous from Campo Maior, bivouacking at the foot of the glacis of Badajos, and were then preparing for a march to the little town of Puebla, distant about seven

leagues. The battman, Rooney, was thus addressing his master, the miserable donkey lying at full length, its owner contemplating with dejected looks the too probable wreck of all his comforts.

"It is useless talking, Rooney! the poor devil is certainly nearly done up: still on he must go to-day: therefore he must be put on his legs in some way: the

division is already formed, and it is quite impossible to procure another animal this morning."

Vos-me-say (the donkey's *soubriquet*) was an old acquaintance: he had long been an *attaché* to the corps, and had followed our fortunes from the gloomy period of the Torres Vedras lines to the brighter days of Rodrigo and Badajos: his master was an old friend and brother sportsman, so, with the assistance of two or three other battmen, the poor old fellow was speedily placed on all fours.

The march from Puebla to Badajos is through a deep, flat, sandy country, and seven long leagues: very faint hopes were entertained of Vos-me-say seeing the little town that day: however, an effort must be made, and he was shortly loaded.

All the old Peninsular men remember the pleasures of a baggage guard! Some tried to evade it, others to exchange it for a more agreeable duty; all were rejoiced at its termination: the whole scene till the baggage was formed was confusion confounded: from the groom of the General's led horses to the *chère amie* mounted *en cavalier*, all were in a jabber: donkeys, horses, and mules were thrashed and thumped with accompaniments in all the languages of Europe—hallooing, arreeing, and pounding .....once witnessed it could never be forgotten.

I have stated before my friend was a sportsman, and certainly his baggage shewed pretty clearly it could belong to none other: across Vos-me-say were slung a pair of panniers covered with bullock's hide, one of which con-

tained provender for the human system, and the few requisites of a soldier's *batterie de cuisine*; its fellow, linen, &c. On one of these was placed a gun-case, fishing-rod, and basket; on the other a small tent, iron camp-kettle, and at its side hung a dead hare; in the centre a sack, surmounted by a round wicker basket, out of which peered the head of a young wolf from the neighbourhood of Quadres-ayes in Portugal—four still younger whelps, its companions, keeping a continued whine as some variation to the external melody; the *mother*, an old pointer bitch, listening and contemplating with much anxiety from time to time the proceedings in the basket: attached to a ring at the high peak of the pack-saddle were a greyhound and setter, Pat Rooney bringing up the rear with a wire-haired terrier.

It was a hot sultry day: between Badajos and Puebla there is nothing like a tree or shrub to interrupt the rays of the sun: as far as the eye can stretch, the whole country appears to be a continued succession of corn fields. At starting the Bourra crouched and slunk till his very belly touched "our mother earth:" however, by dint of perseverance, the battmen contrived to place him fairly on the road. Notwithstanding the poor beast appeared but in a very sorry mood, *ce n'est que la première pas qui coute*: so pricking up his ears and shaking his head, he paced forward with the other animals: his attendant struck a few sparks to some fungus in the pan of his musket, lit his pipe, and put aside the twitching stick with which the hind-quarters of Vos-me-say

were usually belaboured, and for some leagues they thus happily jogged on.

Our own feelings required little to assure us it was a distressing march to the division in front: numerous stragglers lined the way, weary and weakened by sickness or indifferent fare: some still struggled on after their corps; others sank exhausted by the road side: many of the best of the baggage-animals fell from the oppressive heat or want of water, but amidst the confusion, to the astonishment of all, Vos-me-say kept his pace.

A few hours after mid-day we arrived at Puebla: there were many anxious lookers-out for the baggages. On entering the little town from the Badajos side, to the left of the church there was, and perhaps is now, a small posada or inn: opposite its doorway Vos-me-say drew up, and came to a dead stand still: the battmen pulled before and pushed behind; Pat Rooney arreed, thrashed, and pounded with his twitching stick—it was to no purpose—Vos-me-say had planted his feet firmly on the ground, and every effort to move

him proved ineffectual. At length, not relishing probably the treatment he had undergone, he set up a loud roar that made the tympanum of every ear crack, and presently appeared at the portal one well acquainted with the voice—"Caracco! ciento mille demonios! Viego! que quieres tu? por amor de Dios!" (For the love of God, thou old devil, what dost thou want? art thou again at thy old home?"); and in a few minutes he was surrounded by mine hostess and her tribe, crossing themselves amidst Pater-nosters and ejaculations at his unlooked-for appearance.

Vos-me-say in name was Portuguese, by birth a Spaniard, and Puebla his native place: he had recognised the road between the two towns, his ancient avocation having been the conveyance of tomatas cibolis and pumkins to Badajos: the French had extended the Conscription Laws to animals in Spain, and Vos-me-say had fallen under their ordeal. On the retreat from Portugal he became a follower of the red-coats. It is hardly necessary to say he was restored to his old Padrone. ♦

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### EEL FAIR.

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SIR,

**I**N your April Number, our facetious friend J. M. LACEY—with a praiseworthy anxiety to elucidate any circumstance relative to the quantities of young eels passing up the Thames every Spring, and which at Kingston is dignified by the inhabitants with the title of *Eel Fair*\*—corroborates the fact stated by "S." in

the first volume of your *Second Series*, p. 110, as to the propensity of young eels to travel up stream (in the Severn).—I am not naturalist sufficient to explain the causes of this curious phenomenon, but think the following extract from JESSE'S *Gleanings in Natural History* may throw some light on the appella-

\* See *Sporting Magazine*, Second Series, vol. i. p. 33.

tion bestowed by the Kingstonsians:—

“As the term *eel-fair* may not generally be understood as applied to the vernal movement of these fish, I may mention that a custom formerly existed amongst the Thames fishermen of keeping a sort of holiday on the occasion of the first appearance of the young eels in the River. Indeed the eel was a fish of no small importance and value to them, as they chiefly got their living by catching them in their traps, weirs, and eel-pots, and therefore the annual migration of the young eels was looked upon probably as a *fair* or public festivity. On looking, however, into *Rees's Cyclopaedia*, under the article *Eel*,

it is mentioned cursorily that ‘*EEL FARES*’ is used for the fry or brood of eels.’ A *fare* of pigs is a common mode, in the country, of mentioning the number of pigs a sow has recently produced, and is perhaps the origin of the word *farrow*. It is not improbable, therefore, that this mention of *eel-fares* in *Rees* may be one and the same thing with our *eel-fair* of the Thames. I should, however, add that the verb *to fare* signifies to travel or to voyage; and as the annual performance of the eel is an undoubted act of this nature, *fare* may be a proper term to apply to their migration in this sense of the word.”

SABRINA.

June 10, 1834.

\* *Eel-fares, eel-vares.* A fry or brood of eels.—*Bailey.*

## EGYPTIAN FIELD SPORTS.

EGYPT AND MOHAMMED ALI; OR, TRAVELS IN THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.  
BY J. A. ST. JOHN. TWO VOLS. 8VO. 1834.

FROM the vast mass of information contained in these volumes on every subject connected with either the ancient or modern condition of Egypt, we shall select those portions only which come more immediately within the province of a Periodical devoted to Field Sports. The following is a description of the Pasha's stud, and of the Arab and Dongola horse:—

“In the gardens of Shoubar (says Mr. St. John) His Highness has a second menagerie—a few English deer, a kangaroo, and four giraffes, fine beautiful animals, three of which died of cold during the winter; the fourth, when its life was de-

spaired of, was given to an English Gentleman resident at Cairo, by whom it was sent as a present to some menagerie in London. The Pasha has likewise a stud here; for the following remarks on which I am indebted to Munro, who visited the place with me.—There were a great many horses in open places, ranged round a yard, like bullock-sheds in England; several of them were milk white. The grooms pretended they were all *Nejdia*, but this was not true, as some few were from Dongola. There were, however, many genuine *Nejdia*: among others I remarked a small dark chestnut horse, of the true blood, as his points

would testify. He had a fine snake head, with an expanding and projecting nostril; but, contrary to English ideas of perfection, a remarkably small pointed ear; his forehead was wide, with an eye expressive of boldness, generosity, and alacrity; his shoulder was thick through, and finely laid back; his ribs and loins were round and deep; his legs short and very powerful, the hoof being rather donkey-formed, with an open heel; and from his muscular thighs and longish drooping pasterns, there is no doubt he would be elastic, speedy, and lasting. The groom said he was worth some hundred thousand *paras*; but as I did not turn it into guineas at the time I have no idea of the sum\*. There were several other Nejdis, partaking, more or less, of the same formation as the one above described: they carried no flesh, had very rough coats, and reminded me much of the Hungarian cavalry horse; but the latter I saw in good condition. The Nejdi, however, is higher than the Hungarian, but looks small only from his fine proportions. The tallest horse I have seen of this breed was fifteen hands one inch; but they are generally two or three inches under this. In walking through the cavalry encampment, about to leave Cairo for Mekka, we were admiring a finely-formed horse, when his owner pointed out another which he valued more highly. He was feeding out of a bag, so that the lower part of his head was not visible, but he was smaller than the other, and remarkably short and thick in all his proportions; he had

what *dog amateurs* call 'a coarse stern,' his tail being entirely out of place, and his hind-quarters cut off short like those of a camel. The Arab spoke much of his great speed, and said he was a Nejdi of the famous *Hassan breed*. He was surprised at our preferring the other. They were both chesnut. The Dongola horse is black, with long white legs and upright pasterns; he has a coarse Cleveland head, and, when out of condition, grows flat-sided and scanty in the loin. There is altogether a soft useless look about him. A certain French writer has stated that these horses are highly prized by the young Gentlemen of Alexandria, who mount these long-legged nags for an hour or two in the morning before they mount their long-legged stools; but as their judgment may possibly not have been matured upon the Hambleton Hills, it is not to be blindly adopted. It has been said that these horses are very perfect in Dongola, but that they degenerate when exposed to a colder climate. It may easily be believed that from such a cause a horse may lose his condition, and apparently his substance; but that his bone should waste, that his legs should grow longer and his ribs shorter, seems to me incredible. It is likely that those in the Pasha's stables were some of the best specimens to be found."—p. 162, vol. i.

Our Author mentions a curious fact, and one indeed which we do not recollect to have seen noticed by any previous traveller, viz. that the greater number of horses in Egypt have *broken knees*. This serious defect he

\* One hundred thousand *paras* are equal to about 42*l.* sterling.



very properly attributes to the absurd as well as cruel practice of picketting, so universal in the East\*. "The method (says he) in use among the Arabs, both of the cultivated country and the Desert, for securing their horses, whether in the stable, the field, or the camp, seems highly injurious. Each fore leg is fastened to the corresponding one behind by a rope, so short that the former are drawn considerably under the body, both when the horse is feeding and when at rest. In the field, two other ropes, passing from his fore legs at right angles with his body, are pegged down at some distance on either side, and thus he is left to feed, as far as he can, before him. In the stable, besides the short ropes fettering his legs, the horse's head is tied by two ropes to the ceiling, and by two others to the earth; two cords at right angles from his fore legs being fastened either to posts or to the wall, while his hind legs are tied either to the back wall or to a strong rope, which passes along the ground behind the horses for that purpose. There may appear to be reason for putting some of these restraints upon horses placed near together without any partition, to prevent their maiming each other, but it will scarcely be believed that I have seen a single horse in a loose box confined in the same manner, and this not because he was vicious, but because it was customary. The practice of fastening the fore legs, and thus continually forcing them back under the body, must confine the natural freedom of action which a horse ought to

possess; and as it is applied to colts when very young, it seems not impossible that it may even displace the shoulder from the natural position which it would otherwise take."—p. 165, vol. i.

Mohammed Ali, whom Mr. St. John, by the bye, has contrived to render an object of untiring interest to the reader, appears to unite to his other extraordinary qualifications those of a skilful sportsman—an accomplishment which is shared by his warlike son, Ibrahim Pasha. We present the reader with some instances of their dexterity as marksmen.

"Most of the respectable Turks, both at Cairo and Alexandria, approach as nearly as possible the manners of Europeans; that is, in what may be termed the husk, or *materiel* of manners—sitting on chairs, eating with knives and forks, making use of porcelain, glass, &c. Among these innovators may be enumerated Mahmood Bey, late Minister of War, and Mahmood Effendi. Ibrahim Pasha himself has a French cook, with whose services, however, he dispensed during the Syrian campaign. One of their principal amusements consists in firing at a target: they are in general good marksmen, but take a long time in aiming. Mohammed Ali himself can strike an earthen pot an hundred paces out at sea; and Ibrahim, who fires as well as any ordinary man could do after much practice, has been known to lounge upon a cushion in some of the upper apartments of his Divan, and amuse himself by firing with rifles at the water

\* This plan is fully described in Chateaubriand's *Travels in Greece*.

skins carried by sakas\*. If he pierced the skin and let out all the water, he enjoyed the surprise and vexation of the poor saka; but if he happened to wound the man, he would promise, with apparent contrition, that the sufferer should never want bread while he himself had any to eat; though he has never been known to keep his word. These, however, are things which took place many years ago; for latterly, since the expedition to the Morea, his conduct has been totally changed. To give an idea of his own dexterity, Mohammed Ali relates, that, when out shooting, he has, while riding on his mule, started two quails: having in his hand a single-barrelled gun, he fired and brought down one of them; and then, taking another gun from his attendant, shot the remaining bird. Roorschid Pasha, the present Governor of Mekka, throws up a piastre†, and in one trial out of three hits it with a single ball as it is falling."

—p. 378, vol. ii.

The following spirited and humorous description of vulture shooting is by the Rev. Vere Monro, our Author's friend and companion during the whole of his agreeable journey. To him the work is dedicated, and he appears to have been endowed with all those social qualities, united to learning and good sense, which are essential in a travelling companion, on whose tastes, temper, and disposition much of the pleasure or discomfort of the journey would necessarily depend.

"One day (he observes), as I was reading in my cabin, my attention was directed by the

trackers to three large vultures on the shore, not forty yards distant. Immediately after two of them retired leisurely into the Desert, and the other to a ridge of sand upon the top of the bank. I was quickly landed, and fired at the latter: he appeared to be hit, though not so severely as to prevent his flying about a mile up the stream, where he again settled. I now passed the ridge in search of his two companions, which had joined a party of four others, and were all sitting together on a sand hill at no great distance: their wings were spread, their plumage ragged, and they looked bare and hungry as the Desert around them. To approach unobserved was impossible: there was not even a mat rush for shelter. They began to exchange looks, seeming to communicate their suspicions that all was not right; and then taking flight one by one, the last was gone before I could fire with any fair chance of success. I had scarcely regained the bank in quest of the one I had fired at, when I heard a shot a little higher up; and at the same time saw a vulture fall into the river, and come paddling downwards with open wings. But the eagle, as Diodorus calls the old Nile, could not befriend him. A bearded and swarthy Arab appeared upon the bank, and, running down to the water's edge, stopped as if perplexed respecting his next step. The delay was momentary. With one and the same effort he threw his clothes upon the mud and himself into the stream, and reaching forwards with alternate arms, quickly overtook the wounded

\* Water-carriers.

† About the size of an English shilling.

bird ; the latter was ready to receive him : it was no *placidum caput* that he raised upon the waters. Stretching forth his neck, and opening his beak, he turned upon his pursuer, who by darting up the stream eluded his attack. After repeated attempts, the Arab at length reached the end of the wing under water, and swimming gently forward upon his side, pulled the bird, now apparently exhausted, towards the shore : but the vulture no sooner gained his feet, than he furiously assaulted his naked enemy, who, retreating with a loud yell, first in a straight line, then in a circle round the bird, still held the extreme end of the feathers, and warded off the strokes with his *own pinion*. The vulture's beak was frequently within a few inches of the Arab's ribs, and had he succeeded, he would doubtless have made shorter work here than his ancestor did with Prometheus. Yet the cry of the Arab was not altogether that of fear ; there was a mixture of bitter playfulness and triumph as one sometimes says, ' You will, will you ? ' It was a Turk who had shot the bird, and he was now watching the affair from the bank. I hastened towards him, and neither understanding the other's language, we commenced, after the usual salaam, a sort of telegraphic conversation, the bird and our guns being the chief topic. The Turk had taken mine to examine, and appeared much pleased with it, particularly with the locks, when the vulture renewed his attack upon the man. Requesting permission to end the business with my gun, he ordered his myrmidon to stand aside, and the bird

immediately fell. His head was under him, and he bled profusely, and seemed, after being convulsed for a moment, to be quite dead. He was shot from less than four yards distance, and the gun contained six small Turkish bullets ; notwithstanding this, after we had finished our communications, which lasted some minutes, I saw him struggling again. He stood higher than a full-sized turkey-cock, measured about ten feet from point to point of the wings, and his beak and talons were terrific. I pity Prometheus if such was his guardian : however, he was avenged, and by fire too. On getting into my boat, I received a message from the Turk, requesting that I would give him my gun ; but this I declined, not however abruptly, for that is not *ton* in the Desert, but with the usual string of Oriental compliments."—p. 380, v. ii.

The quantity of game upon the Nile, as well as in the varied and luxuriant covert afforded by the vast wheat fields, tall tufted reeds, rank grass, and masses of under-wood with which its banks are clothed, appears to be immense.

" The road (says our traveller) lay along the bank of the Nile, whose ruddy waters were now beautifully smooth, and reflected every reed which fringed its margin, and every lazy sail that moved upon its surface. Game, or at least what *we* called game, abounds prodigiously in these rich plains. Wild ducks, widgeon, snipes, curlews, hoopoes, doves, pigeons, plover grey and green, partridges, together with hares and fine large wild boars, are met with in the greatest abundance ; but the hares and boars requiring too much time

and preparation, we confined our attention principally to the doves, snipes, and wild ducks."

We should greatly exceed the space usually devoted to notices of new works by the *Sporting Magazine*, were we to extract one-tenth portion of those passages interesting to the sportsman and agriculturist, which Mr. St. John has intermingled with his graver and more important descriptions of the antiquities, customs, social condition of Egypt, the politics, naval and military resources, of Mahommed Ali, as developed in his recent struggle to emancipate himself from the vassalage of the Turkish yoke. In the clear and comprehensive history of that contest, which occurs in the second volume, the writer has exhibited to the world the character of Mahommed Ali in a new light, and sufficiently establishes his vast superiority over his opponent in diplomatic knowledge, genius, and talent. Nor will the Pasha's extraordinary efforts to assimilate his civil institutions to those of Europe, and thus entitle himself and his country to be received within the pale of civilised nations, prove less interesting to the general reader. For a very detailed account of these institutions we must, however, refer to the work itself, as well as for some curious notices of the trade in horses anciently carried on with Egypt—archery, as practised by the Ladies of the Harem, and as represented on the walls of the Temple

of Aboosambal—gazelle shooting—battle between a crocodile and lizard—fish of Lake Mœris—Nubian bows, quivers, &c.—crocodile shooting—abundance of game in the Desert—prejudices of the Arabs respecting this food—fish caught in the Nile—Arab slingers—fishing and fowling as represented in the painting of the private tombs of Gournou—Turkish horsemanship—the Pasha's Veterinary hospital and school—Agricultural Society, &c.

In concluding, we must not omit to express our admiration of the spirited and fearless manner in which Mr. St. John has repeatedly endeavored in the course of these volumes to rescue the memory of Bruce from the absurd and unmerited obloquy which the ignorant and envious portion of mankind had long been endeavoring to attach to it. The testimony of M. Gobet, a Missionary from the interior of Ethiopia, will be perused with considerable interest; but the most triumphant refutation of these calumnies is derived from Lieut. Welsted, an Indian Officer of distinguished scientific attainments, at present engaged in making a new survey of the Red Sea. He declares that the result of his labours will be highly favorable to the reputation of this distinguished traveller upon a point, where perhaps, more than any other, his enemies have laboured to convict him of intentional falsehood and misrepresentation.

H.

#### A PISCATORY RAMBLE—BY JAQUES.

SIR,  
MY unpretending delineation of "Sport in the Ardennes" last summer was so favorably re-

ceived, at least I am led to judge so from the kind remarks of some of your Correspondents, that it

has induced me to offer the trifling details of a Ramble, though not exactly in the same direction, from which I am lately returned. Early in last month, accompanied by a Brother of the Angle, I left the village of Wavre, with intentions half piscatory half picturesque, for the banks of the Meuse, and its tributaries. With the morning sun (for we had a five-and-twenty miles walk before us, and, as VENATOR says, "had calculated on a trout for our supper.") we crossed the diminutive Dyle by its little one-arched bridge, as insignificant a piece of masonry, as heroes, though only at sixpence a day, could have so fiercely contended for. The French and Prussian grape shot lodge amicably together (quietly at least) in the walls of the adjoining houses, and with other relics will long remain to testify the contest between "fiery Frank and furious Hun," whose respective musquetry thrice won and lost this bloody pass. The meridian sun was seething us in his splendour, when, leaving *Quatre Bras* behind, we reached the top of the last hill on the road to Namur, which, in the glittering haze of broad noon, lay as it were securely reposing under the protection of its formidable neighbour, "yon tall Citadel," bristling up on the wedged point of the line of hills which separates the Sambre and the Meuse. The sun glancing on the white walls unfolded to us in a measure the mystery of its embattlements; but to the angler's eye the two beautiful streams, winding their cool arms round the town, and then gliding away together in one unbroken sheet of silver, were, stained as we

were moreover with heat and toil, sights more congenial.

The Sambre, flowing beneath the walls of the Citadel, is crossed in the town by a handsome old bridge. Save that its banks are higher, and well wooded, this river resembles somewhat in size and character the river Lea. It abounds in barbel, pike, carp, tench, eels, indeed all river fish, grayling excepted; its perch I have seen weighing nearly 6lb. If some of our bottom fishers would emigrate here from the banks of the Lea, &c. they might do wonders.

Leaving Namur refreshed and invigorated by moderate quaffs of the cool flask, and passing through the *Porte de la Place*, we ascended the Meuse beneath the shade of a noble elm avenue, six trees abreast and a mile and a half in length. Were my hand conversant with the pencil, I might here have hoped to contribute to your embellishments; but that must pass, as, after many a lingering gaze at a view so lovely that I shall not attempt its description, we clid along towards the little village of Wapion, while the Meuse, the lovely Meuse, danced by our side in a stream of sunny azure, her bed of white pebbles and golden sand contrasted on the other side by green meadows, until in all the majesty of breadth and depth she sweeps the Roman Bridge, whose six broad arches have attained the mellowness of antiquity without its decay.

Two miles higher up the stream we reached the spot I had calculated on for our evening sport—as pretty a run as fly-fisher could desire, and which many a time and oft I had successfully proved

to be so. But though, like *Venator*, we "had hoped for a trout to our supper," like him too were we put off with, what Sir Humphrey Davy justly called, a "provoking substitute," a villainous chub. Several of these bold-looking loggerheads, some of them of no small powers, fell to our "light dropping hackle," but only one trout did we rise, and either our act of *Habeas Corpus* was inefficient, or he was too wary. "Hope and patience are the fisherman's staff:" with their aids we cheerfully reached *Wapion*; it was the village *fete*; a real fly-fisher is *fly* to anything; so we suppled our toes after our hard day's fag, quadrilling with the roguish dark-eyed *paysannes*. Next morning by light were we again at the *Meuse*.

"Fair stream, thine argent course is dear  
to me,  
Whether its glad and sportive windings  
speed

Their shallow lapse along a rocky bed,  
Murmuring in cool and ceaseless harmony;  
Whether its glassy bosom widely spread  
Reflects the summer purple of the sky  
And the cliff's deep'ning image faithfully,  
E'en as it mirrors yon green islet's reed,  
Or willow bending its lithe branch to lave.  
And well I love the freshness of thy sleep,  
Which the enlarging ripple breaks not;

save  
When from his chosen haunt in shadiest  
deep

At even-tide the reveller of thy wave  
Darts bounding forth in many a circling  
leap."

Visions of trout and grayling had been floating before my mind's eye during the short but deep sleep of the previous night, and though the morning bade fair to realise my dreams, our sport exceeded them: several brace of fine trout and grayling were taken between us, until just below the run which had been the scene of our last night's disappointment, where the last and

gentlest eddies merged into the broad swim or pools, I got hold of a "reveller of its wave," and one who was well capable of shewing *play* worthy of any water. "Come hither," said I to my companion, who was putting up his rod—mine had been my last cast with one hand in the very carelessness of satiety:—"come hither, knight of the plummet and float, and see how an angler deals with 'the tyrant of the brook.' But good as he is, a light firm hand and tight line have nearly choked him already. No—what a spring—'tis worthy of a salmon, by Jove! He is a four pounder!—Ay, a wabble or two more; your nose above water—and now a turn or two down the stream, and we will try conclusions with you. Take the landing net, pray, for the banks are steep, and were he to hitch on one of those stumps! By Heaven! what a miss! we must go lower still; there now, he is fairly on his side—ay! that was a shrewd turn yet; but it was the last blaze of the taper—there, view him! his colours glancing in sun and wave like the prisms of a rainbow; his yellow sides, silver belly, and carmine spots. Mark his yet quick eye of purple and gold—his hog back and small head, which indicate him a third heavier than he looks."—"Ay, and I warrant me," said Brother Brush, as he quietly slipped the landing net underneath him, "he will shew under the fish-slice as pink as carnation."—"We shall dine *en Prince*," replied I, "for verily he shall make good the adage that fish should swim thrice."

Having returned to the village, a repose from the burning heat

which ruled mid-day proved most grateful, and enabled us to do ample justice to our prey, which was neatly served up in the little cabaret, *cuite en naturel* (plain boiled), and which, gently stimulated by some simple but well-made *sauce piquante*, did credit in its flavour to my favorite stream.

Evening was just about to throw her first freshness over the sun's heat, and I was putting up my rod, as we had taken an extra bottle of *vin ordinaire* that I might lose no time at the water's side, when I was surprised, in true foreign fashion, by the entrance of an old acquaintance, who, coming suddenly behind me, took me by the ears, and might have inflicted a kiss on the cheek, had I not been on the *qui vive*. He was an Officer of the Namur Garrison, who had come up the river for a day's fly fishing.

And now before I proceed further, let the British or Irish angler, while to the flexible symmetry of one of his favorite maker's best rods, not forgetting a line and reel to match, he adjusts a cast link, slender as a hair from the silken tresses of his lady love, and a midge fly which would deceive Satan himself would he take on him to become a trout; let him, as I was at that moment glorying in the pride of my tackle, figure to himself a black-headed, black-bearded, mustachio'd sesquipedalian, dark as a Spaniard, and apparel'd in a blue smock frock, with a broad leather belt, cap, &c., sallying forth to wage war on the finny tribe, armed as in *sober earnest* I will describe him. His rod composed of eight feet of bamboo *en*

*naturel* (that is, in the rough), with the same length of medlar slip, equally ambitious as unable to appear tapering: *looped* to the top of this "*pliant reed*" (for of reels or winches they are ignorant) is his line—twelve stout horse-hairs ending in a link of salmon gut! But the fly!! the most uncouth vermin that ever entomologist or virtuoso dreamt of could not touch it—hook No. 4: body of green velvet, in size between a hazel and small walnut, with a *little* bit of *small* brown feather, fastened any how, as chance directs, over or under is all one, for a wing, hackle wanting; the whole *wisped* up about as *neatly* as a bundle of straw.

The entrance of this soldier somewhat disarranged our plans, and we agreed to defer our fishing till the morrow's dawn. I was more anxious to observe the native artist than to try it on myself, and though from the manner he thrashed away one would as easily have suspected him of killing a fish had he splashed the water with his epaulette tied upon a shark hook; yet, incredible as it may appear, and impossible as it first seemed to me, the man of war did actually capture several chub, and large ones too, with this bungling apparatus. Sir Humphry Davy says, that, after some generations, acquaintance with the artificial fly becomes instinct with fish. Verily one would think there was something in it, for the French fish seemingly keep pace with these monstrous fabrications they call flies, and swallow them: but, be that as it may, I'll be sworn no trout of British birth, parentage,

or education would ever be swindled out of his life by so gross and palpable a device.

After a morning's sport, which seemed highly to please the *militaire*, we moved on to Profondeville, probably so called from the depth of the river at this village. Though our trout and grayling were crying, "come eat me," our *militaire* insisted on superintending the dressing of his largest chub—a fish between three and four pounds. As far as I could perceive, he must have treated it somewhat after the manner recommended by Old Isaak Walton: it was roasted or baked, with stuffing, and eaten with sharp sauce. It proved very good meat, even so soon after our aristocrat of a trout, on which we had feasted yesterday. Here, after discussing a reasonable quantity of *vin ordinaire*, we left our foreign friend, delighted with a few flies from our books, with which he vowed war on the trout in his way home, and still more with a promise of initiation in the art of fly-making on our return.

It may be recollected, in our last *trajet* through the Ardennes, that we were benighted, and left no other alternative but to bivouac in one of its sylvan retreats: but we experienced not only so little inconvenience by the necessity, but actually felt so much exhilaration, if not excitement, that we had resolved this time to take what was in fact a shorter cut to the Lesse, though it gave us more of the Forest to traverse, and voluntarily trust to its green arcades for a night's quarter.

In the cool of a cloudless evening we set out along the river,

which we had to follow for some distance, with a scenery opening on us in beautiful variety of wood and rock at every reach and bend of the water. These soon assumed the most fantastic shapes, when thrown into the deep shadows of a starry night in June. The moon, almost at the full, had not yet risen, and when we reached the rivulet, whose course we had to follow through the Forest to lead us to the Lesse, we took council whether to await the pleasure of our Lady Moon, or proceed: but the large iron smelting forges shot up such frequent and long columns of fire from their tall chimneys, as not only shewed us the dark figures working within their fierce glare, but exposed every fantastic root and branch around us, forming such occasional pictures as in painting or reality I never before had seen exhibited. Pausing to enjoy these, our progress was like the snail's, and we had not cleared the glades and purlieus of the Forest, when the Queen of Night rose above the tree tops, "silvering the towers" of an old chateau on our left, and many an oak that grew thereby. Our advance was now more determined, though of course tardy, and we had walked nearly five hours from the time of leaving Profondeville, when we felt inclined to encamp for the night. For this all necessary provision had been made, and a turn of the rivulet, where the hot weather had caused it to leave a bed of fine dry sand, offered an eligible situation, and brief time was it ere the smoke of our bivouac rose cheerily; as brief when fresh broiled trout had appeased the



appetites our walk elicited, and the smoke of our meerschaums, mingled with that of the embers, which we from time to time supplied: pure Cognac lent its moderate aid to fill up the measure of our enjoyment; and my companion being an inveterate disciple of Tom Hood, I doubt if merry Sherwood often saw more careless moments wasted with the "Curtail Friar" and one of his mates.

At length my friend enacted a silence so long, and with him so unusual, that I turned to see what was the matter, when, behold! his head was on his shoulder from want of a better pillow, and he slept sound. It was infectious. Dim and uncertain as the dying cloud of my last whiff, were the visions that crossed my half waking senses; at last slumber stole over me—my dream (alas that such dreams must fade before cold reality!) was of Heaven's best gift—woman: and its ideal bliss had nigh elevated me beyond anything waking thought can estimate, when it was suddenly dispelled by the report of a gun echoing among the rocks, affording the no pleasing illustration of Keate's expressive lines—

"Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal."

But lest a twin barrel should mistake and riddle me for a chevreuil, I walked towards the spot whistling aloud, and by the moon's light perceived a *garde de chasse* finishing with his *couteau* an unlucky badger he had wounded.

When men of harmless intentions meet in a forest by night, they soon get intimate, and in five minutes *Monsieur le garde* and I were seated by our renovated fire, blowing intense clouds,

and entering into mutual explanations. Then succeeded, on his part, tough yarns of the chase; marvellous rifle shots, escapes from the death-fraught boar-tusk or the half-famished wolf. Had I noted them, endless would have been the supply; one only do I recollect—if it be, or is deemed a *Jonathan*, the sin be on his head who told it.

"The Ardennes are not what they were:" this was accompanied by a shake of the head sorrowfully significant, followed by something between a sigh and a deep whiff. "They are not as in my young time. You may, to be sure, find a boar or two, and some chevreuil yet. But I recollect the day when it was some pleasure to hunt. You might sit and hear the great red stag stamp and bellow in March; the boar's tracks met your eye at every step; and at night we could scarcely sleep in our *chammiere*—which was where a *garde's* should be, right in the middle of the Forest—for the wolves baying to the cold December moon. Ah! two and thirty years ago, I was under my father (a terrible shot): I would not have exchanged places with an emperor. That was, indeed, a life for a fellow born, as I may say, gun in hand. Well, as I was a telling you, some great folks were expected one day at the chateau, and down came an order for venison. I slipped some chevrosines (slugs used for the chevreuil) into my pocket, and off I went. I was about a league in the Forest when I heard the dry leaves rustle before me. A chevreuil, thought I, and cocked my gun, when out walked leisurely, not thirty yards before me, a great grizzled boar,

aking it as easily as though I was a broomstick, and looking as quiet as his four inches of tusk on each side would allow him. I was a hare-brained fellow, and the temptation was strong; my gun was up, and off almost in spite of me, and the chevrosines (silly things) rattled on his head. He turned on me with a grin and roar—should I live to a hundred years I shall never forget it. I took the hint and my heels, but he was too fleet for me, and I barely scrambled up a low, branched oak. The necessity of using all my limbs to gain the tree, while his tusks were close at my croup, forced me to drop my gun, and I had the pleasure to see him tear the stock into shreds. That's a breakfast will satisfy you, thought I; but no, he sat down under the tree, and watched me as a cat does a mouse. I had no *couteau de chasse*, nor would I have ventured on him with twenty. I took off my jacket, shook it at him, and creeping along a branch rolled it up and threw it over. He dashed at it, and while he was tearing it, I slipped down and recovered my gun. He was at me in an instant, but I regained the tree in time; fortunately he had only injured the stock, and, loading, I gave him a salute which staggered him. This I repeated, though I could not bring the stock to bear, with such good success, that I was soon on my road to the *chaumiere* for a cart. A noble fellow he was, and I went home from the chateau in the evening with a skin full of wine, and a gun worth twenty of my own. But attend, my friend—from that day out I

never fired at a boar with chevrosines."

Day was peering slowly in the east when we awoke: a slight shivering was soon removed by a *goute* of Cognac, over which my friend and *Monsieur le garde* commenced acquaintance. From the latter we learnt, that by a cut across the Forest we were not more than a league from the village on the Lesse we proposed breakfasting at, and thither, under his guidance, we shaped our course. It was prettily seated in a dell, almost a ravine on the Forest's edge, through which alternately brawled or babbled the small trout stream: it was, indeed, a picture of pastoral repose, as we viewed it at sun-rise—the small church, with slated spire; the Curé's *chaumiere*, distinguished from its one-storied neighbours by a trim garden; the *paysannes* in groups or single returning from milking; while no one rural sound which indicates plenty or peace was wanting; all harmonised in perfect keeping, forming even a soothing scene to men who had passed the night in the forest wilds.

Here, seated on a rough bench, we were enjoying our ease, when a very pretty and somewhat coquetish damsel, the daughter of the *Sieur Letellier*, who at the *Cerf d'Or* relieved the wants of travellers, came to us, and, wreathed in smiles, gave the welcome intelligence that our friend the *garde*, who had undertaken to look after it, was awaiting us to breakfast: fowl, ham, and eggs fell victims to the Forest air, while coffee, which a Turk might have envied, restored us to our full vigour. Having ap-

pointed the *garde* to meet us at early morn as guide to the Troude Han, a cavern we proposed visiting, we set to with our tackle. A grey sky, broken with occasional sun gleams, and a westerly wind, befriended us. Being strangers to the river, we put up palmers, and excellent service they performed. But about mid-day the sun asserted his authority, and left no choice but to return to the village. Here selecting our best trout and grayling we sent them to the Curé, and received an invitation to dinner. Four hundred francs was all the salary which this truly Christian Pastor had to support him and his old *gouvernante*, Jeanneton; yet, loving and beloved of his flock, he seemed to enjoy perfect contentment. The table was set out (rustic as it, equally with the apartment, was) with a cloth and napkins of snowy linen, silver forks and spoons, the pardonable, nay gentlemanlike pride of a long economy. The *cuisine* was good—the bouillon, the *aloyau*, fillet or short rib of beef done (but so as to appear roasted) in a pan, and the fish as *last course*—all *comme il faut*. Nor were Bourdeaux or Vin de Grave wanting sufficiently at dinner; after which strawberries and other fruits, and lastly coffee, concluded the repast. We sat a considerable time with this truly Christian and venerable Gentleman, not a word about religion save his simple grace being obtruded on us during the evening; and at six o'clock we left him with more religion, from his appearance and example, in our hearts, than had we been listening to the fiercest polemic contro-

versy, in which too many think lies "the one thing needful."

Morning's first streaks found us on the Lesse, and our first hour's sport was good; but as day strengthened, it gave every indication of coming storms, which the trout soon took the hint of, and left us to toil and catch nothing. Our friend the *garde* now joined us from the village, and strongly urged us to be up and away as soon as possible, since our route lay over a wild and barren heath, and he felt sure that a severe thunder storm was not far distant.

Once more then did we do honour to Mademoiselle Letelier's excellent coffee, &c. and, having pressed her bright lips, girded our loins with the dogged resolution of men who are, as the saying is, *in for it*. Holding for near half a league to the bank of the stream, our road struck up the hill-side, and across a heath so broad and trackless that it required no small faith in the guide to insure us against the apprehensions of our last year's wanderings. Few grouse, he said, were to be found, though likelier ground there could not be: indeed the quantity of birds of prey which hovered all over and around left little chance of their increase. One, as large as a buzzard, whose scientific nomenclature my ornithology does not furnish, offered the *garde* an opportunity of displaying his skill, and us of examining him. Like almost all Frenchmen our comrade had smelt powder both ways—served under the *petit Corporal*—and tales of war beguiled the tedium of the expanse. At last we came upon its termination. About a

league below us lay the Meuse, with Namur far in the distance; and bidding us a Sportsman's sincere farewell, the *garde* departed homewards, urging us to make all speed for a cottage, which we could see near the river, and which it would take all our exertions to reach ere the terrific storm, brewing all around, would burst, and wreak its fury on wayfarers. This compelled us to give up our intended visit to the Trou de Han, and we urged forward with all possible speed: but we made a wrong turn, and reached the bank of the river just as the first thunder burst in terrific magnificence upon it. The rain and hail descended in such mingled *masses* that we could scarce make head against them, and we were nearly exhausted as we gained the small cabaret. Just as we entered, a peal louder than the last seemed to shake it to its very foundation: two hours it raged without intermission, "not from

one lone cloud," while the Meuse, now majestic in its turbulence, was rising every moment, and foaming and darkening in its hue.

"What time

From peak to peak the rattling crags among  
Leapt the live thunder."—

This fiery flood (if I may so say) changed our plans; we looked on the swollen turbid river, and saw that fly-fishing for some days was impossible. To Namur, therefore, with the first fair moment we retraced our steps: small brooks, however, were now mid deep, so that the drenching of another pitiless thunder-cloud was less felt. At half-past ten we reached Namur, soaked and bedizened with mud, to enjoy that refreshment and repose which Sportsmen, "in these piping times of peace," alone can feel and appreciate.

I am, Sir, &c.

JACQUES.

Wavre, June 14, 1834.

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### ASCOT HEATH RACES.

SIR,  
IN one of his *Comic Annuals*, Charles Mathews, in describing a water party to Richmond, introduces us to a Gentleman of the name of *Doleful*, who, a sad and solitary man, looked, among the merry group with which he was associated, dreary as a mourning-coach in a snow-storm. "Doleful, my dear boy, what ails you?" demanded one of the jovial set; "what the devil is the matter with you?—ain't you well?"—"Don't ask me," said the man of sorrow; "joy indeed! don't name it; can't you see I'm sitting among the

knives and forks?" Full well have I learned, too often is our cup dashed with bitterness; we can never reckon upon the *dénouement*, however wisely and carefully our plans are devised and executed. Still, when all possible precaution is taken, we have the fairest reason for looking with hope to the consequences. My destination being Ascot Heath, I had secured a seat to Windsor, having duly booked myself at one of the first coaching establishments, to make assurance doubly sure. The name of a distinguished proprietor graced the

pannels, and everything looked most replete with promise. It was a lovely day that 10th of June, not blazing away with a brazen barefaced sun, but rejoicing in a godly modest Phœbus; now peeping from behind the decent curtain of the sky, and anon hiding as though he shrunk from his own splendour! I love that alternate cloud and shine—now the wide and winged shadows chasing each other over the broad meadows of emerald, and then the whole landscape bursting forth into all the glories of Claude Lorraine. Such was the character of the morning on which, leaving behind me for a while the noisy turmoil and thronged haunts of fashion and commerce, I gaily sped towards the calm and sylvan retreats of Windsor's Classic Forest. As the day advanced, though we had some genial showers, the warmth increased, and during the partial gleams of sunshine the heat was excessive. Here I first began to observe an *effect* for which I vainly proposed to myself any adequate cause. When the orb of day was obscured, I was warm and comfortable; but when he glared out in his power and fervour, a cold shiver came over me, and my teeth chattered together like castanets! Here was a puzzler for natural philosophy! I am no philosopher in any sense, God knows! and little of the self-control of those staid and dignified personages did I exhibit on this occasion. I swore and shivered audibly, quaking like a patient of St. Vitus; and thus I quavered into Windsor town. The mystery was then unriddled—His Most Sacred Majesty's dish of fish had been my "*das-à-das*," and I had shared

with the *royal turbot* the melting moments which acted upon the ice in which it was so carefully enveloped! Much as I relish that summer refreshment taken inwardly, I never again desire to have it applied after the manner of that day.

The number of different avenues by which Ascot is approached prevents any particular road exhibiting the bustle and stir of an Epsom event: there is, moreover, a quiet aristocratic *nonchalance* characterising everything about the former, strongly contrasted by the "more Irish and less nice" expression of hilarity which distinguishes the latter merry-making. I reached the Heath in tolerable time, and while we waited the arrival of the Castle Party, opportunity was afforded to look around one: there was, it must be acknowledged, a very good society got together, more select, it might be, than numerous; but everybody was in smiles, and best bibs and tuckers...and "what more could a man desire?" The course, in accordance with established usage here, was crowded with promenading parties, apparel'd in all the bravery of Kensington or Vauxhall Gardens—offering, with its endless variety of colour and costume, no inappropriate peristrepthic panorama of a gorgeous tulip-bed.

The Royal Party, preceded, as is the custom, by the Master of the Stag-hounds and his yeomen-prickers, now passed in splendid array up the course, occupying seven carriages-and-four, accompanied by a pony phaeton, many led horses, and endless grooms: it was, as it always is, a most gratifying sight. I never, I think,

saw the King look better, but I was sorry to see Her Majesty labour under apparently a severe cold, coughing constantly. On entering the Stand, and coming to the front, the reception of their Majesties was most cordial, and becomingly enthusiastic—no got-up clap-trap—but like the double attribute bestowed by Shakspeare upon mercy—"it honoured those who received, and those who gave it." When the first excitement had a little subsided, I thought the Royal Stand exhibited but a scanty specimen of national gallantry: there indeed was arrayed a galaxy of loveliness, a bevy of England's proudest and fairest dames; and scarcely a solitary one of the other sex to save them from their own aversion. My country! why this libel on thine own good taste!

The racing arrangements were going on, and the course soon cleared for action; the first event on the tapis being The St. James's Palace Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, New Mile, 18 subs. For this little eight hundred and fifty we were permitted a glance at the greatest racer that England has ever produced, and cheap it was at the price—not sixpence a piece for every one who saw; and was there one who would begrudge that sum to see him? Doubtless it in no way took from the general interest; but other pockets paid the expense of the exhibition. After cantering up the mile, he was shewn before the Stand—receiving the homage ever paid to beauty and worth—and then returned to his stables with "*carte blanche*" for ease and enjoyment till he is wanted to canter over for a somewhat better

reward from the admirers of horse-flesh in Yorkshire. Plenipotentiary, I always foresaw and foretold thy renown, and every fresh laurel added to those already so nobly earned seems to stick a leaf in the chaplet of the prophet of thy fame—"hinc illa gaudia!"

Produce Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. the New Mile, five subs. For this precious business Nell Gwynne had the favour of the Ring at 2 to 1, and better; which pretty clearly shews what was thought of the rest of the lot, Nell being of far less renown than her namesake in days of yore. Robinson rode her, and she won with ease; but the race admits of no description, as it was all the same—a wretched thing from end to end.

The Oatlands Stakes of 90 sovs., 20 ft., two miles and a half, nine subs. Here "auld acquaintance was forgot," and they boasted none of the attractions of "lang syne." I have seen some sporting work for these Handicaps, but, like Paddy O'Rourke's pumps, I fear they have seen the best of their days. Out of the nine, four nominally fancied the weights, but it was left to a brace to contend. Malibran was the bull in the china-shop in the Ring, having bidders of all imaginary odds, according as it chanced to catch an ignoramus: 5, and 6, and 7 to 1 were about the prices quoted. At going off, Pavis gave the *pas* to Repentance, who led to the end of the first mile, or thereabouts. Malibran then went twenty yards in front, maintained it with ease, and won it at the end as she fancied.

So far nothing had happened to shatter nerves, and people only

seemed to wish there were no such things as horses to spoil the races, and occupy the promenade for such a time. The Fern Hill Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, New Mile, ten subs. After a convenient space had been allowed for the Royal Party to lunch, they ran off these Stakes, though they proved anything but a "dainty dish to set before a King," particularly considering the good things which must have been abandoned for it. Olympic was in force even with the field; heavy odds agst Alexis and Skimmer; the others not named. They came away as hard as they could, and what more *could* they? Skimmer and James Robinson in advance: within the distance Scott brought up Alexis, and easily passed the leader, and won *cleverly*—that is, putting the matter beyond dispute, but not without a little friendly shaking lest his pastoral steed should cut it altogether before the time. Robinson was second, giving Skimmer some hints not to be misunderstood of dissatisfaction; Olympic and John Day next; then Frank Boyce and Holkar; and last, Connolly and Lord Verulam's Mameluke filly. I love to be perspicuous when I can: this latter young lady stopped most considerably opposite the Judge's chair, thereby saving the unnecessary ceremony of pulling up, turning round, walking back, and all that sort of thing. Lord Chesterfield, with but a moderate establishment, has at last caught the knack of picking up some tidy little things in a quiet unostentatious manner: it pays, and that is about as much as any man of woman born can hope for now-

a-days though he bred them all Eclipses.

His Majesty's Plate of 100ga., &c. to start at the New Mile Post, and go once round. In the Ring was small speculation, Revenge being all the go at rattling odds on him; 4 and 5 to 1 agst Ganges; and Astracan as little fancied as a follower of the Prophet is in Cephalonia. Revenge, jockeyed by John Day, led out at a moderate speed, running so to the turn of the new ground; Buckle going up to him there with Astracan, and took up in front. It was now Natty's turn, who increased the current of the *Ganges* till it reached beyond Astracan! This was too good to last, and a slight reflux was the consequence; but it was a slashing business within the distance—my friend Natt looking awfully terrible, as he always does when he falls into difficulties. Thus was this first contest of any interest carried on, finishing by *Astracan passing the Ganges*—a result as little anticipated by many of the men of *nous* at Ascot as it is likely to enter the more sober calculation of a matter-of-fact or fanciful geographer. People may turn up their noses as they like about a *dirty three figures*, but a cheque for a cool hundred, signed by the Master of the Horse, and cashed for the trouble of a stroll to the Treasury, don't seem exactly the thing to be sneezed at: how folks will work for others' money!—" *alieni appetens*" being a maxim not only of the ancient Roman, but of the modern (*Greek* I was going to say) *Turfite*.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts and fillies, New Mile, nine subs.—Now here was quite another affair,

every man who started for it, save one, losing his hundred; whereas in the last *any* man might pocket a hundred without any risk if Fortune frowned. It appeared to me, when preparations were being made for this, that people were put to a very unnecessary and shocking inconvenience by the awful chasm of time intervening between the course being cleared and the race coming off: a reform in this annoyance is very essential. I wish they would take a wrinkle in this respect from Epson: *there*, to be sure, the course is regulated by men who are masters of their avocation: at Ascot this is committed to the care of the worst of wooden spoons—country bumpkin constables for the most part, who get far more in the way themselves than those they are appointed to remove. There was but little done on this race, three only declaring to start. Olympic had the call of the field just enough to swear by. At starting they went off in a stylish kind of Regent-street lounge, John Day leading to the end of the old Half Mile: thus they got within the distance—Dick—yes, Dick, don't laugh—being second, and Brother to Terry Alt *sternmost*. And now came the tug of war. With a degree of unequalled presumption, which I can attribute to no other cause than the country he comes from, did Connolly prepare for a rush with this steed of steeds. I did not tremble for the man's safety, as I trusted his *canter for the Derby* had put him into wind for his meditated flight. To it he went, and the result convinced me of that which nothing but actual ocular demonstration *would*, viz. that there is not out of Smith-

field a more worthless animal than that recreant son of Lamplighter. For thee, oh Whitefoot! albeit thou hast fallen upon days when corporal punishment is no longer in goodly savour—surely well didst thou merit the basting on thy ribs so cordially bestowed by Mr. Arnall, when all base idea of being actuated by the desire of filthy lucre was out of the question.

The Ascot Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts or fillies—to start at the Swinley Post, ten subs.—This was of course an interesting race, likely to clear up the mistake, if there was any, about the Oaks—mistakes being the fashion of the day. They betted away about it quite briskly—Pussy, with 5lb. extra, being the favorite at 3 to 2, thereby upsetting the position that “prophets have no honour in their own countries.” There was nearly 3 to 1 offered about Louisa, with a new pilot, and big odds agst Ganges, who was again about to “flow on.” They drew up, and got well off at the first attempt; Ganges rolling along first, Pussy next, and the speed different to what we had been accustomed to: thus they ran along the bottom, by the trees, and to the turn of the Half Mile; here Wheatley made a strong effort to get his mare in front, but it was quite evident that she was overpowered, notwithstanding the five pounds in her favour. It was a right good race—Pussy and John Day winning right well with a good length to spare; Louisa a handsome second; Lord Exeter's next, and Ganges last: the whole lot placed. This result was satisfactory, inasmuch as it shews the



Oaks to have been an honest race—indeed Pussy has proved herself to be a better mare than she did at Epsom.

Immediately on the termination of this race the Royal *cortege* passed down the course, their Majesties receiving the same warm and respectful acknowledgments as marked their arrival, and they seemed to feel much gratification. It must have been a treat to Prince Hobenlobe, who looks like a sportsman, and appeared greatly interested in the running.

#### WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11.

A great deal has been said about the sinister effect of the Installation at Oxford and the election for Cambridge on the interests of this Meeting; but I confess I am a loss to conjecture how the solemn Personages who officiate at the ceremonial of inducting into office so grave an individual as a Chancellor of an University, or the competitors for the senatorial honors of St. Stephen's, can have anything congenial in their natures with the levities of a race-course. Though we had not today the magnet of Royalty to attract, the assemblage on the Heath was very far from meagre, and when all had congregated within the course, between the races, you could not miss much of yesterday's gallant show. The suttlers at the tents grumbled loudly that so little business was done; but this is a class of beings that is never satisfied:

"Oh fortunati nimum, sua si bona norint:"

Will not five hundred per cent. content ye? Let that serve your turn for the present, and look to the future for brighter hopes!

The rain which had fallen during the early morning distilled from the blossom of the bean-field a fragrance more exquisite than ever zephyr wafted from the cinnamon groves of Ceylon: no vagrant particles polluted the silken robes of the lovely, or defiled a hair in the whiskers of the brave. Nature and art seemed to struggle for mastery, and matchless was the rivalry, and beautiful the strife.

The first race of the day was the Albany Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts and fillies, the New Mile, four subs. For this, according to the Ring, Pickle was amiss, and they laid odds against her at 2 to 1, and upwards. Montrose was not spoken about, and Nisus was the pet at 5 to 4 and 2 to 1 on him! A more preposterous exhibition than this never invaded the imagination of the Gilpin: such we may suppose

"The cockney rider dreams of when he snores."

From first to last it was Sinbad's valley of diamonds to the least dignified coin of Brummagem the unsterling. John Day on Montrose was next the cords; Natty on Pickle in the centre, looking serene, as he does when he is winning; and Buckle working away to keep his place at nine miles an hour on a shocking bad Son of Velocipede. It is enough to say thus much, that Pickle *did* win in a canter, *but not exactly such an one as the Derby was non in.*

At this period there was a great stir about the Cup to-morrow, Glaucus being everybody's fancy almost: 5 to 2, and 2 to 1 was the opinion of his value; *proximus sed intervallo* Morotto at 5 to 1; but

the others so fluctuating it is impossible to quote them.

The Banquet Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies then three-year-olds, to start at the Swinley Post, and go once round; six subs. For this Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Mammoth, by Leviathan, was permitted to walk over; and I wish His Lordship joy of *this*, in all the softest phrase of courtly oratory addressed by Macbeth to the guests of *his* Banquet. This Mammoth is a fine racing-looking animal, and beautifully topped. The tide in his Noble owner's career is running at the flood: I trust that he will take it at such, and that the event may prove the value of the Poet's prediction.

Renewal of a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-old colts and fillies, T. Y. C.; eight subs. Here was a little Derby spectacle, saddling *à la* Warren: at the winning-post "shewing paces" there, and there filing off to the point of starting. Lord Exeter's Sister to Cactus and Lord Chesterfield's Witless pleased me most: the betting was in favour of Mr. Wreford at 3 to 2 only agst his Welcome; Witless at 4 and 5 to 1; and but little about any other. At the word they all came well together, but, considering the distance, the pace was very inferior: none were beat off much till within the distance. Here Connolly on Lord Exeter's and Gen. Grosvenor were out of the contest—Gratwicke's gradually gathering stern way. The struggle was now with Welcome, who was in the centre of the first three, with the lead. Next the ropes, with Norman pegging away at her, was the Partisan filly as aforesaid, and

Lord Chesterfield's outside, with Scott sitting patiently upon him, and evidently reserving him for a bustle at the finish. Fifty yards from home, on being called upon, Witless ran out, to the left, for the Royal Stand. It appeared to me that Scott set to work rather too much in earnest *all at once* for so young a one; a little more gently might not have alarmed him so much. This might be an error in my judgment, or in *his*; however, it may be like the Irishman's blind horse, it is our misfortune, and not our *fault*. It was now Welcome's victory, though certainly contrary to my opinion, as well as John Day's, who declared him, before going, "anything but a good one:" they were all placed, that is, to the amount of half a dozen, so nobody *can* complain.

It is worthy of remark, how, in this queer world that we're in, everything seems subservient to, and controlled by, the crotchet of the day. Some years since, Phrenology, Craniology, and some few other "ologies," created an immense sensation: after that came the Cholera Morbus, or, as an old Lady of my acquaintance used to call it, the *Aurora Borealis*, carrying all before it, to the despair of Billingsgate and the annihilation of the dealers in garden-stuff: and now we have Unions of every cast and denomination—political, theatrical, operatical (that is to say, *artificial*):—and here we have it "thimble-rigical!" that worthy fraternity now making common cause, and waging war to the knife against humanity. Every clown with sixpence in his pouch is now quarry for the whole: they hunt him, not as of yore with a

terrier or two on his trail, but with the whole pack of blood-hounds in full cry at his heels! I looked closely into the combination, and found all its wheels in perfect organisation of motion: there may be a dozen "pea-men," perhaps half a hundred "bon-nets:" these were in every imaginable variety of costume and disguise; some with riding-whips, spurs, green frocks, and tops, doing the gentleman-farmer; others sinking the vulgar altogether, and cutting the swell upon the *grand pas*, yet aping "gentility most abominably:" huge mut-ton fists, ornamented with ponderous brassen circles and green glass emeralds about the size of that in the centre of our Monarch's Crown of State; awfully great feet, thrust into boots of infamous texture and workmanship; drab surtout, and *mother-o'-pearl* buttons, being their conception of a gentleman's morning toilet. These fellows were never stationary for an instant; ever industrious, they roved from "pea to pea;" the bait was dexterously prepared for the vulgar, yet I saw comparatively few swallow it: the evil is so glaring that it will speedily cure itself.

The Swinley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, the last mile and half, to start at the Swinley Post, five subs.—There was some speculation upon this race at these figures: Sir Gibert Heathcote's Samarcand had the best of it at 12 to 10 and 5 to 4; and 3 to 1 agst Twatty, a most unpromising-looking brute, with no more loins than the ghost of an alligator. At starting the *slim one* took up the running, followed by Sister to Imbar, Samarcand lying behind his horses:

at the trees they got into somewhat better speed, and at the turn of the Half-mile the first and last had changed places, Samarcand leading round here in rather a racing shape. From the distance in, it was all over—Forth's making a struggle to get up, but without the shadow of a chance, barring casualties. Buckle made his horse a winner stylishly, with a couple of lengths to spare. It was utterly destitute of all interest during the last half mile, nothing shewing less of the picturesque in a race than a string of horses with two lengths in mathematical proportion between each.

A Plate of Fifty Pounds for all ages, one mile and a half, to start at the Swinley Post.—There was some nibbling about this plate, the field at 3 to 2; 3 to 1 agst Messenger; the same nearly agst Bravo, but Messenger agst him for choice, and not a word about any other. Messenger took off with a short lead, mending the pace down the hill and to the trees: here Chantilly forced stronger running, to the discomfiture of Bravo, who left half a dozen lengths between him and the others as his opinion of the affair. At the turn of the ground he had done with the race altogether; Pavis with his horse well up to the ropes; Natty with Chantilly outside, going stride for stride with him: thus they passed the distance, when Flatman threw down the gauntlet: at it they went, and Pavis drew his whalebone. The first cut decided all; Messenger gave in at the first blow, leaving Chantilly a clever winner. I remembered that she ran a long and severe

race for the Mares' Plate at Newmarket over the Round Course, and I bethought me that a fair second to Vespa ought not to be a bad one. Was all this forgotten in the Ring?

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft. three quarters of a mile—was walked over for by Mr. Martyn's colt by Mameluke, dam by Comus, out of Norna, Sister to Waverley.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts and fillies, New Mile, five subs.—For this Mr. Cosby's colt was the favorite at very long odds, varying, as people could catch them, from 5 to 1 upwards. The detail of this race from end to end is, that Stradbally could win it whenever he might think fit, which he did just when he liked by a couple of lengths. Robinson never as much as *shook* his Cream; perhaps she turns *sour* upon such treatment. Be that as it may, I know I have infinitely more pleasure in seeing James Robinson lose a race in his quiet gentlemanlike style, than stand to witness some others that I could name *win*, with a very different appearance. John Day rode Stradbally, as he always does, carefully and well.

As we left the course, the clouds gathered dark and threatening, and presently, when I was removed from all possibility of escape, down came a tropical shower, which, to express myself with proper delicacy and in appropriate phrase, penetrated me to the cuticle. The man who received my dripping garments, as I removed them at my hotel, kindly hinted at the service this rain would do to the hay-crop; and so I solaced myself under my affliction with the reflection that

"*all flesh is grass,*" and therefore that it might do me good too.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

"I live, not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me."

Will this excuse the enthusiasm in which, perhaps beyond the limits permitted by moderate-minded men, I indulge when discussing a subject into which I enter with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength? It would neither suit the object of these pages, nor my own taste, to enlarge upon the disposition which unfortunately exists in some quarters to cavil at, and seek to circumscribe, if not altogether to abolish, those manly pastimes and exercises which are in good truth the very birth-right of a Briton. I believe the motives of such interference are well-intentioned; I can only therefore regret, I dare not denounce them. With such impressions to damp my spirits, how unmingled was the satisfaction with which I beheld the splendid *cortege* which to-day surrounded the Court on its second visit to this unequalled scene of English festivity! Surely this gathering together of the brave and fair, the *elite* of England's sons and daughters, was guerdon of good things in store. It is true that assemblages such as these are not exempted from many a levity and irregularity, such as—or history belies them foully—have full often found their way into Princely coterie and Priestly sanctuary. Let us admit that here may be found a lack of Josephs, and a superfluity of Potiphar's wives; still has not human nature been ever the same? and

will it not so continue till the crack of doom? That many of the best and the wisest in our land are yet partaking of and supporting these our national sports, is my pride and my triumph. Were this a place overflowing with all the abominations attributed to it by the saintly ascetics of the day; had it been a spectacle chosen for the contemplation of our Presumptive Queen—the scion of Chiefs and Monarchs—the hope of many nations—the fair-haired daughter of the Isles!—if, I repeat, it were the Carnival of such unhallowed revelry as it has been described, would *she* have been selected to sanction and partake its naughtiness? It was a proud sight, that noble and chivalric trysting, and it was felt as such; for let John Bull bellow as lustily as he please for liberty, equality, reform, and such like watch-words of the hour, I boldly aver that there exists not an animal more essentially aristocratic than himself! With this refreshing view of the popularity of the Turf in high places, there is another which must be combined; and we may then foretel in their union a more brilliant career for racing than it has ever before known. A combination, which had already deeply undermined, and eventually must have destroyed it, has been broken up and dispersed for ever. Unsavoury and unpalatable proverbs are ever on the tip of my quill: “when rogues, &c. fall out,” we are told the consequence. Should a fellow feeling ever induce the parties here alluded to, to forget and forgive, “to kiss and be friends,” it were attended with no chance. They are now marked—the clique is *tee-totally* blown; the

last Derby doubled it up: money could not win that—there was a horse short. “Marry, Heaven keep lead out of me!” as Sir John Falstaff says; but fear of that would not seal my lips: the truth may not always be spoken, or I could a tale unfold. Too long had the social fitness of things been outraged; society was turned topsy turvey—“Chaos had come again!” Thank Heaven, order is now likely to be once more restored; and, after too long an eclipse, the sun of Hope is breaking gloriously upon the future:

“Then let us pray, that come it may,  
And come it will for a’ that,  
That right and worth, o’er a’ the earth,  
May wear the gre for a’ that!”

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts and fillies not engaged in the Derby or Oaks, New Mile. For this there were but three subscribers, and Lord Verulam paid forfeit. Lord Chesterfield was the favorite in the betting at 3 to 1, a tolerably just estimation, as he won it in a hand canter. Chifney set to work lustily within the distance, but Amurath shewed no disposition to second his efforts, Scott, standing in his stirrups, patting his horse’s neck, and enjoying his pleasant ride. Surely his Noble Master has not only got a hold of Fortunatus himself, but he seems to have appropriated his *cap* too.

And now came THE CUP, a race which created the most extraordinary interest. Vast sums were at stake upon it; and the speculation never waned till the horses were off. At the breaking up, the odds, as accurately as I could collect them, stood thus:—Glaucus at 5 to 2; Morotto double the money; Belshazzar

and Diana 7 to 1, the former for choice; Samarcand and Revenge at 10 to 1; and very long odds against Rockingham. The *coup d'œil*, as these magnificent animals cantered up the course and past the Royal Stand, was one of unequalled beauty and fascination for a sportsman; nowhere but at Ascot could such a sight be witnessed, where even the proverbial austerities of Turf arrangement soften and yield to Courtly etiquette. Ten mounted, and, eager for the fray, thus passed the Stand, entering for the start at the Cup Post on the New Mile:—

|                                          |   |
|------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus (Scott)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Theobald's Rockingham (Chapple) 2    |   |
| Mr. Gilbert Heathcote's Samarcand        |   |
| (Buckle) .....                           | 3 |
| Mr. Watt's Belshazzar (Connolly).....    | 4 |
| Mr. Hunter's Morotto.....                | 0 |
| Mr. Greville's Chantilly (Natt) .....    | 0 |
| Mr. I. Day's Diana (Pavia).....          | 0 |
| Lord Exeter's Galata (Arnall) .....      | 0 |
| Mr. Etwall's Revenge .....               | 0 |
| Mr. Grant's Famine .....                 | 0 |

The start was beautiful, the whole of them coming away full of running, Revenge leading them up to the Steward's Stand; Chantilly next; then Glaucus, lying next the ropes, and going splendidly; Galata next him, and gathering pace; Rockingham last but one, Samarcand, who looked awkwardly as they turned the top of the course. Thus they reached the Swinley Post, and here Galata died away, and gave it in. There was little change of place down the hill, or till they reached the trees: here Chapple brought his horse a little more forward, but still with lots of leeway to bring up. The pace was now very severe, Chantilly still holding her ground: Morotto now was with the front rank, as also Belshazzar. On rounding

the turn, Connolly's horse, seemingly hard held and full of running, all at once "*shut up*," throwing his chance overboard, though not the first time of his doing so by many. Revenge, Morotto, and Chantilly now shewed symptoms of distress, and they fell into the rear, already occupied by Famine, Diana, and Galata. Rockingham and Samarcand now began to shew well in front, Chapple trying to steal his horse along—but it was no pace for trifling. Within the distance "to be or not to be" was the question of an instant, and the winner of the Leger tasted steel and whalebone enough for a dose. Scott saw all this bustle with most stoic composure, holding Glaucus fast by the head, skimming the ropes, and doing as he liked with the race. Thus it terminated in Glaucus's favour, and nothing in the race with any chance with the second. Had Rockingham towards the end not have had so much ground to recover, he *might* have shewn better, but that is problematical. Samarcand proved himself an honest horse, and Belshazzar that he is a brute not to be trusted to the value of a *tanner*. There was a general expression of satisfaction at the result, which must have been highly gratifying to the feelings of the spirited supporter of the turf in whose success it was manifested.

Two-year-old Stakes of 30 sovs., 20 ft., for two-year-old colts and fillies, nine subscribers. This, as the forfeit was two-thirds of the subscription, brought to the post anything at all that could raise a gallop, and so we had only three to forfeit. A poor promise of future excellence did this lot

hold out; there was no false start, that was something; and off they all scrambled somehow or other, the winner and Sir Gilbert Heathcote's having the best of it. Thus they came within the distance, when His Grace of Cleveland challenged for it, Norman doing his very best for Mr. Grant. In the end Natty won very cleverly with Lord Orford's Reveler colt—Bee-in-a-Bonnet being second, with such a whipping as I don't think he'll forget yet awhile; Mr. Grant's was third.

From the circumstance of Galata having pulled up nearly half a mile from home in the Cup race, some people imagined that she was reserved for the Eclipse Foot: but mistakes are perpetually being perpetrated: for instance, in the last race the winner was at the longest odds; and here again they were all wrong, as Lord Exeter resigned his claim to the Eclipse trophy without a struggle; and a very handsome affair, indeed, that same Hoof is, forming a magnificent snuff-box richly mounted in gold, resting on a highly ornamental plateau of the same precious material. Mr. Cosby, however, was determined to have a shy at it, though the opinion about his success was in an inverse ratio of 10 to 1. When the Royal lunch was duly discussed, came off the race for the Eclipse Foot, with 200 sovs. given by His Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 each, for horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club; three subscribers. There had been all manner of reports of disasters to Galopade; he had broken down, and the Lord knows what; but there he was at the post "alive" and *literally* "kicking," and

James Robinson mounted upon him, decked out for conquest in a new green and white silk jacket, the very prevailing costume with all the tastiest belles at Ascot. As they came up the course, Robinson was leading with Galopade at a gentle hand canter, three or four lengths from Scott, who seemed coaxing him to hurry as little as possible; so they reached the Swinley Post without any alteration either of pace or position. Down the hill Scott came to more sociable terms, but there was nothing like racing about it. At the trees they came together, at little better than a trot. At the turn of the Half Mile away they came, of course full of running for the finish, but Galopade never had a chance for it, Robinson giving him neither whip nor spur, a proof he knew it was hopeless. Scott never had occasion to stir, Glaucus winning with him in wonderful form, against a fresh one, considering the field he had beaten not an hour before over the same long ground. *Well done, My Lord Chesterfield --terque beatus!*

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, the Old Mile.—In the Ring this was esteemed too hollow an affair to give rise to any speculation. Louisa was *booked* to win, and people laid any odds for which they could find customers, 4, 5, and 6 to 1 being current. At the start Pickle led at a sound racing pace, though it was evident at any distance that she had no chance to win: at the distance Norman brought up Louisa, running stride for stride alongside of her; and when he thought it was time to loove her

head, she went away and *mon*, and no flowery description could better pourtray the result of the Windsor Forest Stakes.

Exactly at six o'clock the Royal Party left the Heath in the order of their coming, save that the rain, which had commenced, caused the King, Queen, Duchess of Kent, and Princess Victoria, who occupied the same carriage, to have their barouche closed. As they drove down the course they were passed by Glencoe in his canter over for "the Royal Stakes (second year), of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts and fillies, New Mile," none out of a lot of eight (one dead) having any fancy to try their hands with him.

#### FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

THE floods of rain of the preceding night having no effect, save that of making all Nature, if possible, more deliciously fragrant and blooming than ever, still we had but a scanty proportion of company compared with the multitudes of the past days: such as we had, however, were of the Aristocracy of the Turf, and everything wore a racing ship-shape form, and was *comme il faut*. The crowds, to which custom had used the eye, dazzled its vision, and almost took from it the power of contraction necessary to enable it to take in the more limited scope which to-day afforded. The course was in beautiful order, springing beneath the tread with all the rebound of India rubber; and moreover we had a most attractive bill of fare. There was a sedate and business-like character, too, pervading the whole, which strongly contrasted with the "*jête cham-*

*pêtre* appearance" of the Cap-day. The Betting-ring once more had assumed its wonted form, and was in full work, an operation which the antecedent crowded state of the course had sadly impeded and disarranged. *Now*, once again, *horses* were the first object, as best suits their national importance on an English race-ground. Yesterday we had taken a leaf from the volume of gallantry so universal among our Gallic neighbours, and "*place aux dames*" was the watch-word with all.

The first race of the day was a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts and fillies, New Mile, six subscribers. The great success of Lord Chesterfield's stable, independently of his colt being a good one, made Alexis the favorite for this at 35 to 20, and even with some at 2 to 1. Exactly at one o'clock, Arnall on Altamont and Scott on Alexis were mounted and off. At starting Scott took in front, with about a length in hand, close on the 'vantage ground, and made trimming work of it. Arnall was handy, and there was nothing to be hoped for *here* in the way of a mistake. Half the distance in, Altamont went up, challenged, collared, and went by Alexis. Here the struggle was very beautiful—it was knee to knee, and neck and neck. Scott now went *at it slap*—there was no time for ceremony: catching his horse fast by the head, he got him away from his awkward customer just in time to save his bacon, though not without a swerve that plainly told his jeopardy. Whip or spur had been fatal: *that* was a scrape for a man's noddle to bring him



through ; hand or heel would have settled the hash in a giffey. Now, *here* was something like a race between English horses and English jocks, and I sighed, from the profundity of my stomach, that Prince Hohenlohe was not there to witness it, just as a wrinkle to his Germanity.

His Majesty's Plate of 100ga. for hunters.—For this there was an entry of six, all starting, and certainly a more comical turn out than the men and horses made at the winning-post, where they saddled and mounted, I never knocked my head against before. If anybody requires an explanation, just let him picture to himself Arthur Pavis riding **TWELVE STONE**, and that will afford him some idea of my meaning. There he was, occupying about the *fourth* of a huge ponderous saddle, lost in its immensity, as one can conceive the President of a Masonic Lodge to be when he is perched in one of those Brobdignagian chairs which are used in those solemnities ! As I love perspicuity, I give a list of the steeds engaged, and their ill-assorted riders, as thus :—

|                                                     |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Gardner's b. h. Omen (Pavis).....               | 1 |
| Mr. Cosby's Donegani (J. Day).....                  | 2 |
| Mr. Coleman's Dr. Sewell (Buckle) ...               | 3 |
| Mr. Nettleship's Genesee (Robinson)...              | 4 |
| Mr. Fairlie's Agnes (late Norns)—(G. Edwards) ..... | 5 |
| Mr. Payne's Que Genus .....                         | 6 |

There was a great deal of local interest evinced about this contest, and some very brisk betting too. The first and second in the race were the choice of the Ring at 2 to 1 and thereabouts, and 4 and 5 to 1 about Coleman's. At starting George Edwards took away with Mrs. Agnes at a bat that promised *speedily* to douse her lantern ; Day and Donegani

next; Robinson third; Dr. Sewell being a moët undisputed "fair," the pace not taking his crotchets. Round the turn at the top they went in a shocking long string ; or rather, with the aid of Mr. Buckle, who kept hanging behind, in more poetical phrase they

"Dragg'd at each remove a length'ning chain."

At the trees Donegani went in front, the mare having her story told (and, indeed, at first I thought George had a design to settle her *tail* too at the pace he was going), Pavis creeping up well with his horse all in hand: at the turn of the old ground it was a very rattling thing between the first and second, Omen winning by a couple of lengths cleverly. But where is the use in making any odious comparisons, when every mother's son of them, *and daughters too*, carried on as hard as they could crack ? It is rarely one sees such a tear-away job as this ; and the fairest way, in my mind, of accounting for it is, that from the size of the saddles, each individual engaged in the strife had "plenty of room for exertion."

In five minutes we had the bell ringing away again for preparation. Now this was, I thought, rather too much of the "one down another come on" system. If, like *wit*, *brevity* was the soul of racing, it was all well enough. I remember I used to smile over the fashion in which Lord Byron despatched some of the "memo" of his journal ; as, for instance, "Hobhouse went out to fish—caught nothing," and the like ; and I could not avoid thinking that our "Arbiter" here was something of his Lordship's kid-

ney. The Wokingham Stakes of five sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards (handicap), the last three-quarters of the New Mile, the weights to be fixed by four o'clock on the day before running. As this was a great betting race, and created great speculation, it is absolutely necessary, as well to make the running as the odds intelligible, to give the names of the horses engaged in it, and the weights put upon them. There were eleven named, and *ten* accepted, a tolerable proof of the opinion formed about the qualification of the handicapper for his office.

|                                            |   |
|--------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Orford's Clearwell, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb.  |   |
| (Arnall) .....                             | 1 |
| Mr. Kent's Baleine, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb....   | 0 |
| Duke of Richmond's Holkar, 3 yrs, 6st. 0   |   |
| Lord Verulam's Little Cassino, 4 yrs,      |   |
| 8st. 8lb. ....                             | - |
| Mr. Martyn's Contriver, 4 yrs, 8st.....    | - |
| Mr. Sadler's Eleanor, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.... | - |
| Mr. Cosby's The Bravo, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. - |   |
| Lord Chesterfield's Fortunatus, 3 yrs,     |   |
| 7st. 5lb. ....                             | - |
| Mr. Cosby's Pincher, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb....   | - |
| Gen. Grosvenor's Miss Gravity, 3 yrs,      |   |
| 8st. 8lb. ....                             | - |

In the Ring Lord Chesterfield's star was in the ascendant—they backed him at 5 to 2 and 5 to 3; Pincher 5 to 1; Little Cassino next, at the same figures, or nearly; Holkar, Contriver, and Baleine were upheld by their several partisans at from 7 and 8 to 1; Clearwell without a friend at all; and, indeed, his legs looked far from tempting, and he was brimful of condition. Here I cannot let pass the occasion to lift up my voice against a practice, which, to say the least of it, is very inconvenient, if not absolutely *unfair*. Some of the horses had been long mounted and galloped before the others came to weigh: this surely wants reforming altogether. Considering the

number to be pleased, and the short way they had to go, the start was unanimous and capital; Tearing away as they did, it was impossible for the eye with accuracy at first to distinguish their positions; the moment I caught them, Clearwell, Holkar, and Little Cassino were among the leaders, the latter next the ropes, and shewing better than I have seen him this year. Within the distance Connolly fell back, his place being taken up by Pavis on Baleine; Clearwell was now in front, Arnall far from secure for an instant. The struggle was very resolute, ending in his favour by a short length, and a dead heat for second between Holkar and Baleine. Every one exclaimed about the contrast in the running to-day and that of the three previous ones. Like the child and the plum-pudding we had kept our good bit for the last. On looking over the winner after the race, I found his form what a racer's should be that can be got to carry condition *without fat*; and though his forelegs were *shaky*, he had splendid arms and gaskins, and the sort of quarters to *win* with, where the winning post lies *up hill*.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, T.Y.C., three subs., handicap again, and all accepted. Lord Lichfield's Altamont, 8st. 7lb.; Lord Exeter's Lumber, 7st. 13lb.; and Lord Tavistock's Cream, 7st. 11lb. For this Lumber was at the top of the tree with most, being fancied against the other two; some liked the field better, and just at the close it had got up to 10 to 8. Here we had another most beautiful race—all three in a line—Lumber next the ropes, Altamont in the centre,

and Cream outside, with plenty of space between each to do as they liked. Half way up the distance Arnall with Altamont was overpaced, and now it *was* a rattler with Connolly and Natt, every inch of the ground being most gallantly struggled for by Lumber, who at last was a shade the worst, but putting his game beyond any dispute; Cream beating him about half a length, as well as I could see; for just at the interesting moment a man of twenty stone planted the heel of his boot upon my most sensitive corn, and a good deal disturbed the accuracy of my calculation, as well as upsetting my philosophy in *toe-to*!

Match, 100 sovs., h. ft., Old Mile. Mr. Philimore's Puzzle by Reveller, rode by Wakefield, against Lord Verulam's filly by Mameluke out of his Brocard. This begot not any public speculation, though it furnished an interesting race. The horse led at starting, holding his place about four lengths in front, by the trees, and round into the straight running: here Connolly brought his filly up, challenged, and, I think, for a few strides headed him; it was not within her, however, to maintain it, Wakefield winning cleverly by a length, after each doing their "*devoir*."

And now came "the saddest of any," the closing race of Ascot for 1834—a Plate of 50l., for all ages; the Old Mile; the winner to be sold for 250gs. if demanded within a quarter of an hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled. Notwithstanding the rain was falling pretty briskly the Ring was in full industry, not a trader seeming disposed to quit

his traffic till the horses almost were among them. It is impossible to give a just history of the dealing, as there appeared as many opinions as tongues to express them. Ince was best favorite, and Skimmer worst, that I am sure about; and when I saw Mr. Stanley leaving the Ring to look at the race just then coming off, it struck me the state of the odds, which he had taken manfully, suited his notion as well as his book; that is, if the countenance be any index. I forgot to say Twatty was in the market, but no bargains clinched about him that I could hear. At one mind they came away, one after another, like the horses at Astley's, and from first to last there was no question as to the result. As he began so did Skimmer finish, winning by three or four lengths, just the respectful distance at which he kept them all through the race, and his owner seemed to have made a very satisfactory calculation of his powers.

*Sauve qui peut* now was the motto of all; the rain looked set in, and we had the memory of the former night to chide all loitering. I had commenced my excursion to Ascot with the intention of finishing the week among the sylvan beauties of Virginia Water, but the weather gave me pause. *There* pattered the rain—*there* stood the jarvey—"my bane and antidote" were both before me. So, *throwing myself into my carriage*, in the phrase of the Minerva Press, I resigned myself with all becoming philosophy to the prospect of a nine o'clock dinner in Babylon the Great.

CRAVEN.

## THE YACHTMAN AND HIS LADY,

A SONG, PROPOSED TO BE SUNG AT ALL THE CONVIVIAL MEETINGS OF THE  
THAMES YACHT CLUB.

A Lady I sing to a Thames Yachtman dear,  
Though not strictly bound by the Church I much fear;  
She's a tight little lass, for I often have seen her—  
I allude to friend H—LL, and his pretty ROWENA.

Mrs. H—LL is for jealous contention too wise,  
Though he visits his Lady quite under her eyes;  
For I've known him full oft leave his best half at home,  
And then with ROWENA to Margate he'd roam.

He has *deck'd* her, believe me, in excellent style,  
And has *rigg'd* her out tastily,—though you may smile  
That he tries with his hands all her *stays* and her *braces*—  
A pleasant affair—so thinks one of the *Laceys*.—(Queer *Laces*?)

No *bunter* she is, though with *bunting* acquainted;  
She is oft *dress'd* in *colours*, and sometimes she's *painted*;  
And though in the *main* she is true to our friend,  
She will oft *salute* others, and yet not offend.

She is handsome, and sailors would think it no fib  
To say they were pleas'd with the *cut* of her *jib*.  
If *vanity* haunts her, as some may suppose,  
'Tis but *little* *vane* I can tell you she shews.

When *cloth'd* in her best she glides on very fine,  
And her bosom when breasting the breeze is divine;  
Though when H—LL takes her out it is one of his treats,  
And truth bids me say they're oft *tack'd* up in *sheets*.

H—LL likes neither lancet nor leech I've been told,  
And indeed in such matters we're none of us bold;  
But ROWENA, whose pow'r he has often found out,  
Has persuaded him twice to be *cupp'd*\* without doubt.

Then fill up each glass, though it may give surprise  
To drink a man's Wife and his Lady likewise;  
Yet this be our toasts in correctest demeanour,  
"Mr. H—LL, and our friend's gentle LADY ROWENA!"

J. M. LACEY.

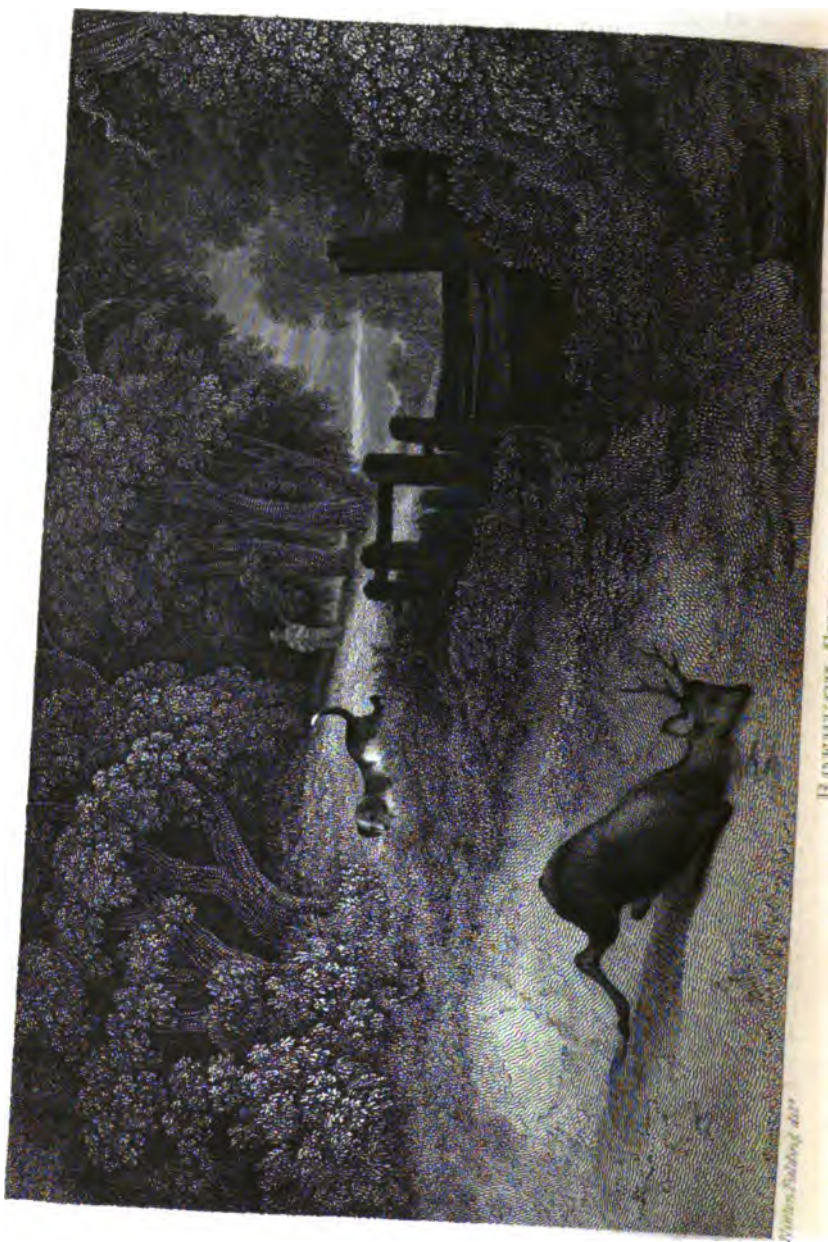
\* The Rowena has won two Silver Cups.

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ROBERTA'S DEER

Illustration by the artist

## ROEBUCK SHOOTING.

**F**OR a description of this sport we refer our readers to our second volume, *Second Series*, p. 391; the sixth volume, p. 204; and for the hunting of roe deer in Dorsetshire by that old and distinguished sportsman, E. M. Pleydell, Esq., to *New Series*, vol. xxiv. p. 119. This is a sport much followed in France and other parts of the Continent. A steady dog of the hound breed is the one most used, and the

dawn of the morning, or the dusk of evening, the time when the Sportsman looks for his greatest success.

Mr. NEWTON FIELDING, the artist, who has been much in France, and favored us with the drawing from which the engraving is taken, describes the sport as one which Royalty indulges in, and as of exciting interest where the game is plentiful. The engraving is by GREIG.

## DEATH OF DECISION.

Oh! frown not, nor look at SMITH's case with derision;  
But think of HIS loss, now he's wanting—DECISION.

**A**MONG the numbered dead who may have boasted noble qualities and great virtues, but who have left us only a memento that we may tell in future days

“That such things were,”

it is now my lot to record that of DECISION, who, a few days ago, paid a visit to the Turf Cavern (not the Turf Tavern), at her owner's, Mr. John Smiths, Middleham, Yorkshire. Mr. Smith, although one of the most fortunate breeders in the country, has, I am sorry to say, been twice visited at his breeding establishment this spring by that eldest lass of Dame Fortune, who, a few weeks ago, robbed him of a fine colt foal by Jerry out of Chorister's dam; and now the strumpet, although friend Smith is generally decisive and peremptory in his determinations, has run off with his DECISION. She was,

brother Sportsmen, a young mare, having been foaled in the year 1823, and had given fair promise of bringing forth a numerous family of *quick capacities*. She was bred by the present Lady Strathmore, her pedigree being a stream of that well-known blood which has for many years been an heir-loom to the Noble family of Streatham Castle. She was got by Magistrate (the son of Camillus); her dam Remembrance (Baron Bowes, Princess, Bigottini, &c.'s dam) by Sir Solomon; her grandam, Queen Mab, Sister to Mercury, by Eclipse; her great grandam, the famous and celebrated Tartar mare, the dam of Venus, Jupiter, Adonis, &c.; her great great grandam, by Mogul—Sweepstakes—Sister to Sloven, by Bay Bolton—Curwen Bay Barb—Old Spot—White Legged Lowther Barb—Vintner Mare.

When young DECISION was

sold to the late Mr. Darnall, who placed her under the tutative direction of Mr. Smith, who then trained that gentleman's stud of horses; but, like many more of every year, her feats never claimed a better situation on the lists than a second, though she ran, when two and three years old, no fewer than six times, being beat at Middleham (twice), Catterick, Lancaster, Stockton, and Carlisle.

Making such a flaming display on the debtor side of the ledger, she was soon removed from the training stable, and then became the property of Mr. Smith, being by him put to the horse at four years old; since which time she has produced the following foals, not having been barren a single year. In

1828, br. c. Brown Stout, by Young Phantom, or Jack Spigot.  
 1829, br. c. XXX, by Jack Spigot.  
 1830, br. f. Remember, by Jerry.  
 1831, br. f. The Window Shut, by Jerry.  
 1832, br. f. Rectitude, by Lottery.  
 1833, br. c. Tom, by Jerry.  
 1834, b. c. by Jerry.

She had a colt foal in her at the

period of her death by Voltaire, having been put to that horse about three months ago.

Of her produce the records in your Racing Calendar shew her four first born to be all winners—a case which not a few score brood mares cannot parallel; they are yet in training, and have won no fewer than nineteen prizes—bringing their several owners the sum of thirteen hundred pounds, as under:

|                                                           | Value.    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Brown Stout, won 10 times.....                            | 500 sovs. |
| XXX.....5 times.....                                      | 120 do.   |
| Remember (including the Lancaster Gold Cup), 3 times..... | 305 do.   |
| Window Shut.....once.....                                 | 75 do.    |

The others have not yet arrived at those years to give them an opportunity of putting their powers fairly to the test.

Thus it is with frail mortality: how often are our greatest hopes, our fondest anticipations, our hopeful promises, and most sanguine wishes, like our DECISION, buried in the dust.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER

Ebor, June 19, 1834.

## SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS Society, possessing the best arrangement of light and rooms of any of our Exhibitions, and equally attractive with its cotemporaries, has this season fewer sporting subjects than usual.

R. B. DAVIS has No. 74, *the Fresh Fox*, and its companion, No. 89, *the Tired Fox*.

A clever picture, though strangely coloured, is No. 85, *A Country Fair*—the Jockey Booth.

142. *Stags alarmed at the distant Sight of Hunters*.—The position of the antler'd monarch of the

waste is bold and energetic, descriptive of the poem from which it is taken (*Lady of the Lake*), and well conceived—the attitudes of some of the herd below the bank are stiff and tame, by no means designating either speed or fear. The heath scene and landscape are good. On the whole, this is a striking picture.

175. *Portrait of a Hack*.

239. *A Smith's Shop*:—a clever composition. — This artist seems to have turned his pencil more to cattle and landscape than



animal portrait painting, in which he is likely to succeed. He has also 337, *A Grey Horse and Groom*—547, *Gone Away*—and 550, *Hush! He is coming!*

LAPORTE has a *Portrait of the favorite Charger of Prince George of Cumberland*, No. 395.—This no doubt is a good likeness—a talent this artist possesses in a great degree.

F. C. TURNER has 136, *The Earth Stopper*, Will Norris of Petham:—a very clever painting. The old fellow has much character, with the look of a veteran sportsman. The two last pictures have appeared in our Magazine.

HANCOCK has No. 208—according to Catalogue *Dead Fallow Deer*—but it is a *Bay Horse* looking at one in a torrent.—The horse has nothing to recommend itself either in drawing or painting.

411. *The Old Squire bargaining with Gipseys for a Dog*.—A beautifully executed painting; the richness of the colouring and the character of the figures and dogs are excellent. The grey horse in it is well painted, but wants proportion.

486. *Portraits of Sir Hercules and Thorngrove*.—These have more symmetry than any horses we have seen by this artist: the condition on their coats is overdone; it is not natural, but looks more like a mass of tinsel.

558. *A Fox on the look-out*.—A very clever masterly little painting.

W. BARRAUD has 351, *Portrait of a favorite Hunter*.—This has the character of a good horse.

There are some cleverly painted pictures of Game by STEVENS, and Litters of Puppies by TAYLOR.

167. *Trust*, a favorite dog, the property of S. S. Cotman, Esq. of King's College, London.—A very nice painting of a handsome tanned spaniel.

706. *Runaway Dog*, and 726, *the tired Leader*, by Master TURNER:—promising for a boy of twelve years old.

In the Sculpture Room we observed two very clever models in Clay—848, *Davie Gelatly*—and 850, *Edie Ochiltree*, by E. COTTERILL, an artist of much talent and genius (who designed that beautiful subject of Falconry which was last year in this Exhibition). *Davie Gelatly* is a composition of great taste; the ease and posture of the figure is very happy; the hounds around him possess much spirit. The companion, *Edie Ochiltree*, accompanied with his faithful dog, is well conceived, and has much character.

866. *Group of English Greyhounds from nature*—J. M. LELAND.—There is a natural playfulness and grace in these two dogs, and well executed.

While on the Fine Arts, we must remind our readers of a very interesting work now publishing by ACKERMANN, of the Eclipse Gallery, Regent-street, in a series of Numbers and single Plates—delineating the Dog in all his varieties and character—elegantly engraved by BECKWITH, after designs by HANCOCK.

THE WITCH OF BELFAST.

IMPROMPTU.

NOON DAY and BELFAST, and BELFAST and NOON DAY,  
Have said much, and may still have some more words to say ;  
But what I've to say I shall speedily tell,  
" *Belfast's Water Witch is a very fast Belle !*"

J. M. LACEY.

THE RACE HORSE.

A TREATISE ON THE CARE, TREATMENT, AND TRAINING OF THE ENGLISH  
RACE HORSE: IN A SERIES OF ROUGH NOTES. BY RICHARD DARVILL,  
V. E., LATE OF THE SEVENTH HUSSARS. VOLUME II.

HAVING devoted a considerable space in our Twenty-second and Twenty-third Volumes to a review of Mr. Darvill's first volume—which "may be said to be a sort of groundwork or introduction," his own words—proceed we now to notice the second, just published after an interval of five years. Introductory to the first Chapter, on the formation of the Race Horse, our Author observes, "if the training, running, and riding of Race Horses is not to be considered as a science, I think it may be fairly admitted that it is a species of knowledge that can only be acquired by early experience, as by boys being put into training stables of twelve years of age, there to remain under a good practical training-groom for at least ten or twelve years; and that it is only by the early impressions made on the minds of steady attentive boys, while they are going progressively on throughout the whole practical gradations, both in and out of the stables, that they, on arriving at a state of manhood, become equal to undertaking, in every department of it, the management of a racing

establishment." If this position be based on truth, what real benefit, we ask, is to be derived from reading Mr. Darvill's book. In making this remark, at starting as it were, we hope we shall not be deemed fastidious; for, truly, we find much to commend in these "Rough Notes," as they are modestly styled.

Mr. Darvill's description of a well-formed Race Horse commands attention, premising, however, that the perfections of a horse cannot be determined by general rules.

"With regard to height, I confess I am not partial to a tall, overgrown one. I prefer one moderately low, as *fifteen hands*, or *fifteen* and an *inch* at most, having length with good substance. If there is a standard of perfection for the height of a Race Horse, for general purposes, perhaps his height may be *fifteen hands two inches*. Yet I do not presume to dictate to my readers the precise height such a horse should be. A horse of either of the above-mentioned heights, but particularly of the first, if well-formed, and having good action, will be very likely to become

what may be termed a good fair runner, that is, when his speed as a young one, in the running of short lengths, may in some degree have left him, he afterwards becomes stout, and will most likely be capable of running under high weights, as twelve stone for example, for any of His Majesty's Plates, at long racing lengths, as from two to four miles; which weights and lengths are still in use at some of our country racing meetings."

The third Chapter treats of "the necessary knowledge to be acquired by Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Turf."—We are told he should "make himself acquainted with all the laws, rules, and regulations of the *Racing Calendar*. Unless he understands this book perfectly, and procures for himself a thorough knowledge of the running of the different horses recorded in it, and particularly the lengths of the courses they ran over, and the weights they carried; as well also as any adjudged cases or items that may be annually or occasionally changed—he will most likely not enter his horses with that degree of advantageous accuracy he ought." We take leave to refer Mr. Darvill to p. lvi. of the *Calendar* for 1833: he will there find that the highest weight carried by aged horses for King's Plates is at Chester, viz. 10st. 5lb., the distance rather more than three miles. These Regulations, sanctioned by Lord Albemarle, were given in our March Number, 1833.

The Author describes at page 9, how a horse should be formed to race:—"His head should be small and lean; his ears small and pricked; his eyes brilliantly

large; his forehead broad and flat—we mean by this he should have a deer-like sort of face; and from the lower part of the forehead down to a certain portion of the nostrils, there should be, for a small space or length, a gradual curve or small concavity; from this point downwards the nose should be somewhat raised, and the nostrils should be so large, as when the horse's respiration has by exertion been increased, the red membrane lining them should be easily seen during the time of his blowing hard. His muzzle, or mouth, should be proportionably small, and his lips thin, appearing, as it were, by their muscular contraction in covering the gums and teeth, as if they were closely attached to them. His throat should be clean and fine from the butt of the ear down to its centre, with a good wide space between the jaw-bones, which latter should be thin. The throat and the hollow space between the jaws, if well formed, bears a strong resemblance, in point of shape, to those parts in a game cock; and a man who is a good judge, on looking at a horse, and seeing him well formed about his throat, would be apt to say (using a very common expression), I like him in this part, for he has a cock's throttle."—We hope this chapter on "The formation of the Race Horse," occupying twenty-three pages, will induce many of our readers to consult the work itself.

In the second Chapter, on "The differences between the thorough-bred horse and the cocktail, and the manner of running one against the other, we find a definition of the often ambiguous phrase, a *Racing Cocktail*:—

"This term means, as applied to the horse, that the animal is not clean or thorough-bred—that is, he has some little stain in his pedigree, when traced back so far as the great-grandam or sire, or perhaps the great-great-grandam or sire; that is, one or other of those, certainly not both, had some little flaw in its pedigree, but of so trifling a nature, that if the cocktail has good action, and is upon the whole well formed, more particularly over his chest, his wind, which is of the most material consequence, can be brought to the greatest perfection, so that the difference between him and the thorough-bred horse scarcely amounts to a distinction, as the former in running will occasionally beat the latter."

The fifth and sixth Chapters are devoted to the treatment of horses and mares returning from a summer's running to the home stables during the three winter months.

The following passage from chapter viii. (Instructions to Riding Boys) amused us much:—

"Having spoken of how boys that have to ride Race Horses in their exercise are to be disciplined, so as to make them useful to their employers, we will now describe the sort of man we wish our jockey to be, and the necessary requisites he should be in possession of. His height should be five feet five, he should be proportionably well made, and very strong on horseback, have good nerve, good hands, with a cool, clear head; added to this, he should be bold, ready, active, and as quick of apprehension as occasion may require of him, so that he may know well when to

take any momentary advantage that may offer in any race in which he may be riding; and he is, of course, to be a secret, sober, honest man, and an experienced good rider, in riding both young ones and old ones, in trials as well as in races, under all the various circumstances in which they take place: in addition to these, he should know well how to *win any race he is put up to ride in*, that is, *if he is on the best horse in the party*; and he should do this without discovering the whole of the properties such a horse may possess. If our jockey can do these things snugly, it is all we will ask of him, as the best one among them can do no more.

"I feel a little at a loss how to address the trainer and jockey. Mr. Holcroft, in his interesting Memoirs, observing upon the change of manners, says, that there were no *Misters*\* among training grooms and jockeys in his time; nor, indeed, were there in my juvenile days, and I came several years after the above celebrated author. However, such, it appears, has since been the progress made in the march of intellect, that most of the above-mentioned persons at the present day are, I believe, when spoken of by their exercise-boys, or spoken to by persons on business, who may be employed in bringing the necessary supplies to a racing establishment, addressed as *Sirs*. Indeed, so respectable a man as Mr. Robson, late trainer at Newmarket, and many other trainers as well as jockeys that we could name, may fairly be entitled to those ceremonious distinctions of etiquette from such persons as those above-mentioned.

\* See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xviii. p. 112.

"There has of late years been a further change in the style of addressing trainers and jockeys by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Turf themselves: in speaking to the trainers and jockeys of their establishment, and in whom they repose a familiar sort of confidence, they address them by their surnames, instead of their Christian names; and, on some occasions, as that of sending a verbal message by an exercise-boy, they generally add the title of *Misters*. This change of manners, now infused among the above class of persons, adds to their respectability, and appears to us to be justly fair, at least towards those among them who have proved themselves to be worthy of high trust; for in very high trust they certainly are, at least those of them who may have to train and ride such Race Horses as may be deeply or heavily engaged; and as we shall consider our own private jockey to be a man of high integrity, we shall class him with those of the *Misters*, and call him *Mister Day*."

Chapters xiv. to xx. treat of *Teaching, Physicking, Training, Sweating, Trying, and Running Yearlings*, to which we must refer the reader. Mr. Darvill thus winds up the subject:—"If the whole of the practical observations here laid down are carefully attended to by the reader in the management of his yearlings according as their constitutions may vary, I have no hesitation in saying that he will find his colts will in every respect progressively come into that state of condition in which they ought to be when brought out to run in either their trials or races. If such

yearlings be kind in their tempers, they will, if properly ridden, be capable of running honestly for the length they have to come; that is, as they are not very cunning at this early age, they will fairly shew what speed and stoutness they may each possess; unless, indeed, there are any very big ones among them, which may probably require more time to bring them into that fit state of condition which will enable them to shew what racing powers they may have."

The remaining chapters tell of *Sweating generally, Training and Trying Two-year-olds, the Training Groom's Reflections*, and private conversations with his *Riding Boys*.

After the boys are dismissed from their private interview with the trainer, the object of which was to discuss the merits of two-year-olds, and to impress on the minds of the youths the absolute necessity of preserving the most inviolable secrecy in every matter connected with the stable and its internal economy; "There is no harm," adds the trainer, "in keeping your ears open, but whatever you do be sure you keep your mouths shut as regards any knowledge you may have of what any of the horses in our stables are capable of doing."

Here ends the conversation between the groom and his boys, and here also ends the second volume, which is principally confined to the training of horses for the Newmarket lengths.

"In the third volume," says Mr. D. "we shall endeavour to lay down all the matter that further concerns our two-year-olds, as in what manner they are again to be tried previous to their

coming out to run, and at what time we shall travel them to Epsom, and, when there, how we shall finish them, as to the length and pace they will have to go in their work, when the time is drawing near for them to come to post, and how they are each to be set agreeably to their constitutions; with orders to the jockeys how each colt is to be ridden, so as to insure us, barring an accident, every prospect of honestly winning that valuable and interesting stake,

#### THE DERBY."

Bravo, Mr. Darvill! that will indeed be a secret worth knowing, and no mistake!

"In this volume," says the Author, "as in my first, I have in many parts expressed in the language (if it may be so termed) of the Turf, not, I confess, be-

cause such language is the most refined or gentlemanly, but because I think it necessary for such Noblemen and Gentlemen as are engaged in Turf matters readily to understand the conversation of the business people of their stables. The language used by trainers, jockeys, and stable-boys, when conversing with each other on business, is very expressive; that is to say, they understand each other in very few words; and where I have thought the terms used not generally intelligible I have explained them."

A third volume is preparing for the press, in which will be found all the necessary information relative to entering, training, running, and riding of different horses according to their ages; the lengths they have to run in their races; with all other practical details connected with horse-racing.

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#### BELGIAN RACES.

SIR,  
OUR Races take place here about the 22d of July, which, from the number of Prizes to be run for, promise considerable sport. I have subjoined a list of these Prizes.

A Society has recently been formed in Belgium for the Melioration of the Breed of Horses, and the Promoting of Races, &c. in the different towns. This Society has received very numerous subscriptions, and a Committee has been elected by ballot for conducting its affairs, and superintending the Races; and the Regency of the City of Brussels have likewise given over the arrangement for the races here to this Committee. The Count Duval de Beaulieu, Count Cornelissen,

Count Bethune, Baron Dishaw, Sir George B. Hamilton, and one or two other Gentlemen, form this Committee. The exact days of the races, and the order they are to be run in, is not as yet quite fixed.

P. S. Count Duval de Beaulieu, Sir George Hamilton, M. Casimir Perier, Count Cornelissen, Mr. Spitaels, and other Gentlemen, have several horses in training.

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PRIZES TO BE RUN FOR AT  
BRUSSELS, JULY 1834.

*For Horses bred in the Country.*

A Gold Cup given by His Majesty, value 3500 francs (165l.), for horses of all ages, to carry the

same weights as in England—one mile and three quarter heats.

Prize given by the City of Brussels—2500 francs. The same conditions as the Cup.

Gold Cup (called the Coupe de Mont-plaisir), value 100l., given by subscription of amateurs. Twice round the course, one mile and three quarters.—Horses of all ages.

Prize given by the Society for the Melioration of the Breed of Horses, and Promoting of Races, &c. in Belgium—9000 francs (120l.)—one mile and three quarter heats.

*Prizes for Horses of all Countries.*

A Gold Cup, given by the

Queen, value 3500 francs (or 165l.)—one mile three quarter heats. Same weights as in England.

Prize given by the City of Brussels, 9000 francs (or 120l.)—Same conditions as the Cup.

Sweepstakes, to which the City of Brussels gives 50l., for horses of all ages. Twice round the course, or one mile three quarters.

Pony Race for a Silver Cup, value 500 francs, and 150 francs in money added.

Several Matches will also take place, and Hurdle Races.

Brussels, June 20, 1834.

## THE SPIAN THESES.

### "THE DEBUTANTE."

"JUST as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined,"  
 And not confined to things botanical,  
 To tyrant habit thus tyrannical,  
 As such as cultivate the youthful mind  
 Know to their cost—and here for hours  
 We could philosophise—but ours  
 Is not the page of precept, but example—  
 So take of our philosophy a sample.  
 It chanced that Kemble once went down  
 To "star it" in a country town,  
 I can't remember *which*, the more 's the pity;  
 But *this* I'll add, for such as would inquire,  
 That great Tragedian visited the *shire*  
 Of York—but not the city—  
 Perchance, because in most cathedral places  
 Against the stage the Clergy set their faces.  
 Suppose him then arrived, as we have seen,  
 His standard characters in due routine  
 Played—his engagement ended—*then* there came,  
 As custom has arranged, the benefit—  
 A bumper—without space whereon to sit—  
 A homage ever offered to his fame.  
 A brilliant audience to assemble  
 The bills, in phrase theatric, of the day  
 Announced the Play,  
 "Being for the Benefit of Mister Kemble—"

" On Monday next Pizarro and the Liar ;  
 The part of Cora's Infant, by desire,  
 By a young Lady not six years of age ;  
 Her first appearance upon any stage.  
 Here pause we with our narrative a space,  
 The better to describe our babe of grace :  
 The rural Manager's " fond hope " was she,  
 Who look'd upon her as a prodigy,  
 Kindling her infant spirit into flame  
 With every fondling, wheedling, coaxing name,  
 His little Roscius and his Clara Fisher—  
 Now wasn't *that* the very way to dish her ?  
 (I'm quite aware that little Fisher's time  
 Was *since* the event recorded in my rhyme :  
 For this anachronism my apology  
 Is, that a bard is *not* tied to chronology.)

In truth her education did give handle  
 To very serious scandal—  
 For instance : thus—instead  
 Of sending her at night to bed,  
 She was allowed to lark behind the scenes  
 Uncheck'd, to join with all she met,  
 Abandon'd to a set  
 Of *beery* kings and queens.

And thus she learnt to take her tippie there,  
 Kick up old gooseberry, and fight, and swear,  
 Playing all sorts of paw-paw tricks.  
 The Muse's modesty the record shocks ;  
 And what had clapp'd a *man* into the stocks,  
 Was christen'd spirit in a child of six !

Yet somehow these same gallows pranks  
 Made her a favorite with the buskin'd ranks,  
 A very idol with the " rabble rout ;"  
 And lest our heroine should swerve  
 On her *debut*, from want of nerve,  
 They club to purchase her a pot of stout.  
 And so they gave the child a dose of stingo,  
 Enough to make a drayman clip his lingo !

Reader ! hast ever seen *Pizarro* play'd,  
 With Kemble for the *Rolla* ?—say ye nay  
 Then hast thou little chance, as we're afraid,  
 To fall upon the like in this our day :  
 " The last of all the Romans," it were vain  
 To hope to look upon his like again !

Now to our scene—the Hero of Peru,  
 The very beau ideal BRINSLEY drew,  
 Behold him there ; how fix'd is every eye,  
 How hush'd each breath in speechless sympathy !

" 'Tis *Cora's* child !"—'tis saved !—he disappears—  
 Anon he's seen, aloft the bale he bears



## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

(A favorite hit of Kemble's in the part).  
 While many a mother's tears attest,  
 And many a father's heaving breast,  
 The triumph of the art!  
 Thus pois'd on high on *Rolla's* arm,  
 Which to a tipsy infant was "no joke,"  
 Our heroine began to feel alarm,  
 And thus she spoke—  
 That is, half anger and half fear,  
 She hiccup'd in his ear—  
 "I say, old chap, if you don't mind your eye,  
 I'm damn'd if you won't have me down bye 'n bye!"

J. W. C.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**THE** Nominations for the *July Stakes* 1835, the *Newmarket Stakes* 1836, and *Derby and Oaks* 1836, must be made on or before Saturday, July 12th. The *Chesterfield Stakes* 1835 will close at the same time.

The produce in the present year of mares engaged in the *Riddlesworth* and other Produce Stakes for the year 1837, and the horses to which the mares engaged in the *Riddlesworth Stakes* 1838, were sent this Spring, must be declared on or before the above day.

Mr. Perram's donation not having been claimed this year, the winner of the Town Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds (to be run for on Wednesday in the July Meeting) will be entitled to it under the provisions of Mr. P.'s will, and it will be paid by Mr. Weatherby.—It may not be generally known that Mr. John Perram, of Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, who died in the Spring of 1772, a regular frequenter of the Meetings at York and Newmarket, bequeathed the sum of twenty-one pounds as a marriage portion, to be paid annually on the Thursday after Easter—the parties claiming to be parishioners of Newmarket, neither of whom must be under twenty nor above twenty-five years of age, nor be worth twenty pounds. In

case there be more than one claimant, it is decided by ballot to which of them the portion shall be given: if unclaimed, the will provides that the amount be paid to the winner of the Town Plate as above. Mr. Perram did not forget Old Ebor, as the Calendars can testify.

Plenipotentiary is engaged in the *Port Stakes*, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1835. Mr. Batson having delivered his nomination sealed up to Mr. Weatherby, it was not opened, agreeably to the conditions of the race, until after the running for the Oaks Stakes at Epsom. See our last Number, page 138.

*July Meeting*.—MATCH: Wednesday: Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Harum Scarum, by Bedlamite, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Exeter's Sister to Baleine, by Whalebone, dam by Soothsayer, 7st. 9lb. both three years old. 100, h. ft. T. Y. C.

#### GOODWOOD.

*Second Day*.—The *Goodwood Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 sovs. if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes. Cup Course. 111 subs.

#### ACCEPTANCES.

|                                    | Age.      | st. | lb. |
|------------------------------------|-----------|-----|-----|
| Mr. I. Day's Liston .....          | aged..... | 9   | 6   |
| Mr. Watt's Belshazzar .....        | 4 .....   | 9   | 5   |
| Mr. Irby na. Nonsense .....        | 4 .....   | 9   | 4   |
| Mr. Herbert's Carnaby .....        | 4 .....   | 9   | 4   |
| Mr. F. Clarke na. Delight... ..    | 6 .....   | 9   | 3   |
| Mr. Worrall na. Messenger. 5 ..... | 8         | 10  |     |

## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

|                                           | Age. | st. | lb. |                                           |
|-------------------------------------------|------|-----|-----|-------------------------------------------|
| Col. Anson na. b. g. Quar-                | 5    | 8   | 10  | Sir M. Stanley na. Colwick, 6 yrs         |
| tette                                     | 5    | 8   | 10  | Lord Tavistock na. Glencoe, 3 yrs         |
| Lord Exeter's Galata                      | 4    | 8   | 8   | Lord Uxbridge's Rubini, 6 yrs             |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. The               | 4    | 8   | 8   | Sir L. Glyn na. Pusey, 3 yrs              |
| Tutor                                     | 4    | 8   | 8   | Mr. Gally na. Marcus, 6 yrs               |
| Mr. Winter na. Achilles                   | 6    | 8   | 4   | Mr. Cottrell names Mr. Cosby's Galo-      |
| Lord Uxbridge's Balcon                    | 4    | 8   | 4   | pade, 6 yrs                               |
| Ld. Andover na. Uncle Toby                | 4    | 8   | 4   | Mr. Spalding names ch. g. Achilles,       |
| Mr. Ponsonby na. Amersbury                | 5    | 8   | 0   | 6 yrs                                     |
| Mr. Cottrell na. Non Compos               | 5    | 8   | 0   | Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Emilias out of  |
| Mr. Chisholm's f. by Parti-               | 3    | 8   | 0   | Shoveler, 4 yrs                           |
| san out of Careful                        | 3    | 8   | 0   | Sir Mark Wood's Vespa, 4 yrs              |
| Mr. Munton na. b. g. by                   | 6    | 8   | 0   | Lord W. Thynne na. b. g. Abelaard, 5 yrs  |
| Spectre out of Lutan's                    | 4    | 7   | 13  | Mr. Ridesdale na. St. Giles, 5 yrs        |
| dam                                       | 3    | 7   | 13  | Mr. Gauntlett na. Freedom, 3 yrs          |
| Col. Peel's Emir                          | 4    | 7   | 9   | Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, 4 yrs          |
| Lord A. Lennox na. Pusey                  | 4    | 7   | 9   | Mr. Gratwicke na. Marpessa, 4 yrs         |
| Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by                 | 4    | 7   | 9   | Mr. Biggs's Little Red Rover, aged        |
| Emilias out of Shoveler                   | 4    | 7   | 9   | Mr. Ford na. Lansdowne, 3 yrs             |
| Mr. Sadler's Cinderella, by               | 4    | 7   | 9   | Capt. Byng na. b. g. by Spectre out of    |
| Gaberlanzie                               | 4    | 7   | 9   | Liston's dam, 6 yrs                       |
| Mr. Ford na. Robin Rough-                 | 4    | 7   | 7   | Lord Exeter's Galata, 5 yrs               |
| head                                      | 4    | 7   | 7   | Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge, 4 yrs            |
| Mr. Gauntlett na. Freedom                 | 4    | 7   | 4   | Mr. Stevens na. Liston, aged              |
| Mr. Etwell's Malibran, by                 | 4    | 7   | 4   | Mr. J. Smith na. Comet, 3 yrs             |
| Muley                                     | 5    | 7   | 4   | Lord Worcester na. Burgomaster, 5 yrs     |
| Mr. Fleming na. Eleanor                   | 4    | 7   | 0   | Col. Udny na. ch. g. Nottingham, 4 yrs    |
| Mr. Orbell's Deceiver                     | 4    | 7   | 0   | Mr. Greville na. Malwa, 6 yrs             |
| Mr. Coventry na. Barney                   | 4    | 7   | 0   | Mr. Herbert's Carnaby, 4 yrs              |
| Bodkin                                    | 4    | 7   | 0   | Mr. Nettlebird's ch. f. by Brother to In- |
| Mr. Wyatt's b. f. by Long-                | 4    | 7   | 0   | terpreter, dam by Blucher, 4 yrs          |
| waist out of Lacerta                      | 4    | 7   | 0   | Mr. Bristol's Langald, 3 yrs              |
| Mr. Arnold's ch. g. Notting-              | 4    | 6   | 12  | Mr. Sadler's Delight, 6 yrs               |
| ham                                       | 4    | 6   | 12  | Mr. Chisholm's f. by Partisan out of      |
| Mr. Montague na. Easton                   | 4    | 6   | 12  | Careful, 3 yrs                            |
| Mr. Cloves na. Caldicot                   | 4    | 6   | 10  | Mr. Forth na. Famine, 3 yrs               |
| Ld. Villiers na. Nell Gwynne              | 3    | 6   | 10  | Mr. Watt's Belshazzar, 4 yrs              |
| Gen. Grosvenor's Bon Ton                  | 3    | 6   | 9   | Mr. Osbaldeston's The Saddler, 6 yrs      |
| Mr. Spalding na. Skimmer                  | 3    | 6   | 4   |                                           |
| Lord Lichfield's Altamont                 | 3    | 6   | 2   |                                           |
| Mr. Thornhill's Mouster                   | 3    | 6   | 0   |                                           |
| Lord Jersey's Musquito                    | 3    | 6   | 0   |                                           |
| Mr. Hickey na. Lady Canford               | 3    | 5   | 8   |                                           |
| Lord R. Grosvenor na. Pigeon              | 3    | 5   | 7   |                                           |
| Sir L. Glyn's b. g. by Black-             | 3    | 5   | 7   |                                           |
| lock out of Worthless                     | 3    | 5   | 7   |                                           |
| Lord Conyngham. Col. Charrlie, Mr.        |      |     |     |                                           |
| Cauty, Mr. Davies, Mr. Dunkley, Mr.       |      |     |     |                                           |
| Dilly, Mr. Henry, Mr. King, Mr. Lacey,    |      |     |     |                                           |
| Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Newton, Mr. Smith,       |      |     |     |                                           |
| Mr. Theed, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Wagstaff,      |      |     |     |                                           |
| Mr. Walker, Mr. B. Way, are subscribers,  |      |     |     |                                           |
| kinson, and Mr. T. Wood, are subscribers, |      |     |     |                                           |
| but did not name.                         |      |     |     |                                           |

Seventy-two pay five sovs. each.

The following are the Nominations for the Cup:

Duke of Richmond na. Quartetto, 5 yrs  
 Lord G. Bentinck na. Stradbally, 3 yrs  
 Mr. Cosby's Non Compos, 5 yrs  
 Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs  
 Mr. Mills's Nonsense, 3 yrs  
 Mr. Payne's Ganges, 3 yrs  
 Col. Peel's Clarion, 6 yrs  
 Mr. Thornhill's Mouster, 3 yrs

A Gold Cup, value 100g. will be given by the Steward, to be added to a Sweepstakes, of which the conditions are not yet fixed.

The Nominations for the principal Stakes at Goodwood were given in our eighth volume, Second Series, p. 191.

Ascot Heath 1835.—First Day: Sweepstakes of 100 each, h. ft. for two-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. (bought at the Hampton Court Stud Sale, May 26th, 1834)—T. Y. C. See our Magazine, p. 139.

Lord Lichfield's f. by The Colonel out of Ada  
 Lord Exeter's f. by The Colonel out of Lan is  
 Lord Uxbridge's f. by The Colonel out of Scandal.

The following are the Nominations for the Egham Gold Cup:—

Mr. Cosby's Patapan, Brother to Kate, 3 yrs.  
 Mr. Cosby's Pincher, 3 yrs.  
 Sir G. Heathcote's Astrean, 4 yrs.

Mr. Day's Liston, aged.  
 Mr. Theobald's Colossus, 3 yrs.  
 Mr. Gardnor's Messenger, 5 yrs.  
 Mr. Martyn's br. g. by Gaberlanzie out of  
 Avon Lass, 3 yrs.  
 Mr. J. Day's Diana, 6 yrs.  
 Mr. Gardnor's Myrrha, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. Sowerby's Volage, aged.  
 Mr. Forth's Sister to Imbar, 3 yrs.

#### Nominations for the Stamford Gold Cup:—

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Claret, 4 yrs.  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Astracan, by Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs.  
 Sir J. Trollope na. gr. m. Symmetry, by Amadis out of a gr. m. by The Flyer.  
 Mr. Turner na. br. or b. c. Prior, by Truth (by Rubens), out of Jezabel, 3 yrs.  
 Colonel Peel's b. f. Malibran, 4 yrs.  
 Dr. Willis's br. or b. h. by Young Filho out of Snail, aged.  
 Lord Exeter's Cactus, 4 yrs.  
 Lord Exeter's Iman, 4 yrs.  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. g. Quartetto, 5 yrs.  
 General Grosvener's Bon Ton, 3 yrs.  
 Colonel Chaplin na. b. c. by Figaro out of Lady Fulford, 4 yrs.

The Donation Cup Stakes, for horses not thorough-bred, *bona fide* the property of inhabitants of Stamford and St. Martin's, and used in their trade from the 1st of January 1834 to the time of naming, to be ridden by Gentlemen, Farmers, or Tradesmen.

Mr. G. H. Betts na. b. h. Associate, aged.  
 Mr. T. Standwell's ch. g. Quicksilver, by Orion, out of half-sister to Mercury, 3 yrs.  
 Mr. John Simpson na. b. m. Leader, aged.  
 Mr. W. Woodward na. Queen, by Young Haphazard, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. Lowe na. br. h. Very Likely, by Vampyre, aged.  
 Mr. Phillipson's b. c. Hybrida, by Pacha, 4 yrs.  
 Lord Exeter and Colonel Chaplin are subscribers.

**York August Meeting.**—We hear that the old Stakes called the Great Subscriptions, which have been run for numbers of years at this Meeting, are to be altered at the ensuing one, to three *free Stakes*, open to any one on the following conditions.—(On Wednesday: A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.—for three-year-olds, 8st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. One mile and a

quarter.—Thursday: Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—one mile and a half—the second to save his stake: and a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages—two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 6lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—one mile. The winner of Wednesday's Stake to carry 5lb. extra.—To each of these Stakes the Corporation adds FIFTY POUNDS.

**Hampton Races.**—These races came off on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of June, but call for no particular remark, with the exception that on the second day the Hurst presented a most joyous scene, with a greater number of splendid equipages than was ever remembered—indeed, it was a little Ascot. We were gratified at seeing the veteran Brown, of Lewes, cantering round with Rockingham in the second heat for the Cup, with all the buoyancy of youth and gaiety, fully realising Shakspeare's description of *Old Adam in As You Like It*.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter  
 Frosty, but kindly.

Mr. Theobald has purchased Rockingham, winner of the last St. Leger at Doncaster.

#### STUD SALES AT TATTERSALL'S.

On the 2d of June the following Yearling Colts, the property of Harvey Combe, Esq.:—

Cheanut, by Reveller, dam by Whalebone out of Vanish by Rubens:—40gs.

Bay, by The Colonel, dam by Gohanna out of the Pithill mare by Driver:—100gs.

Cheanut, by The Colonel, dam by Abber out of The Duchess:—140gs.

Cheanut, by The Colonel out of Fredericka by Moses out of a Gohanna mate:—100gs.

#### Hunters.—Lord Kinnaird's.

Bay gelding:—180gs.

Brunswick, by Comus:—75gs.

Truth:—225gs.

Ottoman:—160gs.

Rocket:—125gs.  
 Surprise:—250gs.  
 Cannon Ball, Lincoln, Clinker, Maxima, and Bluebeard—not sold.

On the 9th of June, the following thorough-breeds, the property of — Mills, Esq. were disposed of, as under:—

Kate, 5 yrs, by Lapdog out of Effie Deans:—180gs.  
 Old Bill, 3 yrs, by Waxy Pope out of Zoe:—190gs.  
 Brother to Kate, 3 yrs:—300gs.  
 Fincher, 3 yrs, by Lapdog out of Fancy:—200gs.

#### BROOD MARES,

*The Property of Mr. Thornhill.*

Sheldrake (Sister to Sailor), covered by St. Patrick:—40gs.

Specie, by Scud out of Banker's dam:—26gs.

Manca, by Merlin out of Specie:—20gs.

Bildeston Lass, by Blacklock out of Sister to Bourbon; covered by Emilius:—60gs.

Of eight hunters, the property of the Marquis of Abercorn, Blacklock, by Blacklock out of Cora, was the only one sold—for 200gs.

On the 16th, the following thorough-bred Stock, the property of the late Earl of Burlington:

Bizarre, by Orville out of Bizarre:—bought in at 390gs.

Mouse, by Sir David out of Louisa, with a filly foal by Bizarre, and covered by him again:—bought in at 90gs.

Espagnolle, by Orville out of Barossa; covered by Partisan:—bought in at 130gs.

Young Espagnolle, by Partisan out of Espagnolle; with a filly-foal by Bizarre, and covered by him again:—80gs.

Bay filly, 3 yrs, by Partisan out of Espagnolle:—30gs.: to go abroad.

Bay colt, 3 yrs, by Bizarre out of Young Barossa; in training:—to Mr. Greville, 310gs.

Bay filly, 3 yrs, by Bizarre out of Barossa; in training:—bought in at 96gs.

Bay colt, 2 yrs, by Partisan out of Espagnolle; in training:—to Mr. S. Stanley, 460gs.

Brown filly, 2 yrs, by Bizarre, dam by Godolphin out of Mouse; in training:—to Gen. Grosvenor, 42gs.

Bay yearling colt, by Bizarre out of Young Mouse:—to the Duke of Richmond, 90gs.

Brown yearling filly, by Bizarre out of Cat by Stamford, &c.:—to Mr. Wigan, 22gs.

Bay yearling filly, by Partisan out of Espagnolle:—to Sir G. Heathcote, 50gs.

Young Mouse, by Godolphin out of Mouse, with a colt foal by Bizarre, and covered by him again.—The mare having been claimed as a heriot by the Lord of Manor, according with custom, was sold separately, and purchased by the King for 135gs. His Majesty also bought the colt for 56gs.

On the 23d, the following Blood Stock, the property of Mr. W. Chifney:

The stallion Rowton (winner of the Leger in 1829), 8 yrs, by Oiseau out of Catherine by Woful:—to Mr. Bland, 1000gs. The horse is gone back to Newmarket, where he will remain to the end of the season.

Brown mare, foaled in 1822 (the dam of Shilelah), by Whisker out of Castrella by Castrel; covered by Rowton:—to Mr. Bland, 320gs.

Emiliana, 5 yrs, by Emilius, dam by Whisker out of Castrella; covered by Rowton:—to Mr. Bland, 320gs.

Cheanut mare (foaled in 1826), by Sam out of Morel by Sorcerer; with a colt foal at her foot by Rowton, and covered by him again:—to the Duke of Cleveland, 260gs.

Br. filly, 2 yrs, by Whisker, dam by Sam out of Morel; engaged in the Holt Stakes, and the Oaks Stakes, with her engagements:—to Sir M. Wood, 260gs.

Ches. yearling colt, by Emilianus, dam by Sam out of Morel:—to the Duke of Cleveland, 270gs.

Black gelding, 4 yrs, by Swiss out of Galena:—bought in at 97gs.

#### SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.

On the 9th of June, the following Greyhounds, the entire kennel of Thomas Goodlake, Esq. (declining coursing), were sold at Messrs. Tattersall's:

#### BROOD BITCHES.

Giraffe, by Senator out of Gondola:—18½gs.

Gewgaw, by Galloway out of Goldenlocks:—15gs.

Guinea Fowl, own Sister to Gewgaw:—39gs.

Gong, by Mr. E. Cripps's Euryalus out of Georgina:—18½gs.

Fawn bitch, own Sister to Sontag and Silverlocks, by Lawrence's Lamplighter out of Shipperry's Snipe:—2gs.

Sylvia, own Sister to Mr. De Burgh's Exotic and Esprit:—7½gs.

#### DOGS THAT HAVE RAN TWO SEASONS.

The Monk (late Altcar), by Mr. Alton's Augustus out of Effie:—4gs.

Worcester (formerly Ernest), by Mr. De Burgh's North Star out of Nimble :—15½gs.

#### DOGS THAT HAVE ONLY RAN ONE SEASON.

Gauntlet, by Great Ben out of a daughter of the Gil Mill bitch :—36gs.

Gripe, by Lion, brother to Georgina, her dam by Dr. Meyrick's Magnet :—15gs.

Gnat, by May Fly out of Brind's bitch :—7½gs.

Blue bitch, by Mr. Vikers's Volunteer out of Mr. Harries's Honymoon :—5½gs.

Fawn dog, by Great Ben out of Georgina :—2gs.

White and blue dog (bred by Mr. Davenport of Davenport House) :—4gs.

Blue and white bitch, Sister to the above :—3½gs.

#### PUPPIES FOR ENTRY NEXT SEASON, UNTRIED.

Blue dog :—one guinea.

Yellow and white dog, by Great Ben out of Gridiron (late Mr. Brouncker's Blossom) :—6½gs.

Yellow and white dog, by Witchcraft out of Georgina :—8gs.

Brin. bitch, by Lawrence's Lizard out of a bitch by Gohanna out of Goldmine :—20gs.

Black ticked dog, by Gander out of a bitch by Guelph :—8gs.

Black dog, by Lord Stradbroke's Major out of Miss :—5½gs.

Black dog, brother to the above :—11gs.

Black bitch, sister to the same :—10½gs.

Red dog, by Major out of Glance :—5½gs.

Red bitch, sister to the above :—4gs.

Black dog, by Major out of Helen :—7gs.

Black bitch, sister to the above :—10gs.

Black and white bitch, sister to the same :—3½gs.

Black bitch, by Major out of Gewgaw :—6gs.

Blue bitch, sister to the above :—11gs.

May-fly, a brindled dog; Georgina, a brood bitch; a yellow dog puppy; and a red bitch puppy (the two last unentered), were bought in.

|                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Southampton .....              | July 23     |
| Gloucester .....               | 23          |
| Derby .....                    | 29          |
| Knutsford .....                | 29          |
| Goodwood .....                 | 29          |
| Wenlock .....                  | 29          |
| Worcester .....                | August 5    |
| York .....                     | 5           |
| The Pottery .....              | 5           |
| Bedford .....                  | 6           |
| Brighton .....                 | 6           |
| Salisbury .....                | 6           |
| Wolverhampton .....            | 11          |
| Haverfordwest .....            | 12          |
| Plymouth .....                 | 12          |
| Stockton-on-Tees .....         | 14          |
| Burton-on-Trent .....          | 19          |
| Oxford .....                   | 19          |
| Aberystwith .....              | 20          |
| Canterbury .....               | 20          |
| Exeter .....                   | 20          |
| Burnley .....                  | 21          |
| Egham .....                    | 26          |
| Stourbridge .....              | 26          |
| Yarmouth .....                 | 26          |
| Pontefract .....               | September 2 |
| Warwick .....                  | 2           |
| Lichfield .....                | 9           |
| Morpeth .....                  | 9           |
| Abingdon .....                 | 10          |
| Leicester .....                | 10          |
| Doncaster .....                | 15          |
| Heaton Park .....              | 24          |
| Walsall .....                  | 24          |
| Newmarket First October .....  | 29          |
| Carlisle .....                 | October 1   |
| Richmond .....                 | 7           |
| Newmarket Second October ..... | 13          |
| Northallerton .....            | 16          |
| Newmarket Houghton .....       | 27          |

#### OFFICERS UNDER THE JOCKEY CLUB.

|                                           |                    |
|-------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Keeper of the Match-book .....            | E. Weatherby, Esq. |
| Keeper of the Rooms .....                 | Mr. Pars.          |
| Judge of the Races .....                  | Mr. John Clark.    |
| Clerk of the entrance of the Horses ..... | W. Hilton.         |
| Clerk of the Course .....                 | Michael Beresford. |
| Weighter of the Jockeys .....             | James Goody.       |
| Starter of the Horses .....               | W. Birchley.       |

#### The Chase.

SIR—A statement has been put before the public, that John Walker, huntsman to the Fife hounds, is out of place: as there is not a word of truth in this piece of intelligence, I shall be obliged to you to contradict it in your July Number. Walker's employers are perfectly satisfied with him, and he with them; and it is uncandid and unhandsome both to master and servant in a fox-hunting esta-

#### RACES TO COME.

|                                 |        |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Liverpool Aintree .....         | July 1 |
| Wells .....                     | 1      |
| Winchester .....                | 3      |
| Newmarket July .....            | 7      |
| Bridgwater .....                | 8      |
| Lancaster .....                 | 8      |
| Cheltenham .....                | 15     |
| Ipswich .....                   | 15     |
| Newcastle (Staffordshire) ..... | 15     |
| Taunton .....                   | 15     |
| Bridgnorth .....                | 23     |

blishment, that publications should put forth such gratuitous matter, at least without making inquiry *where they ought*. The mischief such interferences are calculated to bring about can only be felt and known by those who have the keeping together of a country and the charge of a pack of hounds.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
JAMES WEMYSS.

*Wemyss Castle, June 18, 1834.*

SIR—If you think the following communication from a Devonshire Huntsman to his absent Master worthy of insertion in your valuable Magazine, it is at your service. I will only state, as a sort of apology for the conceit of the man, that the two packs killed three stout dog foxes out of four that they ran together in the parched weather and Easterly winds which we had to contend with in the latter end of April and beginning of May. The other day is accounted for in the Huntsman's epistle. I am, Sir, &c. A DEVONIAN.

"On the 14th of May, the Shute and Coteleigh celebrated packs of harriers met at Coteleigh-house at eight o'clock, and tried until two, when we found a gallant fox at Offwell: took off to Honiton Wood, turned back to Northleigh parish, across Farway, and in upon Honiton: turned back on Farway Hill, retraced across Smallicombe Bottom, all across Gittisham Hill, away to Coombe House (Mrs. Pratt's), and ran through one of her coverts. Here we unkenelled a brace of foxes, and the hounds divided in three parts, one fox going to Farway with two couple of hounds. The main fox, with seven couple, went all through Gittisham, and away to Ottery East Hill, back to Ouseley Farm, and down very near to Sidbury; he then took up on the top of the Hill towards Ottery Bickton, and when there he was not one field before the hounds, and if he had but half a mile further to go, instead of one field from the earths, he must have died. The other fox took his road away to Bellevue, and keeping straight to Venn Bridge, the

gallant fox ran about an hour and a half at the very best pace that he could go; and the distance is supposed to be about fourteen miles. The hounds had from fifteen to eighteen miles home afterwards. This run is supposed to be the best run that ever could be seen with harriers. The East Devon and Dorset hounds are superior to any in the kingdom that ever ran. There were only six horses out of eleven that ever came near any of the hounds; and out of these six, only two after the main fox, or ever saw them until they were back at Gobser Hill. Two of the foxes were earthed in the very finest style that ever could be, without one moment's check."

*Rookwood, a Romance.*—Under this title a work in three volumes, published by Mr. Bentley, of New Burlington-street, has been forwarded to us, which we place under this head, inasmuch as the chief feature of interest in the work to a sportsman is the extraordinary chase after the celebrated highwayman Dick Turpin, who (according with our author) rode from London to York in eleven hours on his no less celebrated mare Black Bess, and beat his pursuers triumphantly, notwithstanding their relays of the best tits they could procure at the different hostleries on the road. Nothing goes down now in the fashionable literature of the day without a touch of sporting, and it must be admitted that the author of "Rookwood" has given a most animated and spirited sketch of his "flying" hero's feats and hair-breadth escapes, owing to the fleetness of his noble steed. "Her sire (to quote our author)—a Desert Arab, who upon his trackless wilds could have outstripped the pestilent simoom, with throat unslaked and hunger unappeased, and thrice have seen the scorching sun go down—had not greater powers of endurance: his vigour was her heritage. Her dam, an English thorough-bred, coal black as her offspring—who upon the velvet sod was of almost unapproachable swiftness, and who had often brought her owner golden as

assurances of her worth—could scarce have kept pace with her, and would have sunk under a third of her fatigue.”—The other characters in the Romance are powerfully drawn, and his description of the gipsies outvies all writers who have gone before him.

#### THE MOORS.

The season as yet for grouse is generally considered favorable: what packs have been seen are good; and as there was generally a good stock of breeding birds left in most places, owing to the unexampled wetness of the season, hopes are high: but there is so much “between the cup and the lip,” that nothing yet can be relied on.

#### RIFLE MATCH.

A Rifle Match, for 50l. a-side, which had been some time on the tapis, and caused great excitement from the known expertness of the contending parties—Capt. H. Ross, M.P. and the Count d’Orsay—took place at Purdy’s Shooting Ground, Norland, on Saturday the 24th of May. The Count arrived upon the ground at twelve o’clock, accompanied by the Earl of Erroll, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord A. Conyngham, Lord Ossulston, Hon. Capt. Rous, and the Hon. Col. Anson. Capt. Ross, with several of his friends, the Hon. Captain Villiers, &c. was on the ground to receive his Noble opponent. The distance, 150 yards from the shoulder, 50 shots, at 30-inch targets, without a rest, being regularly adjusted, the Hon. Captain Rous was appointed umpire for the Count, and W. H. Dowbiggen, Esq. for the Captain; the Hon. G. Vernon referee. The match terminated at five o’clock in favour of the Captain, the total measurement of the 50 shots of the Captain from the centre of the target, including the distances of each ball, counting only 3.98 inches, some of them having struck the eye; whilst those of the Count, by similar measurement, amounted to 6.99 inches. Large sums changed hands upon the event, as from the Count’s well-known celebrity as a first-rate ball-shot his friends were very eager to back him, and as this mode of target-shooting

was totally novel to Captain Ross, the Captain’s rifle being usually employed at the red deer in the Highlands of Scotland, where his skill is unrivalled. The ground was crowded with amateurs. All the regulations were strictly conformed to, and the Hon. G. Vernon received the thanks of the competitors for his strict impartiality during the match.

#### AQUATICS.

At the monthly meeting of the Royal Thames Yacht Club on the 5th of June, the Chairman informed the Club that a Deputation had waited on Sir Thomas Hardy, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and that the Gallant Admiral had kindly consented to become the Vice-Patron of the Club in the room of the late Sir R. Keats.

On the 31st of May the first Sailing Match for the season of the above Club took place below Bridge, between the following third-class vessels, for a Piece of Plate:

| Vessels.         | Tons.  | Owners.       |
|------------------|--------|---------------|
| Oberon .....     | 6..... | Mr. Davison.  |
| Water Witch..... | 8..... | Mr. Unwin.    |
| Vestris .....    | 8..... | Mr. Weston.   |
| Lady Emma .....  | 8..... | Mr. Bucknall. |
| Margaret .....   | 7..... | Mr. Holliday. |

There was a good breeze at starting, and all the vessels got under weigh simultaneously; the Vestris shortly after obtaining the lead, with the Witch and Lady Emma a-breast of each other to leeward. It is needless, however, to detail the positions of the vessels, the wind having dropped in Half-way Reach, and from this time it merely became a drifting match. Finding it lost labour to attempt to reach the distance-boat, the Commodore, acting on the power vested in him by the laws of the Club, had a boat manned, and pulled towards the competitors with a view of allowing them to go round him at a concerted signal. He took his station at Crawford Ness Point, and the Vestris arrived about a quarter of an hour before the others; but a dead calm rendered her powerless, and she was evidently making fast stern-way towards the Emma. The Vestris and Lady

Emma now dropped their anchors. At this time one of the crew of the *Witch*, which was far behind, was seen on her bowsprit throwing out a kedge, and thus warping her to the leading boats, and they all passed round together. The *Vestris* and *Emma* soon after fell on board each other, leaving the *Witch* a clear berth, which enabled the *hag*, with the assistance of "sculling" her along by the rudder, to reach Greenwich first, when her owner claimed the privilege of ordering a piece of plate valued at 25*l*. A protest from the *Emma* was, however, immediately handed to the Commodore, which was afterwards signed by the Captains of the *Vestris* and *Margaret*. The latter vessel and the *Oberon* did not pass the Commodore's boat.

At the above monthly meeting, the general opinion was, that though by the laws of the Club, an anchor might be used to clear a yacht when aground or when foul of any vessel, it was not allowable under the circumstances in question.—Mr. Unwin, with that proper feeling which has ever distinguished the Members of this Club, and which is the generally prevailing sentiment in all Sporting Societies, said he sailed only for the honour of the victory; and although he thought there was no law to prevent him from acting as he had done, yet he should bow to the opinions of his friendly competitors, and was most willing to re-sail the match on any day named by the Commodore. This was agreed to, and the 17th of July was appointed for the renewed contest.

The Annual Below-bridge Match for a superb Silver Cup and Cover, valued at 30*g*s., given by the Members of the Club, was sailed for on Tuesday the 17th of June, starting, as usual, from off Greenwich, to go to Gravesend and back. The following boats belonging to Members took their stations:—

| Vessels.                 | Tons.   | Owners.       |
|--------------------------|---------|---------------|
| <i>Ada Jane</i> .....    | 17..... | Mr. Sweeting. |
| <i>Alert</i> .....       | 16..... | Mr. Ford.     |
| <i>Lady Louisa</i> ..... | 13..... | Mr. T. Smith. |
| <i>Victoria</i> .....    | 15..... | Mr. Stokes.   |
| <i>Figaro</i> .....      | 21..... | Mr. Wells.    |

The *Oberon*, 6 tons, was entered, but slipped her cable before starting, and consequently did not contend for the prize.

The Royal Sovereign steamer was engaged by the Club, for such Members as were anxious to view the Match, and also for their friends, who mustered strong, and an excellent band of music was provided, enlivening the scene with their harmony.

The signal gun was fired at 12 o'clock by the Commodore, W. H. Harrison, Esq. on board the Royal Sovereign, and the boats started nearly at the same instant, with a smart breeze down the River, the *Louisa* a little a-head, followed by *Alert*, *Victorine*, *Ada Jane*, and *Figaro*.

At Woolwich, the *Alert* got a-head, and the five boats proceeded in admirable style before the wind the whole of the way from Greenwich to Gravesend, the *Ada*, *Victorine*, *Louisa*, and *Alert*, keeping close together, each endeavoring by skilful manœuvring to outsail the other—the *Figaro* keeping behind all the distance. The *Ada* first rounded the distance-boat, on which a red flag was hoisted, off the Custom-house at Gravesend, exactly at eleven minutes past two o'clock, followed by the *Victorine* in half-a-minute, the *Alert* 15 seconds behind her, and *Louisa* at 13 minutes, and *Figaro* 16 minutes past two. The wind being right in their teeth coming up, blowing a perfect hurricane, and the rain descending in torrents, afforded room for a show of skill in making their tacks; and the boats were so nearly equal, and so much nautical knowledge was displayed, that the best judges agreed that the match exceeded in interest any they had ever witnessed, as it was quite impossible for the most experienced sailor, who looked with the keenest ken into futurity, to say till the very last moment which should win the prize. In Long Reach the *Alert* was a-head, *Ada* second, and *Louisa* and *Victorine* a short way a-stern. Off Erith, *Ada* and the *Lady* changed places; the latter being second, and *Victorine* fourth; *Figaro* far behind. On the vessels arriving off Jennings-tree Point, in Fiddler's Reach, *Ada Jane*



met with an accident, her mast having snapped in two from shaking out a reef in her mainsail, and she was consequently obliged to give up her chance of the Cup, although at the time she was gaining fast upon her opponents. She was taken in tow by the steamer, and the Lady having maintained her advantage to the last, the four boats returned to the starting-place in the following order:—Lady Louisa first, the Alert second, the Victorine third, and Figaro last; the three first so close that they all passed the buoy in less than a minute; Figaro ten minutes after. The race on the whole was admirably contested, and as it blew fresh during the whole day, the lovers of aquatic sports who witnessed the arduous struggle were highly gratified. Mr. Smith soon after went on board the Royal Sovereign to receive the prize from the hands of the Commodore. The whole company assembled on the deck to witness the ceremony, and this part of the business was hailed with loud cheers. The health of His Majesty, the Patron of the Club; of Sir T. Hardy, the Vice-Patron; of the Commodore; of Mr. Smith; of the unsuccessful Candidates; and of the Ladies, were all drunk with unbounded applause; after which the Royal Sovereign returned to the New Steam Packet Stairs, and her company disembarked without any individual having experienced the slightest accident, and all evidently highly delighted with the day's entertainment.—The Lady Louisa has won no less than nine prizes; and her owner, from his good fortune in carrying off so many silver Cups, has been not inappropriately named *Silver Smith*.

#### ROYAL VICTORIA AND LOYAL YACHT CLUB.

Several new Members have recently been elected, among whom are, Lord Cholmondeley and the Hon. Colonel De Rosa.

#### ARCHERY.

We are happy to announce the commencement for the present season of this delightful sport, which so

much tends to increase the amusement of the higher classes, to foster society, to establish friendship, and to do considerable good to the neighbourhood in which these Archery Societies are established.

The first meeting of the Toxophilite Club, patronised by His Majesty, who gave a Silver Cup for the occasion, was held on the 20th of June in the New Target Ground, Regent's Park. The Members assembled in their dining-room at three o'clock, and after discussing the good things provided, proceeded to the shooting-ground, and the sports began at five o'clock. The successful competitor was Captain John Norton, to whom the Royal Cup was presented, the band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) playing the National Anthem, and the company at the conclusion of the ceremony giving four cheers in honour of their Royal Patron, who was present on the occasion. Among the guests and visitors were, John Crunden, Esq., father of the Club; Lord Aylesford, President; Sir F. Shuckburgh and W. Bagot, Esq., Vice-Presidents; Mr. Finch, Treasurer; Sir Henry Martin, Lord Foley, Lady Garvagh, &c. &c.

The first Vale Meeting of the West Berkshire Union Archery Club took place on the 19th at Sparsholt House, near Wantage. The day being propitious, there was a large assemblage of Members and their friends, comprising most of the principal families in the neighbourhood. The shooting was good, and the prizes were awarded as follows:—Miss Meyrick, best gold; Mrs. Robinson, transferable belt, and arrow for hits; Miss Pearson, chief prize for Ladies; Mr. Moore, chief prize for Gentlemen, and transferable belt; Mr. Meyrick, arrow for hits. At four o'clock the company partook of a *dejeuner à la fourchette*; after which shooting was resumed till eight o'clock, when they adjourned to the ball-room, where the mazy dance was kept up with much spirit until a late hour.

#### CRICKET.

On the 26th of May the Maryle-

bone Club beat the St. John's Wood Club, at Lord's, by 24 runs. The match was very interesting, and closely contended. The Marylebone went in first, and scored 64, Mr. Kynaston marking 34. In their second innings they made 86—total 150.—The St. John's Wood headed them by two points in their first innings, but in the second were 26 behind—total 126.

On the 2d of June the Epsom and Clarence Clubs had a day's play on Epsom Downs, several of the former being also Members of the Marylebone. They commenced early in the hope of playing it out, but from some more than ordinary good play on both sides the Clarence had eight wickets to go down for 38 runs, when the close of day put a period to the contest. Mr. Kynaston was very unfortunate, having scored only one in each innings. Mr. Strahan in his first marked only one, but made up in his second innings by scoring 51; and his brother, Mr. Snow, followed his example, making but one in his first innings, and 59 in his second. The score stood thus:—Epsom, 74 and 168—total 242; Clarence, 131 and 73—total 204, with eight wickets in hand.

On the 16th and 17th, eleven of the Old Etonians and eleven of the Old Harrovians played a match at Lord's, which proved very interesting. The Etonians commenced, Mr. Snow taking the first bat, and continuing in during the whole innings, scoring 46, and making a total of 108. The Harrovians played well, but were not so fortunate, marking only 67. In the second innings, Eton scored 63—making a general total of 171. Their opponents went in for 105, which they got, with four wickets to go down. The ground was very fully attended, and the match was considered one of the best played for some time.

On the 19th, the Marylebone and Oxonians had a day's play at Lord's, and, though not played out, gave great satisfaction to a number of distinguished spectators. When the stumps

were drawn, the game stood thus:—Marylebone 65 and 145: total 210.—Oxford University, one innings, 68.

On the 23d, eleven of the Marylebone Club played eleven of England, the former winning by 60 runs, the result being,

| MARYLEBONE.           | ENGLAND. |
|-----------------------|----------|
| First innings..... 75 | ..... 50 |
| Second innings... 86  | ..... 31 |

161

101

The bowling of Cobbett and Bayley was very fine, and the hitting of Captain Davidson was first-rate, making in his second innings 58.

There are several matches on the tapis, to come off at Lord's—on the 2d and 3d of July, between Sussex and England; and on the 7th and 8th between Kent and England. A match between Harrow and Winchester is fixed for the 30th; Eton and Harrow for the 31st; and Eton and Winchester for the 1st of August.

On the 2d of June a single-wicket match was played on the new ground behind North-street Walls, York, between Letby, "Ebor's Champion," and Busby, of the Bedale Club. The latter is considered as a very mediocre batsman, but his terrific jerking renders it morally impossible for the very best bat to keep his wicket long—evidently depending, not on his ability to obtain a great score, but to prevent his opponent from doing so. Busby was put in first, and from 7 balls, he made 5 hits, and scored 3—bowled out. In his second innings, from 6 balls, he made 4 hits, and 2 runs—bowled out: total 5.—In Letby's first innings, the third *cannon-shot* took the skin off his knuckles, and the sixth carried away his stumps, without a score. In his second, from 17 balls, he made 13 hits and 6 runs; and thus having won the match, he resigned his bat, not wishing to give a chance away of being wounded from the firing of his antagonist.

*Grand Match between York and Norfolk.*—The Yorkists were conquerors last year in a match between the two Counties, played at Sheffield: but the Norfolkians, feeling they had then left some of their best men as

home, determined to have another shy, and challenged their opponents to play two matches, home and home, which was as a matter of course accepted, and the 18th of June was fixed for the friendly contest, to be played on the New Ground, Norwich.

The match excited more interest, not only among the players, but among the public, than any of late years. On the side of Yorkshire were some of the finest players, including Marsden, Dearman, and Woolhouse; and on the Norfolk side were Fuller Pilch and his brothers, and Mr. Kynaston. There was a most brilliant assemblage of the Nobility and Gentry of the neighbourhood during the game; among whom were Lord and Lady Stormont, the Hon. and Rev. A. Turnour and Miss Turnour, the Hon. F. Loftus, Sir Edmund and Miss Bacon, the Mayor and Mayoress, the Recorder, Dr. Wright, &c. &c.—upwards of 1000 each day.

The wickets were pitched at eleven o'clock, and Yorkshire having won the toss, put their antagonists in. Mr. Leathes and Daplyn took the bats, and scored 10 and 14, followed by N. Pilch, who marked 27—the three scoring 51. Fuller Pilch then went in, and shewed himself a perfect master of the science, notwithstanding he had most experienced bowling against him. He kept his wicket till twelve o'clock the second day, when the 10th wicket fell, Pilch scoring 87, and Mr. Kynaston 24, making the "tottle of the whole" 216.

The Yorkists then went in, Vincent and Woolhouse opening the ball, but Fortune did not favour the sons of Ebor. Woolhouse was caught by Mr. Kynaston after he had scored 21; Marsden was caught the first ball by Fuller Pilch—and a most excellent catch it was, as he had to run back, and with such force that he toppled over head and heels in making it; and the other wickets fell rapidly in succession to the bowling of W. Pilch—the whole score being only 37.

In the second innings of the Norfolk, Fuller Pilch hit away in beautiful style, scoring 73, when he was caught by Dearman. Daplyn marked 24, and at the close of the second day the score was 155, with three wickets to go down.—On Friday morning the game was resumed, and the three bats scored 36, making the total on the second innings 191.

The Yorkists batted better in the second innings than they did the first, but were exceedingly unfortunate throughout the match—Marsden scoring but 4, and Woolhouse 26—making a total of 97, and leaving the Norfolk players 94 a-head on the second innings, and 273 on the match, which terminated about six o'clock in the evening.

## SUMMARY OF THE SCORE.

|                    | NORFOLK.  | YORK.     |
|--------------------|-----------|-----------|
| First innings..... | 216       | 37        |
| Second innings.... | 191       | 97        |
|                    | <hr/> 407 | <hr/> 134 |

The bowling was exceedingly good on both sides, and nothing but the ill-luck, which very often attends even the finest players of this game, could have so reduced the Yorkists' first innings, for they are very fine players. The Norfolk side is, however, allowed on all hands to be one of the best ever seen, and the play of Fuller Pilch is so tremendous as to render the County of Norfolk equal to any in the kingdom.

## FINE ARTS.

We have just seen a beautifully coloured portrait of RUBINI by St. Patrick, winner of the Gold Cup, at Goodwood last year, lately published, engraved from a picture painted by Mr. Crane of Newmarket. The Print is well got up, and presents most accurate likenesses of this truly good horse, and of Frank Boyce the jockey.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*Freak of Nature.*—"A Nobleman in Scotland had a foal from a thorough-bred mare, the sire of which was a zebra or quagga\*; this foal was

\* For a description of the Quagga or Quacha, we refer to the fourth volume, Second Series, page 129.

as regularly striped as the father. The mare was afterwards given to Sir Gore Ouseley, and sent into Essex, where she produced three foals by a thorough-bred horse, all of which had evident stripes upon them like the father of her first offspring."—JESSE'S *Gleanings in Natural History*.

On Tuesday, June 17, a white sparrow was shot by Mr. S. Faulkner, in his garden at Falcon Villa, Halliwell-lane, Cheetham-hill. The bird is perfectly white, with yellow beak and legs and salmon-coloured eyes; and what appears very extraordinary is, it had been seen for upwards of a week in and about the garden, and always in company with it a great number of old sparrows feeding it. Various efforts were made to take it alive, but in vain. It is now under preservation by Mr. G. Wilson, curator, Major-street, Manchester, and promises to be a very fine and rare specimen of the kind.

An Alexandrian Plover was lately shot on that part of the Yare, in Norfolk, called Braydon. There is not the least doubt that the bird usually described as a distinct species, under the title of *Charadrius Alexandrinus*, is no other than the Ringed Plover (*Charadrius hiaticula* of Linnæus) in its adolescent state. Mr. Bewick remarks that these birds are common in all the northern countries; and that they migrate into Britain in the spring and depart in autumn. From the northern parts of England they probably migrate, but in the southern parts many are observed throughout the year.

Two Spoonbills were also shot at the same time and place. They have all been preserved, and placed in the collection of Mr. Isaac Harvey of Yarmouth. We have been assured that the Spoonbill is well flavoured, being free from any fishy taste.

#### COCKING.

During the Manchester race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought in the pit in Stafford, between the Earl of Derby (Potter feeder) and H. B.

Hoghton, Esq. (Woodcock feeder), for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main.

| Potter.         | M. R. | Woodcock. | M. R. |
|-----------------|-------|-----------|-------|
| Tuesday .....   | 4 3   | .....     | 4 0   |
| Wednesday ..... | 5 1   | .....     | 3 0   |
| Thursday .....  | 5 0   | .....     | 3 1   |
| Friday .....    | 5 0   | .....     | 3 1   |
| Saturday .....  | 6 0   | .....     | 2 1   |

Total.....25 4      Total...14

There was a drawn main battle on Friday.

A Main of Cocks was fought during Newton race-week, between Thomas Legh, Esq. (Kendrick feeder) and Gen. Yates (Hines feeder), for 10 sovs. a battle, and 200 the main.

| Hines.          | M. R. | Kendrick. | M. R. |
|-----------------|-------|-----------|-------|
| Tuesday .....   | 4 2   | .....     | 3 1   |
| Wednesday ..... | 4 0   | .....     | 3 3   |
| Thursday .....  | 6 1   | .....     | 2 0   |
| Friday .....    | 4 0   | .....     | 3 1   |

Total.....18 3      Total...11 5

#### Sporting Obituary.

On the 7th of June died, in his 75th year, RICHARD WILSON, Esq. of Bildeston House, Suffolk, proprietor of the Bildeston breeding establishment, in which he took great pride for nearly a quarter of a century. He had been slightly indisposed for some days, but not so much so as to give cause of alarm to his friends; but on the above day he was seized with apoplexy, and expired in about ten minutes. Mr. Wilson was descended from a highly respectable family in Northumberland, and was intimately acquainted in early life with the present Earl of Eldon, which friendship continued uninterrupted to the end of his life. When his Lordship was appointed Lord Chancellor of England, he made Mr. Wilson his Private Secretary, although their politics did not assimilate—the Secretary being a strong and consistent Whig. He continued to fill this responsible office till his own party came into power, when Lord Erskine was appointed Chancellor, with whom Mr. Wilson had also been on long and intimate terms, and by whom he was requested to act as he had heretofore done to Lord

Eldon, as his Private Secretary—a very extraordinary instance of the same Gentleman being successively continued in so confidential a situation to two Lord Chancellors of opposite feelings in politics. On the succession of the Whigs to office, Mr. Wilson was returned for Ipswich, where he acted and voted with his party, in opposition to that of his much-esteemed friend; but this did not in the least interrupt their friendship or regard for each other, which continued unabated till his death, his Lordship confiding to him many private matters, as well as the general management of his large landed estates. He was also the confidential steward for the Duke of Northumberland, whose friendship he retained till the last; and during the long period that His Grace was supposed to have a paramount controul over the boroughs of Launceston, Newport, &c., all the arrangements connected with those matters were confided to Mr. Wilson; who also long enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the late Lord Grenville. as well as many other distinguished Noblemen and Gentlemen. The late Lord Chedworth bequeathed him 40,000*l.*, and the deceased must have died rich, notwithstanding it must have cost him a large sum annually to support his favorite hobby, and he was most hospitable and liberal in his household. His remains were deposited on the 14th in the family vault in Bileston-church, the procession being closed by every Gentleman's carriage

in the neighbourhood, and the whole of his tenantry, which were numerous. The shops and windows of every respectable house were closed during the mournful ceremony. To sum up his character in few words—he was a good father, a sincere friend, an excellent landlord and master, and a cheerful companion.

A very promising yearling filly, by Bob Logic (brother to Jerry) out of Harmony by Mozart, the property of J. Clarke, Esq., of Bishop-Auckland, died of inflammation lately.

A few days since, from the same cause, at the Training Stables, Mansfield, Mr. Houldsworth's *Divan*, by Sultan out of Fanny Davis. This colt was engaged in a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each (23 subs.), and the Hornby Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. (7 subs.) at the York August Meeting; also in the Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. (29 subs.) at Doncaster.

#### PUGILISM.

One of these exhibitions, says the *Morning Post*, took place near Andover on Tuesday, June 24. The details can be spared, but the result deserves publicity. Dutch Sam and Gaynor fought for two hours and five minutes. The former, who won the battle, had his arm dislocated, while his vanquished opponent was removed from the field in a state which renders his recovery extremely doubtful. Noon and Swift then entered the ring, and we have to record the death of the former in consequence of the injuries inflicted.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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"A Word to the Wise" contains no *new* information; as our Correspondent will find the subject most ably treated in our xviii volume, pp. 9 and 73; and also in our xith volume, *N. S.*, p. 148.

We are bound to express our gratitude to "H." for his so very kind and so very flattering letter; but however tempting to our self-love to communicate it to our Readers, we find it impossible to give it publicity. If we were to insert the other portion of his communication, we should be adopting the very course that he congratulates us for *not* pursuing. Calumny is best refuted by contempt.

## THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

SIR—Fatal as the dagger of Brutus to “the bald Cæsar,” has been my predicted triumph of *PLENIPLO* to the frequenters of the Exchange at Hyde Park Corner. Like the Ghost of Banquo, “there is no *speculation* in their eyes:” and in the words and with the freezing bitterness of crooked-backed Richard do they ask, “*What business have they i’ th’ North?*” Of course my opinion is an echo of that demand; and I had not now offered these observations to the notice of your readers did I not think the public betting on this great race, however paralysed it may be by the extraordinary superiority of this wonderful horse, is not in its other details supported by sufficiently obvious data. That if *Plenipo* continue well, he will win the Leger, I should think no man out of Bedlam doubts; but putting the chance of any casualty occurring to him, which I sincerely trust may not be the case, we find *Bran* next him, and *Worlabby* at the same figures, 8 to 1, and then at 10 to 1 *Shilelah*. With this state of the odds I cannot concur. I must admit that the individual, who of all men in England is the most capable of forming a right judgment of the merits both of *Plenipo* and *Bran*, told me, that, after the great wonder of the day, *Bran* was the most dangerous horse in the race: but even with *him*, highly as I value and feel his pre-eminent opportunity of giving a correct opinion, I am in this instance at issue. Look to *Worlabby* and *Bran*, and the fields they have defeated, and then take, it is true, the solitary performance of *Shilelah*, but remember *how* he beat *Glencoe*, and receive my assurance that *that* Son of Sultan and Trampoline, unfortunate as he has been in appearing in this year of racing phenomena, is as superior to anything in the North as he has proved himself to most in the South. Only await the result of the Goodwood Cup, and *then*, if he approve not himself entitled to the place I give him among the *first* of the three-year-olds of the year, why, as fat Jack says, “you may spit upon me, and call me horse.” I am well aware that the situation which a horse occupied in the *betting* was long considered far from a criterion of his merit, or the reverse, the intention of his owner to win or lose with him being the *rub*: but that day is passed, as I trust for ever: honesty now begins to assume, in eyes that had long been shut to it, the semblance of the best policy. I am aware of the attempt which was this year made to make the Derby safe; and I should feel myself unworthy of the trust reposed in me, as a faithful Chronicler of Turf matters, if I did not openly declare, that should such again ever come within my knowledge, I will at once make public the names of the parties engaged in it,

“And put in every honest hand a whip

To scourge the rascals naked through the world!”

June 22, 1834.

CRAVEN.

On the 26th there was no alteration in the relative position of the leading horses.

The favorites for the GOODWOOD CUP are Colwick and Glencoe, both at 11 to 2, taken; Glaucus, 8 to 1; and Rockingham, 9 to 1.

The only one mentioned in the GOODWOOD STAKES is Malibran, at 8 to 1, taken.

ERRATA.—In the Song, “Yachtman and his Lady,” p. 264 of the present Number, there are two typographical errors in the last two lines, which spoil the effect of the writer’s meaning, the *s* being omitted to Mrs. in the last, and put to *toast* in the preceding line. The lines should read thus:—

Yet this be our toast, in correctest demeanour,

“Mrs. H—ll, and our friend’s gentle Lady Rowena!”

THE NEW YORK  
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# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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## Embellished with

I. PUSSY, WINNER OF THE OAKS 1834.—II. BADGER HUNTING.

## PUSSY.

Engraved by PARR, from a Painting by CRANE of Newmarket.

**P**USSY, a dark brown mare, nearly black, the property of Thomas Cosby, Esq. was bred by Mr. L. Charlton, of Ludford Park, Ludlow, and foaled in 1831. She was got by Pollio (son of Orville) out of Valve, by Bob Booty, out of Wire, Sister to Whalebone, &c. by Waxy out of Penelope, &c. &c.

Bob Booty was got by Chanticleer, his dam Ierne by Bagot—Gamahoe—Patty by Tim.

Chanticleer was got by Woodpecker out of an Eclipse mare bred by Sir John Shelley in

1778; her dam Rosebud, by Snap out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus—Bartlet's Childers, &c. &c.

## PERFORMANCES.

Pussy received 50*l.* forfeit from Mr. Ricardo's Ellen at Ascot last year.—Same meeting, she ran *third* for the Two-year-old Stakes, which was won by Mr. Forth's Louisa; Mr. Gardnor's Comet second.

At the Goodwood Meeting, from having been short of work and not in running condition, she was beat in a Match by Lord Uxbridge's Baleine.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting she won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., four subs., beating Gen. Grosvenor's Dick. —In the same Meeting she ran second to Sir F. Johnstone's b. f. by Merlin, beating Sir Mark Wood's Charivari, Mr. Hunter's Morotto, Lord Chesterfield's La Bayadere, and four others.

At the Epsom Meeting 1834, she won the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 96 subs., beating Mr. Forth's Louisa, Mr. Walker's Cotillon, Sir Sandford Graham's Zulima, Colonel Peel's Rosalie, Mr. Greville's Pickle, Lord Berners' May-day, and nine others.

At the Ascot Meeting, same year, she won the *Ascot Derby* Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts 8st. 6lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb., then three years old; the winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 5lb. extra; six subs., beating Louisa, Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, and Mr. Payne's Ganges. This race was cleverly won.

Pussy was purchased by her present owner of Mr. Shackel for 80l. in low and ragged condition. When first in training she did not promise much, and went amiss all the summer of 1833.

Pussy shews great racing powers, and her action, being remarkably fine, is much admired. Mr. Cosby has a two-year-old, Sister to Pussy (Griselda), engaged in next year's Oaks; and a third Sister (a yearling), also in his possession, is very promising.

There has been much difference of opinion, and various arguments, with respect to the merits of Pussy, compared with those of the unfortunate May-day, and the probable result, had the latter not met such an untimely end: but it is mis-spending time in debating upon irretrievable facts, and tends to prolong fruitless and unavailing regrets. We hope not to be accused of falling into the error we have just condemned, in alluding to another circumstance not generally known, viz. that May-day was not the only victim of mishap in the Oaks Stakes. Lord Chesterfield had a filly engaged in it, called Velocity, Sister to Velocipede. She stood well in the betting, but had the misfortune, about a week before the race, to break her near hind leg, by getting it entangled in the rack chain. By dint, however, of management and perseverance, such as resorting to slinging her, &c., the filly has been saved. We saw her about a month since with her foot down, and resting, able to bear upon the injured leg, consequently preserved for the stud.

We cannot close this article, without expressing our thanks to the worthy owner of Pussy, for the kind and gentlemanlike manner with which he met our request to give a portrait of his mare. He has our sincere wishes that his present good fortune upon the Turf may continue.

---

#### THE LIVERPOOL AINTREE MEETING.

SIR,  
**I**F fine weather, plenty of stakes, a sufficit of horses, and a fair attendance, could contribute to the

pleasure and enjoyment of the Turfman who visited Liverpool on this occasion, he must have been highly

gratified: but as our Parson oft tells us, that pleasure has always its commensurate portion of alloy, to get hold of this enjoyment we had, indeed, a dreadful penalty inflicted in a journey of five miles to the scene, amid the scorching rays of a burning sun, without even the solace of

"a breeze,  
The blue wave to curl,"

and a complete and continued volume of dust that filled the eyes and mouths of the thousands who thither wended their way in carriage, phaeton, barouche, gig, one-horse chaise, wagon, or humble cart, as well as the countless number of pedestrians. So dreadful was the annoyance, that some Gents, I observed, condescended to adopt the costume of the fair, and veiled themselves as a protection against this blinding as well as choking annoyance, which coloured all vests into one universal livery: and however the Children in Israel of old longed for the limpid stream, we children of the Turf would alike gladly have witnessed the refreshing shower that would have allayed as well as bound this intolerable nuisance.

The Course, from the hot dry weather, was very hard, and being of a sandy soil, the horses in running kicked up no small quantities in the eyes of the riders, which tended not a little to disguise them; indeed, at the conclusion of the Trade Cup race, the face of Connolly was ready prepared, by sand, &c., to personate *Othello*; and some others might have raised doubts in the minds of their better halves as to their *identity*.

The running of course has given a different aspect to the sporting horizon. The Worlaby Baylock stable proved themselves invincible, and carried away both Cups with tolerable ease—by the celebrated Physician, and the Young Inheritor, both of which by their blooming condition and good management reflected credit upon the trainer. On the reverse, Scott's stable fell far short of the sanguine anticipations of their adherents,

the whole of their string neither looking nor performing well, and only one, Lord William's colt, proving successful. But let not the adventurer and speculator be too bold in joining the ranks of opposition in their future contests: time, which effects wonders, may bring them forth in a better and far superior form, and turn some of them out to reap victory and renown. The famed General Chasse achieved another conquest, and added another laurel to his brow, after a battle bravely fought and hardly won: but of these more anon in the detail I proceed to furnish you of the particulars of the sport; before I notice which I must really be allowed to complain of the dreadful bad time which was kept with regard to the running of the different Stakes: the manner in which the *sweets* were nursed and *preserved* tended almost to make them *bitter* when brought forth, from the tantalizing patience imposed in waiting for their production.

TUESDAY.—The Croxteth opened the *five*—only a mile and a quarter—and brought us out eight, among the rest that once-famed horse Prince Llewellyn, after having enjoyed so long a life of seclusion and privacy. The lot was as under:

|                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| Despot .....           | rode by S. Darling. |
| Caractacus .....       | S. Templeman.       |
| Prince Llewellyn ..... | P. Connolly.        |
| Syren .....            | H. Arthur, jun.     |
| Stalton ..             | J. Holmes.          |
| Mystery .....          | R. Johnson.         |
| Perseverance .....     | W. Lear.            |
| Queen Bess .....       | T. Lye.             |

Perseverance was the admired quality of the party at 5 to 2; 3 to 1 was laid agst the Noble Prince, and 5 to 1 agst Mystery. The Prince and Mystery took the front rank at starting, and led the troop at a very deliberate easy pace—indeed a friend asked if it was a start, or merely a general canter to set their legs at liberty? At this game they all went to about three quarters of a mile from home, when the speed at last mended, Mystery still keeping the front; but Llewellyn then got a choaker, and

shewed that either want of condition, ability, or something else, deprived him from joining in the tune, and he there appeared completely done. The *Mystery* kept her place secure to the distance post, where *despotic* measures compelled her to resign her pre-eminence. Soon after *Perserverance* shewed more goodness than the *Despot*, who was defeated by him, and placed behind; but when close at home all these contending qualities and contrary dispositions proved nothing in the scale with *Sovereignty*; for *Queen Bess*, though not weeping, yet *roaring*, came forth, asserted her claim to precedence, and led the train home at the post by about two lengths. Some delay took place at starting from the ultimate winner not coming to the post in time, and the trainer and rider were both fined for keeping the others waiting.

The Produce Stake, two miles, brought forth four at the start, which is more than many Produce Stakes at this day generally do. The great length of time that ensues between the engagement and the start; the numbers that die; and others that, still worse, live only to put their owners to expense *without* training; the many that meet with accidents—all these conspire to place Produces in anything but favour; and the sportsman in this enlightened day sees the much more advantageous scheme in engaging a horse that he has some fancy can go, and gives him some promise of success, than one on whom the light of heaven has never dawned. But to return to this Produce: the four were, Sir G. Pigot's *Miss Chester*, Sir R. Bulkeley's filly by Peter Lely out of Mrs. Suggs, Earl Wilton's br. colt by Camel out of *Arachne*, and Mr. Charlton's ch. c. *The Tulip*. The Tulip was the favored flower at 7 to 4 agst him; 2 to 1 agst Lord Wilton's colt, who cut out the work, and after a little bit of a struggle won the race cleverly, rode by Templeman. Tulip was not in such bloom as he has shewn on a former occasion.

The bell next summoned a dozen young ones to shew their juvenile

abilities before a public audience, for the Two-Year-Old Stake of 25 sovs. each, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. about half a mile:—

|                     |                      |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Mr. Watt's filly by |                      |
| Velocipede out of   |                      |
| Baleine .....       | rode by P. Connolly. |
| Jupiter .....       | R. Johnson.          |
| The Stag .....      | J. Holmes.           |
| Verbena .....       | Thor, l.y.e.         |
| Equator .....       | A. Pavis.            |
| Calista .....       | T. Nicholson.        |
| Hectic .....        | S. Darling.          |
| Peter Simple .....  | S. Templeman.        |
| Freckle .....       | Job Marson, jun.     |
| Bac-phalus .....    | G. Calloway.         |
| Profligate .....    | J. Spring.           |
| Altamont .....      | H. Arthur.           |

The victorious daughter of *Velocipede*, *Verbena*, was the pet at 6 to 4 agst her; 3 to 1 agst *Jupiter*, 3 to 1 agst *Watt's filly*, 6 to 1 agst *Peter Simple*, and 8 to 1 agst *The Stag*. The usual impatience exhibited by young ones produced three or four of those mishaps, false starts; at [the] last all got tolerably well away, and came together up to the distance, where a file was presented by Mr. Watt's filly, *Jupiter*, *Hectic*, *Peter Simple*, and *Verbena*, who had a little the lead, and soon went away from her friends, whom she ungraciously left in difficulty and distress, and went in an easy winner about half a length. It was a beautiful contest for the honour of being second in command between *Hectic* and *Jupiter*, which the latter gained by only half a head. Mr. Watt's filly was fourth, and *Peter Simple* fifth.—The winner is a good-like mare, and by her superior speed puts all her competitors at work a long way from home, and thus gains the conquest and victory ere the battle's scarce begun. If such like progeny as *Verbena* do not raise the spirit of partiality in favour of her dad, I know not what will; almost all his get exhibit racing abilities, and many of them this year have shewn qualities (like their sire) of a very superior order.

A Maiden Plate, heats, once round and a distance, made the tail piece of the day's bill of sports, which Mr. Houldsworth's three-year-old *Fores-*

ter (a son of that very moderate sire Figaro) won easy at two heats, rode by Scaife, beating Rifleman, Tom Jones, Chapeau de Paille colt 3 yrs, Tritonia, Speed, and Port. Rifleman, who ran a very bad horse, was the favorite at 6 to 4 agst him. Port broke down in the second heat, and Tom Jones was given away by his owner after running—a mark of the estimation in which I suppose he held the party.

WEDNESDAY commenced with the Foal Stake, for which only one shewed (the Marquis of Westminster's Sheik, by Camel out of Michaelmas), and consequently walked over.

Bad precedents are too often followed, and so it proved with us: the Produce Stake (I have almost a nausea at the name), from the reason I have stated, met a like fate in the hands of Lord Langford's or some one else's filly Summerhill, the sister to Sir Hercules.—The Lancashire rustics now began to shew they were not used to such things, by pertinent inquiries, "if this wor racing? if so they'd be donn'd afore they'd cum so far to ha see'd it." To heighten the mortification, the Seton Stake was taken by Mayflower without even peeling and shewing.—How far these wondrous inquiries and ejaculations of dissatisfaction would have run, I cannot tell, had not some attention been drawn and the clouds dispelled by the exhibition (on the magnificent stand) of the Trades' Cup, which glittered in front of a most splendid and enchanting back ground of Nature's loveliest and fairest flowers, enriched by that innate grace and modesty so peculiar to the British fair. These, their party-coloured yet beautiful attire, and the glittering prize, together formed a bouquet of a truly rich and imposing feature, which the pencil must fail to pourtray or the pen to depict.

The Cur and its stand (though, as I have said before, such articles are no favorites of mine) I must in justice say was a splendid article, of a rich magnificent and classic design; and amid the many productions of its

nature that I have seen on different occasions, I think the Cup which Lottery won at Doncaster is the only one that I ever saw to vie with the liberal gift of the Trades of Liverpool this year in the cause of her sports. The envied prize and its valuable contents, which had been the theme of discussion, speculation, and conjecture with the spirited speculators of Manchester and Liverpool, was now brought to the eventful period; and, amid the hundred of p. r. transactions which the numberless books contained, presented a field at the start of the following thirteen:—

|                                                             |                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Pelander .....                                              | rode by J. Cartwright. |
| David .....                                                 | S. Darling.            |
| Chancellor .....                                            | P. Connolly.           |
| Physician .....                                             | R. Heseltine.          |
| Satan .....                                                 | Thos. Lye.             |
| Catherina .....                                             | T. Shepherd.           |
| Mr. Tames' 4 yrs old<br>colt by Sir Gray—Misc.<br>hap ..... | T. Nicholson.          |
| Lady Stafford .....                                         | S. Templeman.          |
| Inheritor .....                                             | H. Arthur, jun.        |
| Giovanni .....                                              | A. Pavia.              |
| Rust .....                                                  | Cannovan.              |
| Fitzdicor .....                                             | Livacey.               |
| The Page, out of Lady<br>Fulford .....                      | E. Edwards.            |

Who would not like to be in with the good things of the Chancellor, even if you took 7 to 2 to be so, thought not a few; while others liked the rakish or rating pranks of Giovanni. The M.D., though looking everything that could be, was at 5 to 1; and the young Inheritor, although the night before I witnessed hundreds to three laid against him several times, got so much in favour at the start that he gained an inheritance with many at 12 to 1, David being at the same price; Catherina and Fitzdicor each finding friends at 15 to 1. This large party, on commencing business, made a mistake—a false start—partly through the irritability of the Chancellor, who, shame on him! got quite out of temper, fretted, sweated, and kicked about tremendously—whether it was at being brought into company with His *Satanic* Majesty or not I leave others to say; but he certainly struck at him, and hit him over the thigh: fortunately the stroke

was spent, else a broken limb might have been the result, and sinners as well as publicans might have thrown up their hats in joy that "*the Devil was no more.*" At last they got well off, and kept pretty fairly together, Catherina taking the lead, Rust, Inheritor, Giovanni, and Polander next following, the others behind, and The Page—who, by the bye, had been more appropriately named if called "*Trainbearer*"—last, and receding every stride throughout the race. Thus they went round the winning turn about half a mile from the start, and then Catherina set sail at an increased speed, going more to cut up some of the antagonists in the fight than to come off herself victorious, which I take to have been her object. This severe running, together with the lead, she continued to the distance, where Inheritor came up in front, and made the Stake his own certain. Catherina here fell back, and was then passed by Giovanni; but Heseltine followed him up with the Old Doctor, and seeing the young one was a safe winner, merely took the second place from Giovanni, whom he beat about a length. The Sir Gray colt was fourth, and the four clear. Thus the conclusion shewed the honour of the first and the second place (which saved the Stake) to be won by the fortunate Mr. Skipsay, who certainly very liberally seasoned the prize in most bountiful potations, as his friends at the *Castle* can testify, that even to the dawn of morning saw—

"The cordial took its merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevailed."

A Free Handicap Stake of little interest followed, once round and a distance. Six started, and all the *catchings* and *gettings* went to the *Ratcatcher*, carrying 7st. 2lb., rode by W. Jones, beating Newcastle, 6st. 6lb.; Primrose colt, 6st. 3lb.; Caliban, 7st. 6lb.; Decoy, 6st. 3lb.; and Algiers, 7st. 7lb.:—6 to 4 agst the winner. About a distance from home Algiers was so pressed on the rail in the inside, that Holmes, who rode him, was thrown off; fortunately

neither he nor the horse sustained any injury. Some investigation took place after the conclusion, but *Ratcatcher* was declared entitled to the Stake.

THURSDAY opened with a Handicap Stake for all ages, the T.Y.C., and just half a dozen at the post, as under:

|                          |                      |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Stainton, 8st. 2lb.      | rode by T. Nicholas. |
| Ellen, 6st. 11lb.        | J. Gray.             |
| Miss Margaret, 7st. 5lb. | Thos. Lye.           |
| Falconbridge, 8st. 6lb.  | P. Connolly.         |
| Westport, 8st. 3lb.      | J. Holmes.           |
| Caliban, 7st. 9lb.       | Morris Jones.        |

Six to 4 agst Falconbridge; 2 to 1 agst Margaret, who, after keeping close company with the whole to about half a distance, came out and left them in the rear, singing "Follow, follow," &c. &c.

The next affair gave us a foretaste of some of the Doncaster St. Leger tits for its minor namesake the Aintree Leger, bringing with it considerable interest and cogitation as to whom the superiority would be awarded; and we had a start which looked something like its name. Eleven good-like animals, looking in first-rate order, shewed forth—

|                             |                 |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Mr. Powlett's br.c. by Lot. |                 |
| tery or Figaro, out of      |                 |
| Miss Fanny's dam,           |                 |
| rode by.....                | S. Darling.     |
| Cashier .....               | Clark.          |
| Birdlime .....              | W. Lear.        |
| Queen Bess.....             | Thos. Lye.      |
| Mr. Merryman .....          | S. Templeman.   |
| Miss Chester .....          | H. Arthur, sen. |
| Inheritor .....             | R. Heseltine.   |
| Billinge .....              | A. Pavis.       |
| General Chasse .....        | Robt. Johnson.  |
| Touchstone.....             | Geo. Calloway.  |
| Whitefoot .....             | P. Connolly.    |

Chasse's Generalship carried the sway of favour at 5 to 2, although his former conquests had been gained by slashing and cutting-up fights. Billinge found many friends at 3 to 1. Mr. Powlett's party freely backed their horse, on the faith of his home performances, at 7 to 2. The winner of the Trades Cup was at 7 to 1, as was also Touchstone. On assembling at the tribunal to undergo the examination, the difficulty of keeping all parties in good humour appeared again evident. The Irish Gentleman Whitefoot, whether he

felt the influence of the *white feather* or *white liver*, became reative, and his neat Irish friend found some difficulty in getting him to face the post. After striving some time he was got set fair, and away they all went at a fair speed, Billinge commanding the front rank a short way, and then Chester's Miss came out and made stronger running; Chasse, Inheritor, Merryman, Whitefoot, and Powlett's colt, being next in order, and the others behind. The Lass of Chester ran away some three or four lengths from her horses to about a mile from home: Billinge then went again in front for a quarter of a mile further, when Inheritor went first, and came on to the distance, followed by Billinge, and then a struggle commenced with these two which soon ended in favour of Billinge. But no sooner had they settled the dispute, than General Chasse and Touchstone went by Billinge, and were almost instantaneously followed by Mr. Powlett's colt, who made a very strong rush, and the event with the three ended in Chasse's winning by only a head from Touchstone, Powlett's horse going in third, and beat by Touchstone by three quarters of a length—Billinge, not placed, being fourth, and Inheritor fifth. Touchstone, it is but justice to say, was during the race nearly thrown down by getting his legs entangled with Inheritor's. General Chasse was dreadfully punished. It is singular that all the races Chasse has won, he has gained them with great difficulty and severe punishment, yet still Fortune successfully smiles propitious on his endeavours. Few that saw this contest, I think, but would almost be tempted to put the siller on Touchstone when another meeting between them shall take place. Viewing them as Leger horses, I cannot but think them possessed of but a very distant hope indeed of proving successful; and so long as that celebrated and eminently superior steed (of which you have furnished us with so faithful a portrait) PLENIPO TENTIARY shall keep

all right and square, why the Leger is as safe in Mr. Batson's pocket, as your valuable contributor CRAVEN told us, with truth, that the Derby was his own. Should dire misfortune befall him, *which Heaven forbid!* what difficulty will the Northerns, aye and Southern too, have to pick out the flyer of others!

Lord Westminster's Abbas Mirza, by Camel out of Medina, 7st. 5lb. (prettily rode by Cartwright), next took home a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added, once round and a distance, beating by only a head Birdlime, 7st. 5lb., Mayflower, 7st. 8lb., Falconbridge, 9st., and Westport, 9st.:—six to 4 on Mayflower.

The Royal Hundred Guineas, two-mile heats, brought the day's conclusion, and five candidates for His Majesty's bounty: these were, Whitefoot, Catherina, The Lunner, Despot, and old Revolution. All but Despot and Revolution got enough of the *feast* the first heat, and left their two friends to take a *second course* and *dessert* by themselves. Certainly three finer heats were never witnessed, both horses in each contest running head and head a long distance from home. The first heat Despot won by half a head; the second was awarded to Revolution by the same degree of precedence, and the last Despot gained by half a length—the odds, which began at evens on Revolution, turning round after every show. Thus ended the third day.

FRIDAY.—The first race for the day was the Stanley Stake—for two-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; fillies allowed 3lb., T.Y.C., and proved an object of ambition to four:—

Polander, 3 yrs, rode by T. Nicholson.  
Verbena, 2 yrs ..... H. Arthur, jun.  
Queen Bess, 3 yrs ..... Thos. Lye.  
Miss Golbourne, 3 yrs, S. Darling.

The daughter of Velocipede was first in demand at 2 to 1 on her, and 5 to 2 against Queen Bess. The whole came together to about three quarters of a distance from home, when Verbena shewed first, and was

apparently winning, being hard held, and not permitted to leave her companions. Lye followed her closely, and when just at the post managed by dint of whip and spur to snap the race in his favour by half a head.—The careless confidence of jockeys, who, feeling conscious of the superiority and better abilities of their own animal, yet under the impression that their competitors are hard run and can do no more, permit them to get close alongside, and give the chance of a last effort, probably when they themselves have pulled their own out of their stride and pace, is a fault which I have often censured and too often witnessed; and I think if ever there was a glaring instance where a race was thrown away by this sort of mismanagement, it was exhibited in this said Stanley Stake, for the young jock kept pulling hard at the young filly all the way home, and let Queen Bess snap him at the last when he might have won above a length. Confidence in some cases is valuable property; but, like other good qualities, it may be indulged in to too great an extent; and, as a word of advice to young Arthur, I would recommend him in future *never to be confident of victory until he is safe past the post.*

The Stand Cup, value 100, the distance two miles and a half.—In either beauty or value this Cup was far inferior to the Trades' present, and only induced three to show: these were, Chancellor (S. Darling), Physician (Connally), and Fitzdickor (Live-

sey):—5 to 2 on Physic. Chancellor led the race at good speed, with Physician close behind, to about the distance-post, when the Doctor *dropped the verdict* in his own favour above a length—Fitzdickor, from the beginning, left behind, and was at last beat above half a distance.

A 5gs. Sweepstakes, with 25 added, once round and a distance, and a start of seven moderate sort of aspirants, produced a dead heat between Mr. George Crompton's Flight, rode by Lye, and Mr. Thomas Johnson's Lily of Smedley, rode by Cartwright. Flight, however, on the second attempt, carried the Stake by only half a neck.

The Farmers' Plate of 100 sovs.—and, better, the entrance money 42gs. to the second horse—weight for age, two-mile heats, concluded the day's sports and the Meeting's exhibitions, and was gained very cleverly by Mr. Powlett's Mystery (the only mystery in the case being that she went faster and longer than the rest), rode by Job Marson in a pretty style, beating old Revolution (who gained the 42gs.), Summerhill, Mr. Merryman, and Stainton.

And now the sport—

"Which being finish'd, here my story ends;  
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,  
But stories somehow lengthen when begun."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

July 13, 1834.

### THE GROUSE SEASON.

FROM the concurrent testimony of a number of Gamekeepers in different parts of Scotland, particularly in Perthshire, the prospects of the Sportsman for the "glorious twelfth of August" are remarkably favorable. In the latter county the pouts are numerous and strong, and from the late rains, water being abundant in the hills, no fears are entertained that any disease will attack them. In the Athol and Rannoch hills, the birds are unusually plentiful and strong, having made great progress during the favorable weather of the last six weeks. In Inverness-shire game is also plentiful and in fine condition. Many parties have already started for the Highlands.



## ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF HORSES AND PONIES.

Parvis componere magna solebam.—VIRGIL.

SIR,

**D**URING the hunting season it is not every man (however resolute he may be in the field) that has sufficient resolution to sit down and pen an epistle to the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*. That man is blessed in no common degree whose mind is so constituted and well disciplined as to enable him with facility, after laying down the hunting whip, immediately to take up the pen. After a day's hunting I have never even made an attempt to write, because I have always felt that the attempt would be crowned with no sort of success; and, between hunting days, I am almost ashamed to own, that, though I have frequently taken up my "grey goose quill," I have almost as frequently been obliged, after bothering my brains and thinking of half a hundred other things at once, forthwith to lay it down again. Doubtless a man might write a much more readable article inspired by a good run beforehand, but to get to the end we must have a beginning, and under such circumstances the difficulty exists in making a beginning: the task may seem easy enough in theory, but in practice it is quite otherwise. However, next season I am resolved seriously to make the attempt, for I am conscious that I, as well as many others, stand very much in need of inspiration. But, when Winter has melted away into Spring, and Spring in her turn has given way to Summer; when Town is full and the country

empty; when the amusements of the Race-course and the Regatta supply the place of the more exciting enjoyments of the hunting field; when the hunter is at his ease, and the services of the hack are at a premium—the Sportsman has no longer an excuse for being idle, but should contribute his mite for the amusement of others.

*Hæc animo versans*, Mr. Editor, I sit myself down to address a few lines to you, in return for the many entertaining and instructive ones that have been brought under my notice through the channel of your Magazine. *Dii favcant captis!* I have just dismounted from my favorite grey pony, and have two hours good before dinner to perform my task in. What shall I do for a subject? Shall I tell you, Mr. Editor, of the merits of my favorite pony, one of the very best hacks, in every sense of the word, in England? No, I fear that subject might not be interesting to general readers; but still I must have a side slap at him some way or other, so my subject shall be "the comparative merits of horses and ponies."

It is, and has for a long time been a favorite opinion of mine, that a good pony is the best rough-and-ready hack in the world. In a pony is contained within a small space what one might call the concentrated essence of strength and go. No one who has not experienced it can conceive the astonishing power of speed and endurance of

which the little Shetlander is capable\*. If a horse could be procured of equal strength and activity, for inches, in proportion to the Sheltie, what sum of money could be an equivalent for one of sixteen hands as a hunter? Such an animal would indeed, like the "winged Arabs" of the Desert, be worth a Prince's ransom. But the Shelties, though in the North they may be seen bestriddden by many a heavy "lang-legged chiel," are decidedly too small for any other purposes than to draw a garden chair, or as a child's hack and plaything. I shall, therefore, proceed to notice what I consider the most useful, though perhaps not the most handsome class of ponies in the country, namely, the Foresters, or common bred ones, such as are reared in the New Forest and in many of the commons and wastes in different parts of the kingdom.

It is generally supposed, and I am perfectly persuaded of the correctness of the supposition, that if you want to ruin a young horse, your best plan is to starve him whilst he is young; and it indeed seems perfectly natural, and according to the due order of things, that weakness of constitution and a want of bodily vigour should be the result of such a mode of treatment. Every rule, however, has its exception, and the case of the Forest ponies is a most marked exception to this one. Starved in his early youth, exposed to continual cold and damp, and sometimes in the winter from want of sustenance brought almost to the very verge of existence, the Forester, though small and stuntly in appearance,

is endowed frequently, nay generally, with a more hardy constitution and more untiring endurance than any other species of horse reared in this, and, I think I may add, in any other country.

Until he is three years old the Forest pony is scarcely ever looked after; and then he is caught, and taken up by his poor proprietor, who probably lives on the verge of the forest, or common, where the poor beast has obtained the scanty fare, which has but barely provided him during the summer, and in the winter has scarcely kept bone and skin together, exhibiting a shaggy coat, an immense pot belly (full, alas! of emptiness), ewe neck, big head, and ragged mane and tail. To look at him in this stage of his career you would suppose that a full-grown donkey was more than an equivalent as an exchange for the animal calling itself a horse, which presents itself to your view. A boy is then put upon his back, and a rusty bit in his mouth. The nag, however, goes quiet enough without any breaking, for in point of fact it is so weak and languid that a good stout man might push him down. If his owner cannot sell him immediately, he puts him into his cart, and, supported by a lock of hay at night, and the run (or rather hobble) of the common by day with a log on his leg, the little horse manages to get about pretty well; but in proportion as he gains strength his labour is increased, and frequently the wretched animal, after his youth of suffering, is crippled by the hard work put upon him in his fourth year, and

\* These ponies possess immense strength for their size, rarely exceeding nine hands and a half in height, and are perfectly docile.—F.D.

he is thenceforth consigned to the cart of the costermonger or travelling tinker, there to drag on in hunger and toil the existence which commenced in hardships and privations.

But let us turn from this scene of woe, and suppose our pony to be born under a more auspicious star. A gentleman sees him when he is first caught, and, as he flatters himself he is a bit of a judge, observes a good point or two; he has plenty of good feed to spare, takes compassion upon the poor starveling's hard lot, and supposing that he might in a year or two do for his bailiff to ride, or to run in a pony chair, makes his bargain, and for six or eight pounds transfers his purchase to a snug paddock, which, after the common, must be a sort of earthly paradise; "*sedes decretas piorum*." After a summer and autumn of jolly good living, with an improved appearance and a spice of the devil in his eye, the pony is in the winter driven into the straw-yard, and shares with the cows all the little *agrèmens* of a warm and sheltered shed by night, and a crib well filled with hay by day. During this time his master sees what an improvement has taken place in his nag, and in the spring gives orders for him to have a little taste of the saddle and bridle in the way of breaking in. Physicked, stabled, and clothed, the dust of four years is with no little difficulty extracted from his jacket, and his natural colour is at length opened to the view. The breaking is now no easy task; but enough is seen to satisfy the most sceptical that the little horse well knows how to use his legs. He is at length mounted by his master, who dis-

covers that the ragged rascal bought by him out of charity is by no means unworthy of his purchase money: he congratulates himself upon his bargain; and always supposing our gentleman to be a light weight (about ten, but certainly under eleven stone), he discovers, when his nag is five years old and in good condition, that he is without any exception the best hack that he ever obtained in his life at any price; and moreover, that, by means of good and generous keep, his personal appearance is so wonderfully altered and improved that no one could have recognised in him the least degree of likeness to the puny Forester, that was purchased at the edge of the common for the very sporting price of eight pounds!!!

Such, reader, has been the case with me; and I shall ever bless the hour when I rescued from the cart of the costermonger, where he would have "wasted his sweetness on the desert air," my gallant little grey.

The common bred ones with whom I am acquainted principally run from 12½ to 14 hands in height, and, as I have before said, a man of ten stone cannot be carried better than by one of them; and I may add they are equally good in harness. Of course for hunting nothing but a full-sized horse will do, whatever be a man's weight; but for coursing, and hacking about, give me a good pony. He will go with less fatigue to his rider, will stand more work, and moreover he has one grand advantage, he will not come down:—it is wrong, however, to boast about that sort of thing, so I will say—he will be more sure-footed than any.

horse: up-hill, down-hill, and over stones your pony will always be on his legs. Then again, their prime cost is not only infinitely less, but they can be kept in condition at a much less expense than a horse: their constitutions are twenty times as hardy; and if your stud consisted solely of them you would never be called upon to pay a farrier's *little account*. As a hunter for a young gentleman, or, in other words, a little boy, a Forester is unequalled. I have known an instance of a mere child mounted on one of them (which by the way was a capital jumper), who was by no means a very easy customer to tail off, even when the hounds were running; and, although you might put your horse to his speed, the little nag would be heard, if not seen, pattering away at a great pace behind you, and, what is more, keeping it up.

The best age at which to buy a Forester is, I think, four years. I do not mean to say that their goodness is universal, but it is very very general; and if a man will exercise a very small degree of judgment, he can hardly fail to obtain one of the right sort. The excellences of by far the greater part of these little animals are never discovered, for many pass their lives obscurely in slow draught work, overladen, strained, and ruined before they arrive at their full power of strength. Many of the large wastes in Surrey swarm with common bred ponies, and the breed of one common is by those knowing in the matter occasionally preferred to that of another.—The New Foresters are too well known to be mentioned here.

Of the Dartmoor and Exmoor breeds I know nothing, and therefore am able to say nothing. The *Welshmen* have long been justly celebrated. I have never been much in the way of them, though I was acquainted with one some years back which certainly was a surprising little animal for its size. Not more than 11½ hands in height, and infinitely more like a bear in his outer integuments than a horse, that nag must have been a trotter of no common powers who could shake him off in a two-mile trot on a level road. Poor Old Taffy! it must be owned, that, though as a trotter you were unequalled, that trot was beyond all question your fastest pace!

If a light weight wanted to be carried well with harriers in a hilly country, a common bred pony is the nag for him. I knew an instance (indeed I know the pony now) of a man being carried as well up to harriers as man need wish to be, on a pony of this class, certainly not more than 13 hands high, the rider being full eleven stone. To be sure the country was hilly, and the fences few, and so far it was advantageous to the little nag; but still the man's weight, the pace at which he went, and at which I have seen him go, and the jumps which he sometimes took, and which I have seen him take, were wonderful, and his hunter might be said to have been the lion of the neighbourhood: and besides all this, three times a week of this work was his pony's allowance; and who will not allow that that was a pretty considerable belly full? The mode in which this nag was kept might perhaps account in some degree for its

constant freshness and readiness for work. It was permitted to run loose in a paddock, where there was very little grass, and it always was allowed as much corn as it could eat, with constant access to a pond of water. I have never tried this mode of keep; though I should think that it was worth an experiment, for the wind and appearance of this pony bore ample testimony to its management being most judicious. Of late years Norwegian ponies have been imported by this country. From what I have seen of them, I should say that they were sad rubbish when compared to our own breeds, being slow, rather heavy, and without that sterling quality, *bottom*. However they are fancy looking things, generally fat and creditable to their master, and look very well in a low carriage, though many of them are of a nasty dun colour, with a donkey-like streak down the back and shoulders.

Unquestionably the *most* extraordinary feats have been performed by horses at different periods. I shall here mention a few that appear to me the most remarkable, and then shall subjoin a few of the exploits that have been performed by ponies, in order to shew, if possible, that, taking their size into consideration, the palm for speed and *bottom* must be awarded to the latter; and by this means I think I may be able to establish my principle, that a light weight may suit himself better with a hack from amongst a herd of Forest ponies, for ten or twelve pounds, than he may by laying out fifty or sixty in the purchase of one of the brethren of a larger class.

As far as regards actual speed the horse has, and must always have, from his size, a prodigious advantage over the pony; sixteen or seventeen miles in the hour, however, is no bad work for any horse; and we have an instance on record of a pony, who, in November 1822, trotted easily eight miles in twenty-eight minutes, over a two-mile course in Ashton Park. The feat of one hundred miles in twelve successive hours is said to have been performed in 1793 by Mr. Crockett's grey mare, with twenty minutes to spare, and was certainly a very workmanlike performance: but when we look to the pony side of the account, we find that the same distance was performed in 1802 by a pony, the property of W. Porter, Esq., in eleven hours and thirty-six minutes, with great ease. One hundred miles a-day for three successive days is indubitably a very surprising exploit; yet this was achieved by Mr. Corker's pony over the course at Newmarket, without distress; and I am not aware of an instance of a horse having performed this distance under the same regulations, though I will not take upon myself positively to say that such has not been the case. I have before said that I would institute no comparison in hunting and steeple-chase performances, but in this even one can hardly suppose that the pony would be much behindhand; for we find that in 1753 Sir C. Turner, Bart. of Berkleatham, for a thousand guineas bet with Lord March, rode a pony ten miles, in which he took thirty leaps, each leap four feet four inches high, to the astonishment of all

beholders, in forty-seven minutes. This I call no bad work, when one takes into consideration the size of the animal, the height of the fences, and the fatigue and disgust that a horse must feel at being rasped over so many fences in so short a space of time. But now comes the stopper, and it is a fence by no means easy to get over—viz., Dick Turpin's celebrated ride.—O hero! detested and despised for your crimes and infamous character, but respected and looked up to for your performances on the saddle! how can I on the part of my little friends the ponies produce an instance of a feat such as that one performed by that mare of mares, Black Bess, who must indeed have been a rare bit of stuff, and a great deal too good for such a scamp as thou! London to York! ..... by Jupiter, the distance is quite appalling—one hundred and ninety-eight good English miles!—this is indeed enough to make one exclaim with Dominie Sampson—“*Prodigious!*” Bess unquestionably stands unrivalled, and she probably will never hereafter be rivalled. I have, however, a pony performance to mention, which in some degree approaches this wonder, and shews most convincingly that the merits of the pony are not far behind those of the horse when bottom is the order of the day; for in 1814 a pony started from London with the Exeter mail, and, notwithstanding the rapid driving and frequent changing of horses of that vehicle, the pony arrived in Exeter a quarter of an hour before it! Exeter is one hundred and seventy-two miles from London, and therefore twenty-six short of York; but no one can

deny that for a pony the performance was truly surprising. One instance more, and I have done on this head. A Shetland pony, not exceeding eleven hands high, was matched in 1784 to run from Norwich to Yarmouth, and back again, which is forty-four miles, in four hours, carrying 5 stone. He performed the distance with ease in three hours and forty-five minutes. I think these few instances, which are all received as facts—and if we give credit to me, we have no right to refuse credit to the other—are sufficient to prove my position, that, taking their size into consideration, ponies are much more active and enduring animals than horses of a larger class: and I must add, happy are they who are qualified by their weight to be well carried by them!

But the pony not only shines as a hack for the saddle—in harness he is both useful and ornamental. According to my notions of good taste, there is no turn-out of any nature or kind soever so pretty as a pair of handsome ponies and a single-bodied wicker carriage. A neat equipage of this sort, when the horses, harness, and carriage are all well suited one with another, never fails to call forth my admiration. Of all the ungraceful vehicles in this or any other land, commend me, Mr. Editor, to a *one-horse shay*:—if the vehicle is a low one, the horse looks too high for the carriage; if it is a high one, it is impossible to avoid commiserating the poor brute, and condemning the cruelty as well as the bad taste of him who has placed his poor drudge in so unenviable a situation. What a life of misery must the poor wretched *fly-horse* pass, destined

as he sometimes is to draw a heavy vehicle, with three or four stout maiden ladies inside, and the driver and the *flunky* on the box ! If I were a horse I would prefer working the longest stage in the fastest coach, or be nearly killed in a run with hounds, than drag about one of those abominable fly's over London stones, or Bath stones, or any other stones. In the one case there are *compagnons du voyage* to beguile the way ; and in the other, the excitement and pleasure that the horse experiences stifle all feelings of distress. What a pretty joke it is that the old spinsters of Clapham should rail against the cruelty of hunting, and talk about the poor horses, forsooth ! when they think nothing of the wretched animals who slave in their heavy landau-fly's, laden sometimes with four insides and two on the box ! Egad, they had better look at home when they talk about cruelty, and reform their own abuses first. It is almost as absurd for them to talk about the "*poor animals*," as it was absurd and anomalous for the *pure and universally philanthropic and philosophic* manufacturers to affect tender and benevolent feeling on the subject of Colonial Slavery, when their own factories here, in this our own free Island of England, were filled, and their own gains augmented, by the sweat of miserable children, whose bodies became deformed, and whose days were shortened, by the barbarous and excessive labour that they were *forced* to undergo. But I am wandering from my subject, which is to me a pleasing one, to another which is not only displeasing, but disgusting ; so, "hark back" to the ponies, with a

malediction upon the head of him who treats one of their tribe in the same inhuman manner as heretofore, to our country's shame, the factory children have been treated.

For my part I wish to see one-horse chaises exploded altogether, of course excepting buggies, dog carts, *et hoc genus omne* ; not because they are all cruelly heavy—for some four-wheel carriages are much lighter than a cab or many a buggy—it is on account of the ugliness of these vehicles that I would consign them to the Devil. But, stay, many a good carriage might be lost by these violent operations ; so I would only send the shafts as a present to his Satanic Majesty, and put in their places a pole and splinter bars, with two nice ponies in the place of the nasty thick-legged old horse. And why should not everybody who agrees with me immediately make this alteration, which everybody will allow to be very superior as far as appearance goes ? Perhaps I should be told, in these economic days, that it will not do on account of the expense, as two horses are dearer than one. That position is an erroneous one ; for it is by no means an easy task to meet with a good machiner fit for a four-wheel concern, well broke, sound, fresh, and handsome, for fifty pounds—far otherwise : whereas I could undertake to buy for that money a pair of ponies, young, handsome, and well broke, and, I might almost add, harness into the bargain. Then, as to the keep—two ponies of 13 hands in height can be kept well on the same food that is required by one large horse in hard work. They will be more hardy, and require less of the farrier generally,

though on the point of shoeing they may stand in need of more. They will give an air and style to a vehicle, which, with one horse, would look stably and common place; and, moreover, will do more work, and go with more ease to themselves, and therefore of course to the driver.

Having, Mr. Editor, enumerated

these few advantages on the part of ponies, as they occurred to me, I shall now say no more, but, with a hope that next year we may see a larger number of pony carriages, accompanied by a proportionate diminution in the number of one-horse concerns, I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

RASPER.

June 30, 1834.

### THE DERBY AND OAKS STAKES FOR 1835.

**T**HE following is a List of the Nominations for these important Stakes, alphabetically arranged for the convenience of reference.

#### THE DERBY.

**THURSDAY.**—The First Year of a Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. —Last mile and half (to be run on the New Course, if ready).—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stake, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional Police Officers. Stakes to be made as usual.—One hundred and thirty-three subscribers.

Mr. Armitage's ch. c. by Velocipede, dam by Whisker, grandam by Cock Robin.

Mr. Batson's c. Luminary, by Lamplighter out of Plenipo's dam.

Mr. Batson's c. by Whisker out of The Balkan by Blacklock.

Lord Berners' br. c. Lamplighter out of Spinning Jenny by Juniper.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Advocate, by Partisan out of Duckling by Phantom.

Mr. Bower's br. c. Tom Basford, by Timour out of Countess by Catton.

Mr. Bowes's ch. c. by Catton out of Emma by Whisker.

Mr. Bristolow's br. c. Trim, by Edmund out of Mary by Friday.

Captain G. Bulkeley's ch. c. Honorificabiltudinitatibus, by Langan out of Delphine by Whisker.

Mr. Burgess's br. c. by Scipio out of Cantaloupe by Soothsayer.

Lord Chesterfield's c. Comet, by Emilius out of Octaviana.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Belus, by Emilius out of Babel by Interpreter.

Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Teddy the Tiler, by Emilius out of Worry by Woful.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Wilful Will, by Langan out of Weeper's dam.

Lord Chesterfield's c. Fergus, by Waverley out of a Sister to Tarrare (foaled in 1824).

Lord Chesterfield's c. Witless, by Wamba out of Rowena by Haphazard.

Lord Chesterfield's c. by Emilius out of Olga's dam by Soothsayer.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. by Whisker out of Pigmy by Election.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Whisker out of Shoveler by Scud.

Mr. Cooke's b. c. Quintus, by Emilius out of Katherine by Soothsayer.

Mr. Cooke's gr. c. Fop, by Stumps out of Sister to Coxcomb by Fitzjames.

Mr. Combe's ch. c. by Blacklock, or Langan, dam by Abjer out of The Duchess.

Mr. Combe na. Mr. Green's b. c. by Gaberlunzie out of Mignonette by Whalebone.



- Mr. Combena. Mr. Harzidanee's br. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Young Whiskey, out of Fungus's dam.
- Mr. Cosby's br. c. Jacopo, by a brown horse called Magnum Bonum (supposed to be by Cervantes) out of The Bravo's dam.
- Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. Wellington, by Cannon-Ball out of Psyche by Merlin.
- Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Burden, by Camel out of Maria by Waterloo :—bought at the Hampton Court Stud Sale 1833.
- Mr. W. Edwards na. b. c. Dover, by Patron out of Maid of Kent by Soothsayer.
- Lord Egremont's b. c. by Skim out of Centaur's dam by Orville.
- Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Gaberlunzie out of Gift by Young Gohanna.
- Lord Egremont's ch. c. by Greyleg out of Sola by Partisan.
- Lord Exeter's b. c. by Redgauntlet out of Miss Cantley by Stamford.
- Lord Exeter's ch. c. (Brother to Augustus), by Sultan—Augusta.
- Lord Exeter's b. c. (Brother to Marmora), by Sultan—Miss Catton.
- Mr. Gardnor's ch. c. by Rasping out of Morisca by Morisco.
- Mr. Gates's br. or ro. c. by Camel out of Friar Tuck's dam by Wanderer.
- Sir L. Glyn's b. c. (Brother to St. Nicholas), by Emilius—Seamew.
- Duke of Grafton's br. c. Brother to Octave, by Emilius out of Whisig.
- Sir S. Graham's br. c. Mohair, by Camel, dam by Whalebone, out of Ransom.
- Sir S. Graham na. br. c. Lentulus, by Emilius out of Brown Betty by Williamson's Ditto.
- Mr. Grant's ch. c. by Emilius out of Ally by Partisan.
- Mr. Grant's ch. c. by Emilius out of Worthless by Walton.
- Mr. Grant's b. c. by Mameluke out of Maiden by Orville.
- Mr. Gratwicke's b. c. by Emilius, dam by Phantom, out of Sister to Election.
- Gen. Grosvenor's Nautilus, by Skiff out of Icaria (Sarpedon's dam).
- Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. Red Muzzle, by Bizarre out of Barossa by Vermin.
- Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Troubadour, by Comus out of Jane Shere by Woful.
- Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Valentissimo, by Velocipede out of Samarcand's dam.
- Mr. Holliday's ch. c. by Mameluke out of Miss Fizzle by Whisker.
- Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Caliph (Brother to Circassian), by Sultan—Variety.
- Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Divan (Brother to Despot), by Sultan—Fanny Davies.
- Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Felix (Brother to Frederica), by Sultan—Fortuna.
- Mr. Houldsworth's Tauntonian, by Lambtonian out of Deposit.
- Mr. W. Howe's bl. c. by Defence, dam by Whalebone, grandam by Partisan out of Wowaki.
- Mr. Hunter's c. by Gustavus out of Seviglia by Figaro out of Sister to Arbutus (foaled in 1819).
- Mr. Hunter's c. by Gustavus, dam by Walton out of Medora's dam.
- Mr. W. P. Isaacson's b. c. The Brigand, by Emilius out of Sontag.
- Lord Jersey's b. c. Mahomet, by Sultan out of Cobweb.
- Lord Jersey's br. c. Ibrahim (Brother to Ishmael), by Sultan—Sister to Cobweb.
- Lord Jersey's ch. c. Silenus, by Reveller out of Trampoline by Tramp.
- Lord Lichfield's c. by Sligo out of Miniature by Rubens.
- Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo out of Ina by Smolensko.
- Lord Lichfield's c. by Emilius out of Sister to Spermaceti :—bought at the Hampton Court Stud Sale 1833.
- Lord Lynedoch's c. by Patron out of Selim mare (Sister to Fatima).
- Mr. Martyn's b. c. by Mameluke, dam by Comus out of Norna by Whalebone.
- Mr. Martyn's b. c. Macbeth, by Shakespeare, dam by Frolic, out of Mermaid.
- Lord Mexborough na. Mr. Wigram's b. c. Rustan, by Mameluke out of Miriam by Whalebone.

Mr. Mills na. br. c. The Philosopher, by Filho da Puta out of Selina by Nicolo.  
 Mr. Mostyn's br. c. The Magnate, by Battledore out of Archduchess.  
 Mr. Nowell's ch. c. by Muley out of Bequest by Election.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Bustard out of Clare (Marpessa's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell's ch. c. by Bustard, dam by Comus, out of Margrave's dam.  
 Mr. Nowell's br. c. by Giraffe out of Mufti and Mussulman's dam.  
 Mr. Nowell's br. c. by Giraffe out of Longwaist's dam.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Mameluke out of Miss Orville by Pendulum.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Calypso by Scrooser.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Eliza by Rubens (Conquest's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell's br. c. by Longwaist out of Prima Donna by Soothsayer.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Sister to Shuttle Pope (Strathorne's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Young Sweet-pea by Godolphin.  
 Lord Orford's ch. c. by St. Patrick out of Selma by Selim.  
 Lord Orford's b. c. by Reveller out of Angelica by Rubens.  
 Lord Orford's b. c. by Tramp out of Medina by Selim.  
 Col. Peel's br. c. by Filho da Puta out of Young Rhoda by Walton.  
 Col. Peel's br. c. by Emilius out of Fille de Joie by Filho.  
 Mr. E. Peel's br. c. Profligate, by Filho da Puta out of Pincushion.  
 Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Intruder, by Belmont or Paul Pry, out of Lady of the Lake.  
 Mr. E. Peel's bl. c. Cyrus by Camel out of Panthes by Comus or Blacklock.  
 Mr. E. Peel's br. c. Lydian, by Filho da Puta out of Miss Lydia by Walton.  
 Mr. E. Peel's br. c. Humphrey, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolenske out of Zoraida.  
 Mr. Pettit's c. Ibrahim, by Emilius, dam Pera, by Sultan out of Advance.  
 Mr. R. Prince's ch. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Master Henry, grandam by Precipitate.  
 Mr. Richardson's ch. a. Hornsea, by Velocipede out of Jenny Mills's dam.  
 Duke of Richmond's c. by Helenus out of Arbis by Quiz.  
 Duke of Richmond's c. by Camel out of Leopoldine by Walton.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's gr. c. by Tramp out of Flora by Camillus.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Tramp out of Neva by Cervantes.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Tramp out of Columbine by Cervantes.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Tramp or Comus, out of Y. Petuaria by Rainbow.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Emilius out of Linda by Waterloo.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by Chateau Margaux out of Marchesa by Comus.  
 Mr. Robinson's br. c. Stockport, by Langar out of Olympia by Sir Oliver.  
 Mr. Rush na. b. c. (Brother to Aeneas), by Emilius out of Pastille.  
 Mr. Sadler's ch. c. by Defence, dam by Selim, out of Euryone.  
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence out of Eliza (Eleanor's dam).  
 Mr. J. Scott's b. c. Itinesant, by Tramp out of Frailty by Filho da Puta.  
 Mr. Shard's gr. c. Vaultor, by Reveller out of Vaultress by Walton.  
 Mr. Skipscey na. Mr. Barrow's c. by Langar out of Alesto.  
 Mr. Sowter's b. c. Dunols, by Filho, dam by Election, out of Lionel Lincoln's dam.  
 Mr. Spalding's b. c. by Acton out of Cora by Waxy.  
 Mr. Spalding's br. c. by Lottery out of Lady Neville by Orville.  
 Col. Synge's b. c. by Number Nip out of Fenella by Woful, grandam by Walton.  
 Mr. Thornhill na. Duke of Cleveland's c. by Memnon out of Pucelle by Muley.  
 Mr. Thornhill na. Duke of Cleveland's c. by Emilius out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet.  
 Mr. Thornhill na. Lord Orford's ch. c. by St. Patrick out of Mulebird by Merlin.  
 Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Catton out of Darioletta by Amadis.  
 Lord Verulam's c. by Emilius out of Varennes by Selim.  
 Mr. Walker's ch. c. Curtius, by Emilius out of Quadrille by Selim.  
 Mr. Walker's b. c. Damon, by Young Phantom out of Aricia by Rubens.

Mr. Walker's ch. c. by Langar out of Velocipede's dam by Juniper.  
 Lord Warwick's b. c. by Middleton out of Niobe by Sir David.  
 Mr. West's b. c. Mad Tom, by Bedlamite out of Charming Molly by Rubens.  
 Col. White's br. c. by Camel or Mameluke, out of Elizaune by Filho.  
 Sir M. Wood's b. c. by Whisker out of Pastime by Partisan.  
 Sir M. Wood's br. c. Dromio, by Shakspeare, dam by Waterloo out of Prize (Sister to Premium) l, Aladdin.  
 Sir M. Wood's ch. c. by Partisan out of Scratch by Selim.  
 Mr. S. Worrall's Old Joe, by Sailor, dam by Poulton, out of Clearwell Lass.  
 Mr. Wreford's br. c. Free-will, by Sultan out of Mr. Fellowes's Escape.  
 Mr. Wreford's b. c. Welcome, by Luzborough out of Victoria by Tramp.  
 Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence, by Camel out of the dam of Mosca.  
 Mr. Yates's bl. c. Mammon, by Cain out of Matilda by Orville.

THE OAKS.

FRIDAY.—First Year of a Renewal of the Oaks Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—all other conditions as for the Derby.—One hundred subscribers.

Mr. Armitage's sh. f. by Velocipede out of Miss Garforth by Walton.  
 Mr. T. S. Begbie's ch. f. by Mameluke, dam by Election, grandam by Giles.  
 Captain Berkeley's b. f. Silver Fringe, by Helenus out of Goldwire by Whalebone.  
 Lord Berners' b. f. by Lamplighter out of Sister to Bulldog by Tiresias.  
 Captain G. Bulkeley's ch. f. Bucephalia, by Emilius out of The Odd Trick.  
 Mr. Burgess's b. f. by Hal out of Miss Gift by Glow-worm.  
 Mr. Champion's br. f. by Emilius out of Rough Robin's dam by Langton.  
 Lord Chesterfield's f. by Emilius out of Surprise by Scud.  
 Lord Chesterfield's f. by Malek out of Tourist's dam by Governor.  
 Lord Chesterfield's Eva, by Sultan out of Eliza Leeds by Comus.  
 Lord Chesterfield's f. by Reveller out of Ambiguity by Election or Blucher.  
 Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Whisker out of Shoveler by Scud.  
 Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Whisker out of Dromedary's dam by Sam.  
 Mr. W. Chifney's by Emilius (Sister to Marcus) out of Camilla.  
 Mr. Cooke's m. Mr. Lawley's ch. f. by Partisan out of Landscape by Rubens.  
 Mr. Cosby's br. f. Griseida (Sister to Pussy), by Pollio out of Valve.  
 Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Burden, by Camel out of Maria by Waterloo:—bought at the Hampton Court Stud Sale 1853.  
 Lord Egremont's b. f. by Skim out of Elfrid by Wanderer.  
 Lord Egremont's b. f. by Gaberlunzie out of Hazardous.  
 Lord Egremont's b. f. by Greyleg out of Rectory by Octavius.  
 Lord Exeter's ch. f. (Sister to Spencer), by Sultan—Dulcinea.  
 Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Sultan out of Marinella by Soothsayer.  
 Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Emilius out of Augusta's dam.  
 Mr. Firth's ch. f. by Mameluke out of Pranks by Hyperion.  
 Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. by Langar out of Lady of the Tees by Octavius.  
 Mr. Gardner's f. by Gaberlunzie out of Luna by Wanderer.  
 Sir L. Glyn's f. by Reveller out of Basaila by Smolensko.  
 Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Emilius out of Sketch-book's dam by Caleb Quotettii.  
 Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Master Henry out of Christabel by Woful.  
 Mr. Goodwin's br. f. by Camel out of Galatea by Anadis.  
 Mr. Onnaby Gore's ch. f. by The Duke out of Tib by Langar.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Emilius out of Minuet by Waxy.  
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Emilius out of Problem by Merlin.  
 Sir S. Graham na. b. f. by Sultan out of Emma by Orville.  
 Mr. Grant's br. f. by Tramp out of Valentina by Smolenako.  
 Mr. Grant's b. f. by Filho da Puta out of Orpheline by Orville.  
 Mr. Gratwicke's ch. f. The Margravine, by Partisan out of Frederica by Little John.  
 Mr. Greatrex's f. by Camel out of Martha by Merlin.  
 Mr. Greatrex's f. by Nonplus out of Zaire (Crutch's dam) by Selim.  
 General Grosvenor's Sister to Dick, by Lamplighter out of Blue Stockings.  
 Sir G. Heathcote's ro. f. Quaderoon, by Camel out of Loretta by Whitworth.  
 Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Kathleen, by Phantom out of Zenobia by Whalebone.  
 Mr. Henry's br. f. by Camel out of Monimia by Muley.  
 Mr. Henry's gr. f. by Camel out of Agner by President.  
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Tullia, by Emilius out of Torelli by Cerberus.  
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Rose, by Waverley out of Jubilee by Catton.  
 Mr. Hunter's b. f. (Sister to Forester), by Gustavus out of Young Pippylina.  
 Lord Jersey's Adela (Sister to Riddlesworth), by Emilius—Filagree.  
 Sir J. Dashwood King's ch. f. Proserpine, by Helenus out of Aura by Guy Mannering.  
 Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo out of Ina by Smolenako.  
 Mr. Marson's ch. f. Chance, by Patron out of Ramona by Whisker.  
 Mr. Mills's b. f. Miss Patch (Sister to Kate), by Lapdog—Effie Deans.  
 Mr. Mostyn's br. f. Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede out of Princess Royal.  
 Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. by Velocipede out of Sister to Rosanne by Dick Andrews.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Bustard out of Doll Tearsheet.  
 Mr. Nowell's ch. f. by Bustard out of Cameline (Sister to Camel).  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Longwaist, dam by Orville or Walton, out of Mufti's dam.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Longwaist, dam by Orville or Ivanhoe, out of Rantipole.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Longwaist out of Rosanne by Dick Andrews.  
 Mr. Nowell na. b. f. Brilliana, by Langar out of Theophania by Walton.  
 Mr. Nowell na. b. f. by Merlin out of Fawn (Little Fanny's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell na. f. Medea, by Mameluke out of Pasta by Seymour or Whalebone.  
 Lord Orford's b. f. Bodice, by Langar out of Stays by Whalebone.  
 Lord Orford's ch. f. by Whisker out of Elizabeth by Rainbow.  
 Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by Velocipede, dam by Partisan out of Jessy.  
 Colonel Peel na. Mr. Thornhill's (Sister to Cornelia), by Emilius—Scarpa.  
 Colonel Peel na. f. by Cain out of Penury (Sister to Pelican) by Olscau.  
 Mr. E. Peel's b. f. Eveleen, by Belzoni or Bedlamite out of Emmeline by Waxy.  
 Mr. Pettit's b. f. Kate Kearney, by Benedict out of Bravura by Outcry.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. Ottavia, by Tramp out of Octavia by Walton.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's gr. f. Gypsiana, by Tramp, dam by Cervantes out of Marciana.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. by Tramp out of Lunacy by Blacklock.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Veronica, by Velocipede out of Charity by Tramp.  
 Mr. Roberts's ch. f. by Whisker out of Cloudealey's dam by Scud.  
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by Jenkins or Phantom, dam Sister to Carthago (foaled in 1820).  
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence out of Eliza (Eleanor's dam).  
 Mr. Sadler's b. f. by Defence out of Tears by W'oful.  
 Mr. J. Scott's ch. f. by Catton out of Barbara by The Laird.  
 Mr. Shard na. bl. f. Vinegar, by Picton out of Wire by Waxy.  
 Mr. Skipsey's f. Violante (Sister to The Saddler), by Waverley—Castrellina.  
 Mr. Sowerby's b. f. La Pucelle, by Filho, dam by Hedley (Orion's dam).  
 Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Catalani, by Skiff, dam by Sauchó (Catalonian's dam).  
 Mr. Spalding's b. f. Lady Albert, by Langar out of Lady Easy by Whisker.

Mr. M. Stanley m. f. Madame de Jeck, by Langar out of Elephant's dam.  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius out of Mangel Wursel.  
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Preserve, by Emilius out of Mustard by Merlin.  
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Merlin out of Sheldrake by Scud.  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Merlin out of Sal by Scud.  
 Lord Verulam's f. by Filho da Puta out of Manille by Orville.  
 Lord Verulam's f. by Filho da Puta out of Brocard by Whalebone.  
 Mr. Walker's ch. f. Alice, by Langar out of Miss Crachami.  
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Guerdon, by Tramp out of Pauline by Moses.  
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Rose Roche, by Young Phantom out of My Lady by Comus.  
 Mr. West's br. f. Purity, by Filho da Puta out of Rachel Ruysch by Rubens.  
 Mr. Wilson's b. f. by Chateau Margaux, dam by Cervantes out of Juggler's dam.  
 Sir M. Wood's br. f. by Emilius or Lamplighter, out of Lella by Waterloo.  
 Mr. Wreford's b. f. Waresti, by Sultan out of Liverpool's dam by Whisker.  
 Mr. Wreford's ch. f. Termagant, by Luzborough out of Sentiment by Selim.  
 Mr. Yates's ch. f. Adana, by Sultan out of Rachel by Whalebone.  
 Mr. Yates's b. f. Vagary (Sister to Vagabond), by Cain—Gabrielle.

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### DESTRUCTION OF THE CALLENDAR DEER.

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SIR,

**T**HE ancient Caledonian Forest is a subject of deep and just regret in many ways. Nothing appears more inexplicable in the eyes of the vulgar than that the barren heights, which have long excited a sneer from Dr. Johnson and other southern travellers, should have ever been clothed in thick woods of our native timber; and the Naturalist and lover of hoar antiquity is content to pamper his imagination with the scanty accounts transmitted us of those distant times when the bear, wolf, and wild boar roamed in savage freedom through the great Scottish Forest, while herds of wild cattle and deer browsed upon its skirts; the capercaillie and the eagle keeping sway amid the stately oaks and fir-trees! That the whole of that elevated range of country, extending in a semicircular sweep from Stirling to the extremity of the eastern limit of the parish of Falkirk, was at one period covered with wood, ap-

pears more than probable even from its present aspect: the famous Torwood and that of Calender at Falkirk are the evident remains of this very extensive Forest: the Royal Forest of Dundaff (*i. e.* hill of heifers or deer) must have covered the high lands called still the Lands of Dundaff: the Royal Forest of Stirling undoubtedly covered the rising grounds to the south of that town; while the extensive mosses in this part of the shire renders it probable that even the low lands were once covered with trees.

It seems to have been the policy of our forefathers, as it now is the custom in America, to root out and remove these woods so as to fit the ground for pasture or the plough. Besides the demolition of the Caledonian Forest, of which Xiphilinus speaks, and which had its site here, there is every reason to believe that the natives, from economical views, joined, in after ages, in stripping

the country of its wood. Of this a striking evidence is afforded by the trunks of large trees still dug up in the neighbouring mosses, and sold in our markets for matches, which have often the marks of the hatchet or axe.

It is not at all surprising that when the country was thus laid open, the larger wild animals should have gradually retired. The period of the extirpation of the boar is rather doubtful; the bear only perished as a native of Scotland in 1057 (the very year, by-the-bye, when Malcolm III. killed the tyrant Macbeth, and founded the Monastery of Falkirk). The wolf, as appears by Hollinshed, was very noxious to the flocks in 1577; nor was it entirely extirpated till 1680, when the last wolf fell by the hand of the famous Sir Ewen Cameron. The more valuable animals, however, were preserved. Of the ancient indigenous oxen of this country two different breeds appear to have existed—the parents of our black cattle, and the celebrated white variety: of these last a few are still kept at Hamilton Palace. Of the three species of deer still existing in this country, it is rather a singular fact that the stag (*cervus elaphus*) appears not only to have formerly attained to a greater size, but that the horns are marked by a far greater number of snags than are ever produced by the oldest bucks now alive. Whether the wide wild range of by-gone days, and the unmolested freedom which they enjoyed, may have contributed to this, we know not, but we can remember that nearly thirty years ago one of the finest herds in Scotland was to be seen

on the Callendar estate. This wood contains now only about three hundred acres, and at the period alluded to was surrounded by a low wall scarcely five feet in height.

Sir James Livingstone, whom Charles the First had created Lord Almond and Falkirk, and afterwards, in 1641, Earl of Callendar, gifted to the inhabitants of the town the Old Cross well, "and all its fountains"—giving them a right to search and dig for water throughout his extensive possessions, and a regular stair was built, by which they had access into the wood\*; and although it continued to be long ranged over by hundreds who delighted to consider its sylvan shade the trysting-place of lovers, or the congenial retreat of contemplative leisure, there can be remembered no instance of wanton molestation being offered to the deer. This is certainly to the credit of the "Bairns o' Fa'kirk," and stands in pleasing contrast to what has often been the case in many parts of England.

"Our old race of deer-stealers," says WHITE, in that most delightful piece of rural writing the Natural History of Selborne, "are hardly extinct yet. It was but a little while ago that over their ale they used to recount the exploits of their youth, such as watching the pregnant hind to her lair, and, when the calf was dropped, paring its feet with a penknife to the quick to prevent its escape till it was large and fat enough to be killed; the shooting at one of their neighbours with a bullet in a turnip-field by moonshine, mistaking him for a

\* It will scarcely be believed that a few unthinking individuals representing the town, some time ago, parted with this valuable privilege for the immense sum of £400 !

deer," &c. Indeed, so far did these deer-stealers, who were denominated the Waltham Blacks, carry matters, that Government was forced to interfere with that severe and sanguinary Act called the Black Act (statute 9 Geo. I. c. 22); and when Dr. Hoadley, the Bishop of Winchester, was urged to re-stock Waltham Chase, he refused, saying, "It had done mischief enough already."

At one period it must have been a princely sight, when Queen Elizabeth, coming out of the great road at Lippock, reposed herself on a bank, smoothed for that purpose, and saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red deer, about 500 head, brought by the keepers along the vale before her. Not less pleasing was it for the numerous parties on a red summer evening to behold the trooping stags feeding and bounding on the lawn at Callendar.

We are not exactly certain as to the number which at any period were kept, but for many years they were allowed to increase without a single one being killed, and used often to burst out from a thicket in great droves, to the no little peril of the unlucky wight who disturbed them. So bold and familiar did they at length become, that, forsaking the range of their legitimate pasture, they leaped the wall, and committed considerable damage in the gardens and fields far around the wood. This had gone on for some time unchecked, for the deers were general favorites; but the complaints of the tenants, who had their crops trampled and devoured, became at length so frequent that it was resolved to extirpate the cause altogether.

At this time the *levy en masse* (a motley body of troops truly) and the town-volunteers were on duty, and having had no opportunity of ball practice against the threatened French invaders, and but poor applause for their attempts at a salute and *feu-de-foie* on public days, the gallant hearts of the corps were beating high to display their prowess in the killing trade, though the victims should even not be their fellows. It must be confessed, besides, that in those easy lax days of the Game Laws not a few kerns went under the suspicion of occasionally exercising their poaching propensities.

It may easily be imagined, therefore, what feelings were excited, when, by tuck of drum, it was intimated that every one who chose was invited to aid in the destruction of the deer! The word was passed, like a fiery cross, all over the country, and everything in the shape of gun, pistol, or blunderbuss, which had perhaps been rusty "family pieces" since the *forty-five*, was speedily furbished up and fitted with a carnouse, or new lock, for the coming slaughter.

The opening scene, as we have heard it described by more than one actor in the field, must have been of a rather spirit-stirring kind. Hope not unmixed with dread was there; those who were dead shots exulted in the unchecked gratification of their skill; and the very unusual nature of the affair itself, which might bring a good fat buck to the poor man's larder, lent energy to every bosom, and nerve to each arm. The fine settled weather of autumn had dyed the trees and underwood in all the

shades of red, brown, and yellow; and the quickly shortening days made it difficult to distinguish the colour of a deer when seen in the recesses of the dark wood, when the first party of stalkers (if so they may be called) commenced the campaign. A numerous, though motley body, variously armed, disposed themselves, not without skill, for approaching from different points; they formed something like a Scandinavian skaal, and had the unconscious herd securely in the centre. The general discharge which followed proved by no means so mortal as could have been wished, for, leaving a few killed on the spot, the deers broke from the ring of their enemies, and were instantly lost among the thick foliage.

When all differences had been adjusted as to the due appropriation of the prizes, a matter of no small difficulty, the party retired with a new view of the tactics to be employed, and "every man for himself" became the order of the day. It was now evident that an alarm had been spread among the poor stags. Formerly, they had divided the extensive policy between two rival bodies, each led by an old buck: now, however, as when some awful and common evil impends over a nation, the whole seemed to forget their ancient causes of hate and jealousy; and when they were ever seen on the open grazing grounds, it was in but small parties, which took alarm at the least cause.

Under these circumstances, the utmost *finesse* was required to get within a proper reach, and a great deal more to be secure from the bullets of some other party,

who, from an opposite direction, as will be seen, frequently fired upon the same game. For days and weeks the profitable but dangerous sport went on, and still the poor deer, tenaciously attached to their paternal brakes, only exerted their cunning to elude their merciless pursuers. On one occasion, a noble buck, whose branching antlers had for many a year been seen at the head of his division, was wounded, but too slightly to prevent his getting off. The two hunters, who were thus baffled of their prey, resolved not to lose it so easily however; and, after a toilsome search, the misty evening was fast closing, when they came upon his slot, which evidently betrayed that the stricken animal was much exhausted. They stealthily approached one of the hollows where a coal-pit had formerly been, and which, thickly overhung with hazel bushes and ferns, offered a likely retreat in such a case; and so it was—

"To the place a poor sequestered stag  
Did come to languish."

*As You Like It.*

But ere one of them could discharge his piece, the now desperate beast started from his lair, and resolutely stood at bay. With one furious drive he laid his assailant prostrate, and would have reeked signal vengeance on him had not his companion put a ball through its head.

It was remarked that the dogs, which at first were brought in aid of the chase, would never face a stag when he resolutely turned upon them; and more than one was killed by the horns of the deer, which had nearly proved fatal in another instance we may notice.



After a keen day's work, two brothers roused a stag from a thicket of brushwood, when one of them fired with partial success, wounding it in the leg. The animal immediately turned round, and, with his head lowered, was just about to give what might have been a mortal lunge, when the poor fellow cried to his brother to fire; but as the stag was between them, this might have been even more dangerous. With great force the deer struck at his foe, but miraculously struck the tree beside which he stood with stunning violence, and a lucky moment was afforded to pour a shot into his body.

A well-remembered character in Falkirk was "Hatter Jock:" whether for telling most ingeniously a good story, or boasting of his own courage, Jock had no peer. It was resolved, therefore, by a few of his comrades in the Volunteers, that he should accompany them to shoot a deer—a business with which Jock professed the utmost familiarity. With his musket and side-arms, therefore, we are to suppose this pot-valiant hero marching boldly to the fray. The game had now become shy in the extreme, and very often a dozen hunters fired from opposite directions at the same deer. When our friend had been wiled into the middle of the wood, the bullets began to rattle among the branches and dry leaves like Patagonian hail, and as Jock's common sense made him run to the nearest shelter, he stepped as carelessly as he could pretend behind a large fir; but, although safe from one side, he was of course exposed on the other, and a wag, by a well-directed shot,

lodged a ball in the trunk of the tree close by the terrified man's head, who threw himself on the ground and implored his comrades to see him safe out of the wood again. He could never understand how any one escaped the hair-breadth cross-firing, which that day afforded him talk for many a day over his can.

To recount but a few of the adventures which we have long ago listened to with boyish pleasure would far exceed our limits. We shall just mention that a certain paunchy pedagogue is said to have accidentally come upon a hind laying shot, and with a fine calf standing innocently by its side. Unable to remove the mother, he led the poor young one home *by the ear*; but, instead of attempting to domesticate it as a pet, he proved the excellence of its venison in his pot!

When the deers perceived that the daily persecution to which they were exposed could terminate only in their total extirpation, the bulk of them, with an instinctive intelligence, formed themselves into a great body, having a few fawns in the centre, and led by the most experienced patriarchs of the flock: in this order they were seen to get over the wall at the south-east corner of the wood, and at great speed made their way across the moors about six or seven miles towards the woods around Castlecary, where, and in the grounds of Cumbernauld, their progeny exist at the present day.

All that remains of the hunting which we have thus feebly attempted to narrate, besides the traditions of a few who joined it, are several preserved heads with the horns that still adorn houses

in the town, and will long be valued as relics of an occurrence, which, from its connexion with the scenery around the ancient mansion that has figured in many epochs of Scottish history, and from which latterly the ill-fated

Kilmarnock set out to join his Prince at the battle of Falkirk, might have claimed the wizard pen of Sir Walter.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. W. R.

Falkirk, 29th June, 1834.

### PROSPECT OF SPORT IN SHROPSHIRE.

**SIR,**  
**I**NSTEAD of a subscription, as heretofore, Shropshire is now about to establish two packs of fox-hounds under the control and at the expense of two Gentlemen of acknowledged ability in the field, and the county is again destined to occupy its ancient position in the Sporting World. Henceforth *resurgam in splendore* may be adopted as the Salopian motto.

The Shropshire fox-hounds, during the long period of their existence as such, unquestionably gave the greatest satisfaction to all parties; still of late the stimulus of rivalry and competition was a desideratum, to give a filip to their proceedings: of this in future there will be a sufficiency, and as each of the Masters of the new establishments has most handsomely declined everything like a subscription, it may be safely inferred that future measures will be carried on with the same liberal spirit, a feature which has long been the characteristic of both Gentlemen. At the same time, nothing could be more gratifying to the county than finding two members of its most distinguished families thus stepping forward in the manner they have done, and taking upon themselves the direction of this truly national sport for the amuse-

ment and gratification of its numerous admirers in Shropshire.

The arrangements decided upon will, in all probability, produce the happiest results; and those Gentlemen who for so long a period lent their aid and support to the old establishment, cannot but congratulate themselves upon their present brilliant prospect and good fortune at the management falling into hands so fully competent to its direction.

The points alluded to, and which have recently been finally adjusted, are the division of the *materiel* of the late Shropshire fox-hounds into two parts—Sir Rowland Hill of Hawkstone taking one, and Mr. Smythe Owen of Condover the other. By a very fortunate combination of circumstances everything has been concluded in the happiest manner both as to country and dogs. A very talented member of the house of Russell, for the purpose of effecting a certain great object, some time since most considerably divided the county into nearly equal parts; his Lordship's plan has been acted upon in the present instance, and Sir Rowland Hill takes the northern and Mr. Smythe Owen the southern division of the county. Perhaps each of these Gentlemen, and some of their followers, may

have favorite coverts in their immediate neighbourhood; but the impartial observer would have some difficulty in giving a decided preference to either country, so nearly balanced are their merits. The division of the hounds also has given perfect satisfaction to both Gentlemen. Sir Rowland Hill having expressed an inclination for the larger dogs, Mr. Smythe Owen, with much judgment and discrimination, at once assented; and the smaller dogs now constitute the South Shropshire pack, and are under the latter Gentleman's *surveillance*; and the ensuing season will in all probability place Shropshire, in point of sport, amongst the first counties in the kingdom.

It is generally understood that Lutwyche will be the extreme covert southward, which Mr. Smythe Owen will draw. Sportsmen on the Ludlow side of Shropshire are extremely anxious on this point; and great hopes are entertained that Mr. Smythe Owen will reconsider this decision, and occasionally draw some of the lower coverts, so as to give the before-named Gentlemen an opportunity of participating.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the merits of Mr. Smythe Owen as a master of hounds; his qualifications are well known, and

have frequently given interest to the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*. Sir Rowland Hill is newer to the field as a Master; if, however, he inherits a tithes of the requisites of the late Sir John, there is little to apprehend for the enjoyment of the northern part of the county, and the Sportsmen of that division may lay their accounts to a fair portion of all that is desirable in fox-hunting.

And here, upon the dissolution of a pack so celebrated as the Shropshire, it may not be intrusive to accord the meed of praise justly due to one filling a more humble sphere, yet of the greatest difficulty to hold to the satisfaction of all parties, more particularly with a subscription pack. The individual alluded to is Will Staples, the huntsman, and certainly, without any degree of affectation, he may take upon himself to say, that, for nearly twelve or fourteen years, he has contrived fully to justify the high opinion entertained of him on his *debut* with the Shropshire hounds, and to gain the goodwill and esteem not only of the members of the hunt, but of the county generally—a position very rarely attained by others in similar situations. φ.

Raven and Bell, Shrewsbury,  
July 16, 1834.

### TRAITS OF ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING—BY OLD HARKAWAY. THE PYTCHLEY COUNTRY CONCLUDED.

"Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo  
Seminibus —,"

VIRGIL.

SIR,

June 23, 1834.

IN the above lines the Poet is describing a race possessing "fiery vigour" and a "heavenly

origin;" I find it, therefore, not an inappropriate motto to prefix to my more immediate notice of

the Pytchley Hounds as I knew them in the days of Lord Althorp. As to the first, they eminently possessed it; and with respect to the last, if it cannot be proved to the exact satisfaction of a Cambridge wrangler, still, in a no very uncommon acceptation of the word, they indicated such descent. In common parlance, however incorrect, we say "a heavenly day"—"a heavenly sight," &c.; and *cerles* there never was to sportsman's eye a more *heavenly sight* than this same pack of hounds. I am not in possession of a list of names and pedigrees, nor, were I, should they be foisted in as a makeshift: but the son of Earl Spencer, and successor of the Wards, &c. could find but little difficulty in getting at the best of blood. They were the fullest size of foxhound, though under, in appearance, Lord Fitzwilliam's, or even Colonel Berkeley's; but, taken altogether, the best loined and coupled dogs I ever saw, which might seemingly abstract from their actual height when viewed collectively. There were among them a good many iron grey pies, not blue—a colour, which, as far as my humble observance has gone, stamps more real good hounds than most others. I have before said there were no remarks to make about them in the field, for their discipline was perfect; I never saw the least thing like riot in any one instance, or unsteadiness of any description. Northamptonshire was not then, nor is it I believe now, quite "*the thing*" with those who hunt for fashion's sake and no more: in fact, it is not a dandy's country; men who, like *Sir Charles Cropley* in the Comedy of the *Poor Gen-*

*tleman*, "hunt in Leicestershire, for that's the thing," and have no other motive or delight in it. But it was frequently visited by the *elite* of the Sporting World, exclusives, and otherwise, and it used to be often in the mouths of the old resident sportsmen, when they chanced to hear any such had arrived, "Well, I dare say they won't like our country, but they *can* find no fault with our hounds, let them have been where they may." And this was a self-evident acknowledged and striking truth. I never saw hounds that could *hunt* and *go* at the same time in the perfect style they did.

Among the many resident and country gentlemen who constantly hunted with them, there were so many admirable riders that it might be as hard as it would seem invidious to particularise or give pre-eminence to any; but there was one whose style was so exclusive, so entirely his own, and differing in a *main point* from all general acceptation as to the art of getting well with fox-hounds, that to notice him naturally first recurs to my recollection: I allude to Sir Charles Knightley of Fawsley. It is a generally accepted maxim in riding to hounds—at least I never heard it questioned—that to lose no time at fences is one of the *sine qua nons* towards keeping a good place: now this same Knight of Fawsley was *always* in the first rank, as often as not first, and yet with very few exceptions he almost walked through or crept over his fences. I do not mean to say that this prevented gates, stiles, &c. being taken as resolutely as need be when needs must, and indeed the Baronet's system and style of

riding was not more remarkable or extraordinary than was the perfection of training to which all his horses were brought—creep or fly, it was all one. They were for the most part thorough-bred, or looked so, many entire, all temperate, as I recollect snaffle-bridled, and so up to their business in this style that they lost no possible time: as little did their master; and though at first appearance it looked *slow*, yet he who had the good luck to ride alongside or near him very soon found out it was anything else. What this style of riding arose from I am not able to say—I have heard, because Sir Charles was near-sighted; but he went *straight*, however easily he took his fences, that such could hardly be. I imagine it to have arisen from studied system, the main point in which would appear to be the great ease to the horse's wind.

I once saw a splendid fast thing from Blackdown Gorse over the glorious Daventry grass country to Shuckburgh, an outside covert of (then) Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds, on the border of Warwickshire, which leads me again to notice Jem Wood, the first whip, as in my last I said I should have to do, in contrasting his style with a first-rate rider, by whom I meant Sir C. Knightley. It was a very cold spring day, but puggy, making for his point, went off, and stayed, with rather more than a side wind. There were a very fair number, considering the country and the pace, with the hounds all through, and among them was your humble servant; but I should say decidedly, that Wood, who happened to be very well mounted that day,

and Sir Charles were leading all through, and not a pin to choose. Now Wood went at everything, completely on the percussion principle; while the veriest old musquet that did not actually hang fire could not take it more leisurely, so as to be effective, than did him of the Bloody Hand: but Wood was never ten lengths in one of the large grass fields ere the Baronet was alongside him, apparently without any effort. How Sir Charles brought his horses to such perfection of training as hunters, I am not prepared to say, whether working with harriers or otherwise; but however it was effected, it must have been the result of much time and pains. Fawsley itself is the realisation of what one would dream of as the residence of a fox-hunter, nor is it otherwise uninteresting; it was at the Manor House of Fawsley that the Parliamentary party adopted their conclusive decision immediately on the eve of the great Civil Wars.

Had it not been for this peculiar system—as I pretend to no arrangement or classification in thus, I trust inoffensively, noticing the clippers of that time—Mr. Gurney, the Norwich banker, ought from all considerations to have come first and first, a place he was very fond of taking with hounds. In him indeed the Pytchley lost none of their character of having a welter who could make game of many of the light weights. If they once gloried in eighteen-stone Dick (Knight), well might they rejoice in their nineteen-stone Banker, than whom a more gentlemanlike pleasant man and tremendous rider never got on a horse at a covert side. If it had

not been that this gentleman stood short for his weight, though there was nothing clumsy nor inactive about him, I do not think he could, regardless as he was of price, have got mounted to go in the astonishing way he did. Tall horses he appeared to eschew altogether; and those I used to see him on were all of a *stamp*, though when closely looked into, they might vary in other particulars. They were all about fifteen hands two inches, short jointed, well bodied, and, though none shewing more than half blood, some none, extraordinarily active and thorough-made hunters; their legs and feet, as naturally may be supposed, of the *best and soundest* description, for what their fore legs had sometimes to encounter at down-leaps into roads, lanes, &c. was work for Hercules. I heard it said most of the eminent dealers had *carte blanche* to supply him when they met with one of the *rara avis's* that would suit him. The late Mr. Goold of Swaffham (who met with so melancholy a fate not long since) seemed to say in his letter to you in May Number last, that he brought many out of Norfolk; any way no man had better, and no man could or did go before him; and I have no hesitation in saying, that taking his weight into consideration, he was the most extraordinary man I ever saw in a field with hounds. He was remarkably pleasant, and, whenever there was time, driving dull care away.

Mention of this great workman brings Mr. Capel Rose of Cransley on, who was celebrated at this time for riding the tallest horse in England. This Brobdignag had been ori-

ginally bought by Tom Woodfield, the well-known dealer then living in White Street, Moorfields, for the express purpose of carrying Mr. Gurney; but certainly he was anything but that Gentleman's sort of horse, nor were his powers, I believe, equal to his height, which was extraordinary. Whether Mr. Gurney tried or had him I forget, but Mr. Rose, a medium weight, bought and kept him, I believe at a high figure. He was a bright chesnut horse, shewing a deal of blood, with very high fine withers, and the corresponding good shapes every way which so often in well-bred horses accompany them; perfectly symmetrical, and of the singular height of more than seventeen hands. He was a perfect made hunter, and temperate to a degree. I suppose, though not Mr. Gurney's kind, or perhaps up to so great a weight (he did not look it), he valued Mr. Rose's little, for he was very often out, and always looked well: indeed when a man once got accustomed to ride such a horse, he must, one would imagine, have found himself all abroad upon a common sized one. This big 'un was got by Cheshire Cheese, his dam unknown, to me at least.

The Rev. Mr. Isham, a star in any sphere where fox-hunting might flourish, possessed at this time a very singular nag, whose motto was "*Nullo Secundus*," whatever his appearance might be, but which certainly was such as apparently little justified his attendance on the Pythley, which however was more constant than some of seemingly higher pretensions every way, and, taking into consideration the place he inya-

riably maintained, astonishing. Parson Isham's black horse was not even a good gigster in appearance, a first-rate hunter in essence; he did the work of any other two horses, and throve well on it. I do not think he could have had a single drop of what is sportingly termed blood in his carcase. Where his Reverence, who, as may be supposed, knew as a sportsman right well what he was about, picked up this very particular piece of flesh, I never heard.

Mr. Elwes I alluded to in my last. He was an admirer of blood horses, and had some excellent ones: in all respects a sportsman, and one of those men who steadily and quietly are always with hounds.

Captain Thursby, of Abington Hall, was then in the 14th Dragoons, but used to contrive to be occasionally with his county hounds, usefully more than shewily mounted, and, without any apparent pretensions, a steady good rider.

Mr. Nethercoat, of Hazelbeach, I had to mention in my last: he was a very determined rider, and constantly out; but he either was unlucky, or he was not mounted as so good and straight-forward a sportsman ought.

His neighbour, Mr. Hanbury, of Maidwell, was well worthy to bear so sporting a *cognomen*—always in his place, and always at work in the most gentleman-like way.

The last season I was down, Mr. Otway Cave, of Stanford Hall, one of the most noted of the Pytchley coverts (then Mr. Otway of the 10th Hussars), was at home. He had three or four remarkably fine looking horses, and well above his weight; but they did

not appear to be nags who had done much business, and though he seemed very willing to put them along, I cannot say I ever knew them very conspicuous.

At Northampton there were always a good many staying, off and on, but few residents—I mean of course as fox-hunters; the most constant of these was Mr. Mowbray, who had a private establishment, and a stud of the best horses. He was enthusiastic in his fondness for the sport, and hunted every day in the week. The well-known race horse Touchstone, by Paynator, of whom he himself made a top hunter, was about the best in his excellent stud; but he had a Benningbrough horse, also thorough bred, and whom he got from Mr. Tibbit's, of Barton Seagrave, the owner of Pericles in his days of glory, which I think was one of the most perfect horses I ever saw. Though thorough-bred, he had fine action, with a bent knee, and his head in the best of places. A black horse was also another item in this collection worth looking at; as was a brown horse spangled with white specks. In the last year I am talking of, it received an addition in Oldaker, a bay horse, who had been picked out in the hopes of succeeding the well-known Brush in old Tom's confidence and affections; but the veteran was too far gone, and it did not suit. I do not know the reason, but I did not see this horse often out. He was a sweet horse to look at, and bore a high character. To resolute nerve Mr. Mowbray added an excellent judgment, and was certainly one of the most distinguished members of the Pytchley in those times.

In this same year Mr. Gully came to Northampton from Newmarket with five or six horses, all of a peculiar stamp, weight carriers, and all for sale (so said at least) at high figures, it being a matter, however, perfectly immaterial whether they were taken or left. These horses might have matched, so very similar was their appearance: bay, with black legs, short jointed, and the best forehands and heads I almost ever saw with the same style of horse. They were all made snaffle-bridle horses; and, if Mr. Gully was not altogether the most elegant rider in the world, he brought his usual straightforwardness into the field with him.

Among those who might be noticed as being off and on at Northampton were, Messrs. John Bruen, Wakefield, Fermor, Bowater, the Pigous, Sutton, &c. The latter Gentleman had some good nags always: two, I well remember—a brown by Pioneer, and a chesnut, thorough-bred, by Sancho—horses that really knew their business, and had it to do.

Colonel Allix, of the Guards, was one of the hardest riders yet noticed—he went ding dong at everything; riding horses generally of good power, who could go through as well as over.

Another Guardsman, Colonel Pack, was a very neat rider, and always as neatly mounted.

To pass over Mr. Davy would be impossible, and yet I almost wish I could, as to say what he was altogether is more than I am able—he was the epitome of a fox-hunting Gentleman, and a superior artist about horses, and, for the most part, made his own, at least I always used to observe he had a

young one or two coming up. The principal horses I recollect of his were, a darkish truss-made chesnut horse, a refined hunter; and a white horse, I believe a little queerish in one eye, and not the best feeder in the world, but who, when his day came, could, with Mr. Davy on him, do that day to perfection; this was also a strongish horse, not shewing much blood. The other was a darker grey horse, who shewed a good deal of breeding, and was a particular nice horse. Mr. Davy's hand was proverbial: like Paganini on the fiddle, four strings or one; so it was to Mr. Davy with a horse's mouth, he could do anything with it.

Mr. Bouverie, of Delapre Abbey, had probably more experience than any of the constant attenders, but he was in full vigour, well mounted, and seemingly as keen as ever. His son, Colonel Bouverie, since of such racing celebrity, was then oftener with his regiment, the Blues, than with the hounds; I did not see enough of him to allow me to speak of his merits over a country.

In noticing Northampton, I know not how I came to omit Mr. Doddington, who, for the goodness of his horses and liking to the sport, might claim place with any. He preferred thorough-breds, of which there some excellent specimens in his stable, with greater substance than they are generally to be seen. Two, in particular, principal horses—a bay, got by Richardson's Marske, a one-eyed one; and a dark chesnut, by Hadley, which he got of the late Frank Buckle. This gentleman had a strange peculiarity; though so well mounted, nothing could



get him to wear a scarlet coat, his engrossing colour was light grey, which he wore at all times, nor could he be prevailed on to have that made single-breasted.

To enumerate all the remarkable days I recollect with Lord Althorp's would fill your Number: so (as all along) I shall content myself with one, nearly the last I saw with them, and certainly altogether the best day's sport I ever recollect to have experienced.

Stanford Hall, the seat of Mr. Otway Cave, is at the confines of the Pytchley country, as well as the county of Northampton, touching on Warwickshire; it is a neutral draw between the Leicestershire and Pytchley, the former drawing it if it chances to come in their way when in the Harborough country. The house is, or was, a large old-fashioned one, but a most comfortable-looking residence, with however little or no pleasure grounds, and clothed but by a few trees. As I saw it then it was the picture of a fox-hunting residence, standing in a country which for miles and miles round cannot be exceeded. The covert, or rather coverts, are strong gorse: one stands above the house on a gentle rise as you approach it from Northampton, the other below it in the exact contrary direction. It is a fixture which always excites considerable expectation, as it generally holds a fox. There is no chance of his hanging, and in short there is nearly a certainty of top sport, whether it be as old Beckford has it, "sharp, short, and decisive," or this most splendid one, combining every feature which can well be conceived of fox-hunting in all and each of its best traits. It was the first week in March, and the

winds had been sufficient to air without drying the country. More than usual interest, too, was felt, as it happened to be a sort of spare day with the Meltonians and Sir Bellingham Graham's men, and it was known that they were to muster pretty strongly on the occasion. We at Northampton sent our horses over-night to Welford. The morning rose fine and fair, and when, after a twenty miles gallop, which, by the way, three of us who rather *slept in* did in a time that a wager might have been won and lost on, we found the hounds on the move from the house to the upper covert, and such a field as was a great deal more imposing in appearance than pleasant to contemplate the consequences of. King evidently did not like it; and he was also little pleased at having been told by Mr. Otway's groom, that when out soon after light with some of his horses, he had seen a fox cross from the lower to the upper covert. It was hardly possible to arrange or control such a crowd; and the upper covert was drawn blank, though of the groom's story being correct some of the best of these universally good hounds gave evidence. The lower covert was the next try, and on the way most energetic remonstrances were made to the field not to crowd or come within some hundred yards of the gorse. It was stronger than the upper, but not so large. It got all fair play, and was carefully drawn, blank. Long faces were plenty; but King had heard some of his trusty myrmidons speak in the upper covert in terms which assured him that the vermin was still there, or at no great distance; and he said he felt confident we

should yet find (which all were so anxious for) if the horsemen would keep aloof, and not cross a particular small road or wagon track, which he pointed out with some difficulty. This was managed; and he took his hounds into the gorse about half way up, when, strange to say, at the very farthest point, after a few challenges (they must have come right on him, for they burst all at once into full blaze), away went as fine a dog fox as ever was tallied, and which the groom swore was the same he had seen in the morning. He turned short down the side of the hedge-row which bounded the bottom of the gorse; for had he gone fair away, they would not have made twenty minutes work of it, so close were they at him. In the bottom he luckily got some trifling advantage, and he slipped out again down to the house and the small clumps about it, leaving the lower gorse untouched. The field burst away too like skyrockets, and, meaning not to interfere, rode wide of the clumps; but pug had gone such a pace that he too had cleared the clumps along a hedge and brook or wet ditch side unnoticed before them, and thus, unfortunately, the whole mass nearly crossed and over-rode the scent; so that when King with the hounds came out, there was not a touch or vestige. Although supreme that day (Lord Althorp was not out) it could not be said of King (Charles) that he was a merry Monarch, for I think I never saw so angry a man, and as if in despair, and to rid himself of the nuisance of the crowd, he spun Bluebeard over the brook and hedge (a yawner), and halloo'd his hounds. Whether he

thought the fox must have been headed (it was anything but his line, so dreadfully pressed as he was) I cannot say; but at this very moment there was, quite clear of the low gorse, a halloo on a small rise about half a mile a-head. The lucky start King had here saved the day. He got like lightning to the halloo, and though two or three of Sir Bellingham's men (youngsters), who seemed bent on mischief, followed him, still it was no easy matter to catch Bluebeard with a field's start or nearly. The field, the bulk at least, kept up the hedge side, crossed the brook at a gate, and got away to the left as they could. The hounds being now well on the scent and beginning to go, there was just time to get to them, and no more, ere the pace became serious, and the crowd so great, that I think the first mile was the most dangerous thing, from people following over fences and coming so close, I ever knew. I heard Mr. Davy loud in deprecation more than once—indeed there was much occasion. At last, the goodness of the pace, and no few falls, cleared the way, and those who could and would ride fair had a chance to enjoy the glorious grass country we were almost racing over. He held on the first few miles in the direction of Lutterworth, though still in Northamptonshire, to the village of Shawell, where he turned to his left short, in a parallel line to the road from Rugby to Lutterworth. Here, going into an orchard over an ox-fence, my nag struck a concealed rail, and over we came against a tree; luckily, however, I kept hold of his head. The orchard led into a farm yard out on the road, and

when I got there I just caught sight of Wood, nearly two fields a-head, as he was, for a wonder, not in front. Him I kept in view, hard set to do it, and dreading every moment to be flung, when just above Brown's Over, puggy luckily crossed the Avon, where the hounds checked for an instant or two, and as the last were taking soil, I got up. The river was not very wide or difficult, and another slight check, and a field or two's cold hunting on the other side, allowed my horse (a good one) to catch his wind. The line was now evidently for Coombe Abbey (Lord Craven's), and over the whole of the beautiful Warwickshire country, which may be best described as lying, as it does, between Rugby and Nuneaton; he took us, if not the best pace, next door to it. Coombe Abbey, or more properly the plantation next us, lay on a slight rise from the grass vale we had come spinning over, and in the field next this were (the first we had seen that day) four ploughs at work. This headed our resolute fugitive; and without hesitation he turned away full stretch until near the town of Nuneaton, where, bidding adieu to Warwickshire, more than twelve miles of the finest part of which he had crossed, apparently made up his mind for some Leicestershire refuge; but whether it was farther than he contemplated, or otherwise out of his latitude, could not even then be determined. He passed by Burbage, and, without check, or ever touching covert or hedge-row, absolutely stood about eight miles more grass before the hounds in the direction of Lutterworth,

where he was raced in to, in the middle of a large inclosure, after a run of two hours and twenty minutes, during which he was computed to have covered nearly thirty miles. The last twenty minutes were the fastest of the whole thing, and I never saw, in the same space and time, so many falls, or so many horses floored. About a dozen—among whom were, Mr. Gurney, on a horse (I think Mr. Goold alluded to in his letter to you as a Norfolk trotter); he was a complete cart horse to look at; but whose horse could go before him? Mr. Davy, on his favorite old white horse; Mr. Mowbray, on Beningbrough; King, and Wood; the latter on a nag few other men would have been seen that day on—were well up: some half-dozen or so more dropped in just after, and claimed place; the rest were all dead men, so could tell no tales. The mischief-makers were all among the last; and King told that he had the grim satisfaction of riding over the worst, a flashy fellow, on a fiery grey horse, as he lay in a large wet ditch, supplicating aid in terms that would have melted a hole in a grindstone; "but," said the incensed huntsman, "the undertaker may fetch you for me!"

It was the fashion then with these hounds to speak of all doings, runs, &c. in that subdued tone which it pleased His Grace of Wellington to adopt towards the unrivalled army he never did, in that respect, half justice to; so that it was—"a capital day's sport!"—"areal good thing!"—"a run worth going miles to see!" &c. &c. But I thought it far beyond these; and I had the satisfaction to know, that King

held it, "as one of the *very best* he had known in thirty years experience." Though came I fairly through it, *as well as the best*, I

am now, in respect of paper, regularly planted.

I remain, yours, &c.

OLD HARKAWAY.

### HUNTING IN SCOTLAND.

The Duke of Buccleuch's Establishment—Extent of Country—Williamson the Huntsman—Lord Elcho—The Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Pack—Mr. Ramsay of Barnon—The Fife Hounds—Mr. Whyte Melville—Captain Wemyss.

SIR,

I Fear you will scarcely find the few remarks I am about to make on Scotch Hunting worthy a place in your Magazine: such as they are, however, I send you them; and whatever defects they may possess, they have certainly the merit of being written in a spirit of perfect impartiality.

The Duke of Buccleuch's establishment, as the first in importance, and the only one of which I shall speak, kept at the sole expense of one individual, should first be mentioned. His country is, perhaps, the most extensive in Great Britain, and consists of every variety of ground, from the open moor to the smallest inclosures, and from the finest grass country to the deepest plough. Two circumstances, however, seem to characterise it—the one, that it holds a good scent; the other, that it has not two miles of level country from end to end, that is, from the Pentland Hills behind Edinburgh to the Border, a distance of sixty miles. I scarcely need mention that Williamson hunts the hounds, and whatever may be thought of his qualifications as a huntsman, there can be but one opinion of his merits as a servant; and it is somewhat singular that the best

poor man's servant should have fallen to the lot of one of the wealthiest of His Majesty's subjects. As a kennel huntsman he is not to be surpassed; and though his hounds certainly do not hunt a cold scent as well as some of the other hounds in Scotland, they run together over the country in a manner which at once proves judgment in drafting and excellent kennel management. And what is it but the head they carry that has gained them the reputation of being the fastest hounds north of Tweed?

Williamson has, in my opinion, one great fault, that of drawing his coverts down wind, and of never going in with his hounds. The only thing to be said in defence of drawing down wind is, that you thereby do not run so great a risk of chopping a fox; but what is this compared with the annoyance of seeing your hounds perpetually refuse to face a gorse? to say nothing of the disappointment of blank days, the inevitable result of so careless a manner of drawing coverts. With Williamson's voice it would be unjust to quarrel, as God made it, but it is certainly not cheery, and it is sometimes difficult to decide whether he is

rating or encouraging his hounds. This part is, however, merely mechanical, and they understand and obey him as well as if he had the most melodious of voices.

I am one of those who think there is very little difference in the pace of hounds of the present day, and that whatever difference may exist arises chiefly from the description of country over which they run. In the Duke's country there is nothing to stop hounds, whilst there are impediments of every description in the way of the horse, and this naturally makes those who follow these hounds imagine they go much faster than they really do. They are all, however, without exception, too fast for sport, at least for the thin fields and open country of Scotland, and I saw no less than five runs lost last season by hounds bursting their foxes in the first ten minutes; though with evidently a distant point to make, they began to turn short, and were immediately run in to.

Of Williamson I have little more to say; he has a method of his own in hunting hounds, and though it differs "*toto calo*" from the English manner, it may be well suited to his country, and is, at all events, a very *vulpecidal* method, as his having killed fifty-three brace of foxes last season amply testifies. But whatever may be his merits as a huntsman, it is impossible to withhold from him the praise of being a civil and obliging man, though his temper is not always proof against the unsportsmanlike conduct of an Edinburgh field. As a rider across the country he hunts, no one can beat

him, and in a hill-run few can see the way he goes. I cannot conclude this very imperfect account of these hounds without saying a word or two of the Master of them, who is, of all men I have ever seen in that situation, the most courteous, the most forbearing, and the *least selfish*. Though not a determined hard rider, he is a good sportsman, and is generally in a good place. If he had only three horses for his own riding, instead of three times three, he would be much better carried.

Since the establishment of a neighbouring pack, several of the best riders have left Kelso, but one or two still remain, who would go well anywhere. Lord John Scott and Mr. Robert Bailie of Mellerstein are the best performers I saw in Roxburghshire.

The adjoining country, with, I am sorry to say, a very ill-defined frontier, is hunted by Lord Elcho, and is about as superior to Roxburghshire, as Leicestershire is to Warwickshire. It is exceedingly to be regretted that any difference should exist between two such men as the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Elcho, who, had they been left to themselves, would no doubt have settled matters to their mutual satisfaction: whereas, the persons to whose arbitration the disputed points have been entrusted, have rather widened than closed the breach, and

"*Adhuc sub judice lis est.*"

The sensible plan would have been to have rendered the disputed coverts neutral, which would have ensured good sport whenever they drew them—at

least they would have always held a wild fox, or none at all.

Whoever may be right about the East Lothian coverts I know not, but there is one place in Berwickshire which should certainly belong to Lord Elcho, and that is "The Hirsell." The Duke cannot hunt it without his hounds being out one, and perhaps two nights; whereas it is an easy distance from the Dunise kennel; and I know no covert more likely to afford sport when regularly hunted; and none, when seldom drawn, so well calculated to prevent it. The Duke was only there once last season, when a fox hung in it for three hours, and beat them at last.

In consequence of an accident which happened to Lord Elcho's huntsman in the early part of the season, his Lordship was thrown upon his own resources, and obliged to hunt the hounds himself, which he has done to the great satisfaction of all who have been with him. He possesses, indeed, many of those qualifications which are generally allowed to constitute a good huntsman. No man of his age has more experience, and few have so much patience. His temper (and God knows how often it is tried) is good; he rides well to his hounds without a particle of jealousy (*tempora mutantur*), is quick at his casts, and understands the nature of the animal he hunts. His sport, considering the circumstances under which he began the season, has been unexampled: he has killed a great many foxes, and almost all in the open at the end of runs, many of which were of the first order. Of all his drafts, those from the Badsworth kennel seem the best, which

I am glad of, for the honor of Jack Richards. His country is a good deal ploughed, though the soil is light, and the inclosures large. He has some strong-holding coverts, full of foxes, but the generality of them are small, and at the beginning of the season sure finds.

The greatest defects of the country appear to be the number of sheep, and the manner in which it is intersected by lanes; at the same time I really know few finer lines of country than all that part of Berwickshire which extends from Stichell to the Hirsell, and thence by Dunse to the sea coast at Ayton, but it requires a good horse and a good man upon him to get over it.

The best performers in this country are Sir David Baird and Lord Elcho. Amongst the rest there are some very hard riders, but few who appear to me to know how to cross a country in an independent manner. They always remind me of children playing at "Follow the leader." Mr. Mackenzie Grieve, if he lives, which, seeing that he averages three or four falls a-day is somewhat uncertain, will turn out a first-rate man across country: he is light, strong, and a good horseman.

To the generality of your readers it would be useless to give an account of any of Lord Elcho's runs, but he had several which will long live in the recollection of those who saw them.

There is one circumstance which is such a bar to sport, and creates so much disappointment, that I wonder active measures are not taken to obviate it. I allude to the hollow state of the country. The fact is, that the far-

mers in Scotland take no interest in hunting, and will not *fash* themselves, as they say, about it; or what could be so simple as to stake the drains? Even the Gentry of Scotland care nothing about hunting, and consequently know nothing about it. How can it, therefore, be expected that the farmers should shew much anxiety in the promotion of a sport so little interesting to them?

I now come to say a few words of, in my humble opinion, the best pack of hounds in Scotland, take them for all in all—the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, under the management of Mr. Ramsay of Barnton, a good sportsman and a pleasant man in the field.—Scott, the huntsman, though he never rides to his hounds, has, by dint of kennel discipline, brought them into such command that he can twist them round his whip. They draw a covert better, hunt a cold scent better, and carry a better head, than almost any hounds I know. It is the fashion to call them slow, but hounds that can run nine miles from point to point in forty-five minutes go as fast as it is convenient for most horses to live with them. I saw them one day last season run away from every one along the turnpike road, and there were some of the *hardest road riders* out I have ever met with in any country.

Mr. Ramsay hunts the counties of Linlithgow, Lanark, and Stirling, to within a few miles of Edinburgh. There are parts of his country tolerably good, but, taken as a whole, it is deep, boggy, and ill adapted for fox-hunting. Bad, however, as the

country is, I saw last season five or six as fine runs over it as it has ever been my lot to ride to. They have a good deal of the Beaufort blood, which is generally considered the best in the world.

In order to continue my already too long account of Scotch hunting, I must cross the Frith of Forth into Fife, where there is, I believe, the oldest established pack in Scotland. They are under the management of Mr. Whyte Melville, than whom there does not exist a more obliging or more gentlemanlike man, whether in the field or out of the field; and I may add, there are few better riders to be met with in any of the provincial countries. Captain Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, has a share in the management of the hounds—I believe, in the *home department*; but whether in that, or in any other department, he is a good sportsman, and goes as straight as his weight will let him.

The principal part of this very extensive country is hilly and deep, with a great deal of wood. The Eastern side of the country is, however, chiefly grass, though unfortunately very short of game, not from want of coverts so much as from the vulpecidal spirit, "*horresco referens*," of some of its inhabitants. Walker, who hunts the hounds, is a clever fellow, though, like all other men, he has his faults. I must confess, however, that he is one of the very few huntsmen in Scotland who knows how to draw a covert, and to find his fox handsomely. His hounds are far from steady, which may arise from a scarcity

of game, and from their not having any good cub-hunting woods; but that they are a *tolerably* good pack is sufficiently proved by their having killed fifteen brace of foxes, and run several brace to ground in thirty-six days' hunting. In estimating the merits of a huntsman, it is right to take into consideration the difficulties he has to contend with, and certainly few countries ever presented more than Fifeshire. Many of these difficulties Walker overcomes by those invaluable qualities in a huntsman, patience and perseverance—qualities which he possesses almost to a fault. No man enjoys a run more than he does when hounds settle well to their fox, yet he is just as happy to kill him handsomely in a woodland as in the open. His eye to hounds is perfect, and I am persuaded no one can beat him in a straight thing over a difficult country. He makes his casts with a decision and rapidity that every one must admire, and the way in which he has brought his hounds to hunt a cold scent reflects great credit upon him, and proves that the only system is, never to lift hounds. When I add that he is a most civil and obliging man, I have given the sum total of his good qualities as a huntsman. I never like to dwell on the bad points of any one's character, and Walker's faults I shall, therefore, touch but lightly upon. Every one, however, who has hunted with the Fife hounds must have observed how intemperate he is in the language he applies to his men: they may sometimes deserve reproof, but nothing can justify one servant using such language to

another as he is in the habit of doing. The only other fault I shall mention is, the manner in which he treats his horse: I must at the same time do him the justice to say that I do not think this proceeds from any indifference about the animal, but from his extreme anxiety to be with his hounds at all times and under all circumstances.

In this very extensive country there are few fox-hunters, but most of them are good sportsmen. Comparisons are odious; and in mentioning the name of Mr. Grant I do not wish to detract from the merits of others. He is, however, a first-rate performer, and would go well in any country, and almost on any horse. He has, in short, nerve, hand, and judgment.

But I will not trespass farther on the patience of your readers, though I have yet a good deal to say on the other hounds in Scotland, particularly on Mr. Dalryell's Forfarshire Establishment. Within the Arctic Circle I have never been, except to hunt bears, and can therefore say nothing of Lord Kintore's excellent pack. I have, however, a lively and agreeable recollection of his performances in the Vale of White Horse, where Walker whipped in to him, and no doubt picked up many of those valuable hints which he is now turning to good account.

I have only to say in conclusion, that should you wish to hear anything more from Scotland on the subject of hunting, you may freely command the services of

Your obedient servant,

YAGUS.

July 16, 1834.



## NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

SIR,  
 "OF all the Gods and Goddesses," says *Cowslip* in the *Agreeable Surprise*, "give me a nice roast duck:" and is not every man entitled to a choice as little obnoxious to challenge as the savoury dairy-maid? To the spruce citizen and coquettish citizeness, "all smile and essence like Sir Bergamot" accord their own peculiar Epsom, with its Derby, Oaks, and *feux-de-joie* of Champagne artillery. To the Order Corinthian, predominant in St. James's and May Fair, Ascot, with all its courtly allurements, offers "quarry for their high ambition." Let Goodwood, with its good sport, good cheer, and the "*procul oh procul este profani*," woo the sons and daughters of fashion, when "the last rout of summer lies fading alone:" and Heaton Park make fair bosoms palpitate, and bright eyes rain "looks that speak" upon gallant Cavaliers, who, doffing the coronet a space, and donning the jockey-cap, condescend "to witch the world with noble horsemanship." It is well to have these various attractions, suited to all sorts and conditions of men. Like the man in the play, I love to see everybody comfortable; but to me they are matter of very secondary consideration and minor importance. Newmarket! thou art *my nice roast duck*; and when, as now, thou smokest upon the platter, shall I not sit down to thee? Shade of Apicius forefend! Though the bill of fare for this feast be not as ample as at other festivals, still has the banquet its "*pour*" as well as "*coultre*." To look at the sunny side

of the picture (I am no lover of the cypress shade), we will imagine thee, bland reader, one of the single blessed—of course in London, all the world is, there in July—a denizen of the West; for what have the *Oriental*s to do with the matter of which I am inditing? You would to the July Meeting; behold the manner! There needs no note of busy preparation; the races do not commence till three o'clock; at a quarter past 6 A.M. your buggy is at your door; you have three miles to do to Charing Cross: your horse is used to thirteen miles an hour; so, as the minute-hand of the dial of St. Martin's Church points twenty-nine past six, you pull up at the Golden Cross: in a minute more you are on the box of the Norwich Telegraph, and your box-coat folded round your knees. As the chime goes the half-hour Dennis drops his hand, and up the Strand you go. While they settle their load, and tie down the tarpaulin at the "Flower Pot," you take out your cigar-case, light your weed, and set at defiance the encroachments of the morning air on an empty stomach. The Sunday has been wet, and the absence of the water-carts is eloquent of the road's preparation. As you glide over Lea Bridge, the morning has burst forth in beauty and fragrance, and all Nature seems to chaunt the old

"Refrain—

Sweet is sunshine after rain."

Epping Place affords a *dejeuner* suited to the most fastidious palate: as the weather is sultry, you take a glass of soda and brandy at

Chesterford ; and at twenty minutes past one your journey is completed. A chamber-maid has brought you a basin of deliciously cold water, and a napkin fair as the lily which mingles with the rose of her blooming cheek ; and then a sandwich and a glass of Sherry sends you to the Heath "as happy as a sandboy." Such, reader, *may* be your fortune if you follow my example. This is not Fancy's sketch ; it *was* my actual arrangement to-day.

After the bustle to which the eye had been accustomed by the gaudy Cockney exhibitions of June, the town looked quiet even to dulness : this was the impression of the *first* glance : like a picture of the *Salvator's*, it required time to develop its features. Soon the true characters of the Metropolis of Racing began to shew themselves ; groups of men, scattered here and there, habited as English sportsmen alone are, and looking the business for which they were assembled, told you that mere idle pleasure had not brought them together. Lilliputian boys, in plain frock coats, with faultless boots and breeches, proclaimed the nature of their service, and the unimpeachable taste of the masters they served. Tiny graceful phaetons, with their pigmy active steeds, flitted ever and anon over the smooth surface of the Macadamized street, light as the fabled Camilla, skimming the yellow corn that bent not to the pressure of her footsteps. Within reclined "fair women," whose sires *had* been, as their lords *are*, the pride of England's Aristocracy, and the first and most gallant of her sportsmen. Nothing *mal-adroit* or unseemly mingled with or

marred the harmony of the whole ; no unnatural "fungus" from Tooty Street or Crutched Friars dangled across "an orse," in stocking net pantaloons, Blucher boots, and six yards of muslin round his neck ; no "bustling botherbys" propounded to you agonising questions in "orrible haccentuation ;" and, if we boasted not a crowd, what was deficient in quantity was amply made amends for by "*the quality !*" As *both* to-day's races (alas, for *that both !*) were the New Two-year-old Course, that is, the last three quarters of the Bunbury Mile, the trysting-place was beyond the Ditch : on arriving there, I found an infinitely larger audience than I had anticipated, a very crowded Ring doing most animated business, and, in fact, a promise realised to my eye which I dared not to have permitted my hope. All the "good men and true" were there, active in their *callings*, and some the pleasure of whose society ought to have been enhanced by its being so totally unexpected. Surely there must be for the Turf speculator some "sweet oblivious antidote," or how is it that your levanter is no sooner *down* in one place than he is up in another, like a duck in a horse-pond ? Shakspeare tells us, "Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back, Wherein he puts alms for oblivion ;" but here the old Tyrant of the scythe and hour-glass is not waited for to put all to rights : forgiveness treads on the heels of the offence in a manner startling to the most extended Christian charity—

"Perseverance, good my Lord,  
Keeps honour bright"—

a maxim, the truth of which is established by the practice of the

good Samaritans of the betting circle.

The first race on the list was a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 6lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb., New T. Y. C. For this five were entered, and all to go. The field was taken at 2 to 1, 45 to 20 agst Sir S. Graham's Zulima, 3 to 1 Sir Mark Wood's Charivari, 3 to 1 Lord Berners' Lamplighter colt out of Tippetwitchet, 10 to 1 Airy—Morotto not mentioned. I had heard that Lord Berners' colt had thrown out a curb, and I was astonished at the odds about him; but I suppose the disaster was not generally known. At the first offer they all came away together at a very racing pace, going thus to the Plantation: here Morotto gave in, in which he was succeeded at the ropes by the Lamplighter colt. Next Airy died away, leaving a very rattling contest between Zulima on the whip-hand, and Charivari receiving the whip-hand most audibly: it was a terribly severe business to the end, Connolly winning with the mare by a short head—so, as Madame Vestris sings, "the boy in yellow wins the day," but the boy in white was rather too near to be pleasant.

The Race of the Meeting was now to be decided, and as most of the business had been done upon it previous to the Heath being visited, the greatest proportion of the equestrians hastened to the saddling-stables. Whether in consequence of what transpired there or not, I am unprepared to say, but just before starting the odds took a complete turn; Mr. Greatrex's filly, by Camel out of Martha, taking

the first place at about 3 to 2 agst her; Kate Kearney receding to 5 to 1, but ultimately settling at 3 to 1. This Martha filly above named is a magnificent animal, and was "the observed of all observers;" she will be an ornament to the Oaks at all events, sink or swim. There was a goodly catalogue of twenty-nine, eleven declaring to start. After a due quantum of cantering, and all customary preparatives, the lot of youngsters was clustered, Kate capering about like a wild Irish girl in the guardianship of her countryman Connolly, as was fitting, Sir Mark Wood looking on with all the gravity of a trooper of the Blues. At the word "Go!" two or three turned tail, and a very considerable cry of "No go!" was the consequence. Kate Kearney had jumped off in earnest, and ran the furthest, but without mischief, followed by Constantia, whom, however, Mann had no trouble in stopping; and Sir Mark's Son of Aspasia scarcely needed Chapple's hint that it was a false start, so entirely *au fait* did he seem at his business. At the second attempt things went more prosperously, and away they all came together, with a crash that made the very Heath tremble—Kate again in front, and Connolly looking over his shoulder to see that all was right. Next her lay Chapple, with his sober-sides, shewing that his sedate manner was no evidence of his being a slow one: the pace was a "splitter" every inch, and, after a beautiful burst as eye could rest on, the JULY STAKES fell to the lot of Mr. Pettit and his filly Kate Kearney, who "took the lead and kept it,"

never having been headed: Arnull second on Mr. Hunter's Sister to Forester, also in next year's Oaks; and Chapple third, with Sir Mark's Camel colt as aforesaid: no others placed.—The pace, as I have already named, was excellent, and the party a very favorable sample of the two-year-olds of 1834.

In the Match which appeared in the list, the Duke of Grafton received half forfeit from Lord Exeter; and at a little after four o'clock the Heath was again as untenanted as an Egyptian desert.

#### TUESDAY, JULY 8.

At noon to-day we had a tropical shower, which lasted about forty minutes, converting the street into the appearance of the bed of a torrent; by two o'clock the sky had become again cloudless, and the sun beamed out with an intensity of force almost beyond endurance. At moments a kind-hearted considerate zephyr would fan the scorched brow, otherwise I do not see how it was to have been supported. This is market-day, and a pretty considerable muster is always the consequence; still the list, in spite of *both its races*, exhibited but little to exhilarate. That fatal number two! one feels almost inclined to think there is a spell in it: I never meet with, or hear the monosyllable "both," without calling to mind a story they tell of a worthy, in our Green Sister Land, who gave a dinner-party, the first course of which, to do the thing genteelly, was soup; the guests amounted to some half dozen, producing an inconvenience, inasmuch as the spoons were restricted to a brace. When was an Irishman ever nonplus'd?—

"Paddy," cried the host to the gossoon who represented the butler, "Paddy, where's all the silver spoons?"—"Yer Honour," replied the shoot of shamrock, with most unlucky candour, "sure *they're both on the table.*"—*Hinc illa lacryma.*

Notwithstanding the small inducement held out by the programme of performance, so natural to all who breathe the air of these regions is the love of horse-racing, that a large assortment occupied the other side of the Ditch at the hour indicated by the card for commencing the day's amusement. Industry was conspicuous among the gentlemen who speculate, at least if ceaseless activity be a criterion: a merciless vociferation of "Grafton—Spalding—Chesterfield"—weariest the ear, and died away along the waste of heath. At three o'clock came off the first of the two races, viz. Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each for two-year-olds not engaged in the July Stakes—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., New T. Y. C.; five subs., and three to start. For this Lord Chesterfield's Eliza Leeds filly was the favorite at 5 to 4; Mr. Spalding's at 6 to 4; and 2 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton. The start was managed without any difficulty, the three coming abreast together to the end of the planting. Here honest John Day, on His Grace's Florin, began to tail, and very speedily his light was extinguished. It was now a slashing thing between the other two, Wheatley leading stylishly with Madame de Jeck. They ran thus till within half a dozen lengths of the Judge's chair, when Flatman, with a real Newmarket rush, brought up

Lord Chesterfield's filly, and won cleverly by half a length. This is another promising scion of the Sultan stock, and I should imagine very likely to find friends for next year's Oaks. Madame is in the same Stakes, but don't appear as likely to be in favour; she is somewhat of the smallest, and her legs are scanty, neither of which is attractive.

Upon the move for the Duke's Stand being completed, the coming race, 50l. for three-year-olds 6st. 9lb., four 8st., five 8st. 8lb., six 8st. 12lb., and aged 9st., D. I., entrance 9gs., produced an uproar of offers, but, all being of one opinion, a corresponding lack of business. There was a field of seven, but Sir Mark Wood's Vespa had the call of the lot at even: nominally 4 to 1 was bid agst Catalanian, the same agst the Duke of Rutland's, and high odds the others; but I did not see one brought to book; in fact, the mare was looked upon as *safe*, and consequently speculation was paralysed. Everybody conversant with Newmarket is aware, that, without the faculty of being in two places at once, or a mount upon Plenipo, *which is the same thing*, it is impossible to see the beginning of a race Ditch In, and accounting satisfactorily for the finish. As soon as they were within sight, that is, at the Turn of the Lands, Sam Mann, on the lower side, was making all sail upon Catalanian, a couple of lengths first; next him, *on the path*, as downy as half a century could make him, was little Boyce with the Duke of Rutland's; above him, a length or so astern, was James Robinson with Vespa; then Chapple with Mr. Greville's,

the Shoveller filly and Lord Egremont's being then beaten. Within the distance *the child* began quietly to steal Amadillo in front, Catalanian yielding place to him. Twenty yards from home, Robinson said "can you?" to his mare, and ran with her well up to the leader, but not in time to catch him on the *right side* of the post. It was the Duke's race by half a head, poor little Boyce shewing more work by odds than his horse. Small blame to him, and little wonder, seeing the grilling day, the distance, and he not larger than many a child that I have seen rocked in a cradle. I would not presume to insinuate that such a master of his art as Robinson left it too fine, but I confess I am loth to have much on hands at the latest moment; and procrastination, proverbially a thief, may now and then take a fancy to do a bit of petty larceny in the shape of a 50l. Plate, and that, too, in spite of the most careful precaution. This is, I believe, the second public appearance of this fine little fellow, proving in both his attempts victorious: he rode His Grace of Rutland's St. Patrick colt for a 50l. Plate in the Second Spring Meeting, T. M. M., beating seven others. "*I made a jockey of him*," said Lord Robert Manners at the weighing-room door, as the race finished, and I think him likely to turn out a credit to his Noble tutor. As the carriages, together with the pedestrians and equestrians, moved townwards, it struck me that *malgre* all the croaking about this Midsummer Meeting, the gloomy anticipations were far from being realised; and I can feel little sympathy in common

with the man, who, having journeyed hither in search of pleasure, pronounces it "all barren."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9.

One of those sudden atmospheric changes to which our climate is so subject had taken place, and at noon to-day we had no sunshine, and the temperature, after the roastings to which we had been used, was almost cold; the Turf was in superb condition, and the list offered six Races, all more or less promising—here again, schoolboy fashion, the good bit being kept for the last. As the first was the last portion of the Beacon Course, high Change began at the Duke's Stand just before twelve o'clock; and the horrid din and confusion would have silenced the roar of "rude Boreas" in his wrath. Never was traffic more active among the Bulls and Bears of Threadneedle-street. *Jemmy, Jemmy!* what a trump you would have proved had Fate but antedated your career, and, with the worthies of ancient Greece, hadst thou sought renown beneath the Trojan walls! Surely amongst those whose power of lungs, equal as their prowess in arms, the "blind old Bard of Scio's rocky Isle" has immortalised, thou would'st have been in the van: even in thy hoarseness I had backed thee at 2 to 1 to out-Hector Hector!—The Town Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 4lb., and fillies 8st., Last Mile and a distance of B. C., entrance 6ga. So that, taking into consideration the entry of *eight*, each starting, and according to the articles paying four guineas, the *Town* was only troubled in its liberality to the tune of 18l. Mr. Perram's donation not hav-

ing been claimed this year as a marriage portion, the winner of this Plate was entitled to it—about 25l. more. Armadillo, the victor in the 50l. yesterday, was the favorite for this at 2 to 1, Zulima 3 to 1, Charivari 4 to 1, Morotto 4 to 1, and Wigram's at 5 to 1; the others not named. Here the weights were all against the young ones, Armadillo carrying 19lb. more than in his race yesterday. The pace all through was right good, the whole running well together to the Turn of the Lands. Zulima and Wigram's were here told out. At the distance the race between the three placed was beautiful, Robinson fearing, I think, at the weight, to begin too soon with Armadillo. Pavis was gently stealing away with his horse, which Arnall twiggling, set at it with Morotto, but it was labour in vain. The lead thus stolen for Charivari gave him the race; for the moment Robinson called upon his horse he absolutely *flew* a few strides, but there was no time for it, Pavis landing first a length, but not without plenty to do for it; Armadillo second, and Morotto third.

Match for 25 sovs. between Lord Tavistock's filly *Rasping* out of *Morisca*, 8st. 7st., and Mr. Pettit's *MacArab*, 7st. 11lb., Last Half of Ab. M. For this the Son of the "desert-born" was backed at all manner of prices from 2 to 3 and 4 and 5 to 1. As the distance was but half a mile, of course they got away for home without much recourse being had to science; Connolly on *MacArab* inside, Robinson on the mare stride for stride with him. At the Bushes they made a dead heat of it, but *Rasping* exhibiting

most riding: it was now a very bruising affair; at the ropes Robinson took his whip in his left hand, and administered the "condign" awfully—Connolly too flourishing "*the knout*," but without laying it on. Thus they ran up to the Chair, every inch contended for as though it was the Riddleworth, the horse winning hardly by half a length, with all his allowance of weight.

Match for 100 sovs. h. ft. between Lord Exeter's Sister to Baleine, 7st. 9lb., and Mr. Thornhill's Harum Scarum, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C. The betting was nearly even at first, terminating, however, at 6 to 4 in favour of the mare: this, however, was not Mr. Thornhill's view of the business, as I heard him declare if his horse did not win "he should never take him home." Never was there a more despicable attempt than this; in fact, a farmer on a mare, used, as the Act of Parliament expresses it, "for agricultural purposes," was with them all through; Natty on Baleine was first, Connolly on Harum, disgracing the sod over which he had ridden Priam and Plenipo.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for all ages (two-year-olds excepted), to start at the Starting Post of the B. M., and run to the end of the New T. Y. C. For this five had accepted, and a pretty accurate idea may be formed of the public estimation of this Handicap, from the fact of each of the party being valued at the same price, viz. 4 to 1. (For the weights see Calendar.) Previous to the start, Arnall took a rather prolonged canter on "Gab the Ghostly"—finding the old one, I imagine,

anything but supple in the hinges. On getting away, Natty was instantaneously dished with Rasping, her second trial to-day; Gab, on the whip-hand, going like a rocking-horse; Pavis on Sensitive leading down the fall—the pace miserable; consequently a tolerable unanimity existing among them. Thus they reached opposite the starting-post for the Round Course; here Tom Robinson crept up a little with Water Witch, making a kind of race home of it with Sensitive, who won cleverly, and is a strapping-looking carrotty lass, from whom better things were to have been expected. Mr. Clark placed Gab third, without, I conjecture, the necessity of putting his spectacles on, either to identify the steed or the place he occupied.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb., and three 9st. New T. Y. C.: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Now this *was* a race, every yard being desperately run from end to end. The favorite was told out early in the contest, and Lord Lowther's soon got to the *extremity*—I am ashamed to say to the "latter end:" at the ropes the struggle was most beautiful, ending in a dead heat between Ince (Arthur Pavis) and Mr. Sowerby's roan filly Constantia (Sam Mann). The young one had tasted too much of it, and just at the finish ran out a little, or she must have won it beyond a doubt. It was generally said that such a close job as this was never seen here; and, in my conscience, I believe it was a dead heat the *last half quarter of a mile*: they took stride for stride together, and any alteration in

the *step* must have decided it one way or other. After the dead heat there was a walk over and division of stakes.

The Chesterfield Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 5lb., and fillies 8st. 2lb., the Last Half of B. M.: the winner of the July Stakes to carry 9lb., and the second horse 4lb. extra. With an entry for these Stakes of twenty-six, containing Derby and Oaks nags without end, we had but eight to start. Notwithstanding the extra 9lb. upon her, Kate was at evens with the field, 5 to 4 being sought agst her, with horrible vociferation in vain; 2 to 1 agst Sir Mark Wood's colt by Camel out of Aspasia: the others not named: 2 to 1 on Kate and Aspasia agst the field. At the second offer they came away beautifully, Sir Mark's two jumping off in front, Kate next them, and the ruck lying well up. Thus they ran to the bottom—Connolly, on the little Irish girl, looking like a winner: but there was a hill to climb, and 9lb. dead weight to drag up it. Here Sir Mark's brace set-to, running up the steep like lamplighters, and *one* had a natural bias that way, being *putatively* a Lamplighter's daughter: and so it finished, Robinson first half a length on the Camel colt, looking "joy and exceeding gladness" on honest John Day, who, seated beside him on Leila's filly, held up, as it were, his countenance as a mirror for his smiles! Kate, by no means shorn of her laurels from this defeat, was third, and some other, I think Matilda, treading on her kibes. The win-

ner is a fine racing-looking colt. Of the second I do not think much; she is in the Oaks, but to my mind too dwarfish and scant of power for Epsom.

Altogether, I do not think the events of this Meeting tend to throw much light upon the Great Races of next year. We have had some good *running*, but nothing beyond mediocrity has come out. Goodwood promises something to lead the judgment, as many of the two-year-olds engaged here were reserved for their *debuts* on that fashionable arena.

Scarcely had the result of "the Chesterfield Stakes" been announced, than a general scramble took place to escape from the Heath, as if a pestilence had suddenly broke out upon it; and as I turned back, when I had reached the weighing-house, at the Turn of the Lands, to look upon the scene, where but a few moments ago all had been excitement and bustle, the devoted landscape looked as if the Destroying Angel had passed over it. But so, since Will Shakspeare's time, it hath been, is now, and, I suppose, ever shall be world without end—Amen.

"For time is like a fashionable host

That slightly shakes his *parting* guest  
by th' hand;

And with his arms outstretched, as he  
would fly,

Grasps in the *corner*; welcome ever  
smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CRAVEN.

Newmarket, July 7, 1834.



▲ SHY AT ONE OR TWO CLAUSES IN THE "NEW GAME BILL"  
—POACHING AND POACHERS—OLD GEORGE LAND, AN AMATEUR POACHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL, &c.

BY RINGWOOD.

SIR,

"THE New Game Act," as the Bill for the preservation of Game will continue to be called, till another (and I trust a more efficient one) shall supersede its powers, will shortly again be in full operation; and although I am aware that "men learned in the law" have given us their commentaries on this piece of modern legislature at full length, I hope I may be allowed the liberty of remarking upon the effects that may be produced by the working of two or three of the clauses contained in the said Act, as far as they regard the fair Sportsman, and the amateur and professional Poacher—terms hitherto not applied to these predatory gentlemen, but which I shall endeavour to explain in the following pages.

From the observations I have been able to make, one good has followed the passing of this Bill; and it is this—that poachers have ceased, in a great measure, to be the objects of such tender solicitude and maudlin pity amongst the ultra philanthropists of the day as they used to be. When a licensed dealer in game, with his name in large letters over his door, hangs up stolen goods—too often a part of his stock—in the face of day for public sale, it looks so like having come honestly by them, that the man of tenderest conscience can at once step in and buy according to his fancy; and the poor peasant, who used to be *supposed* to catch

pheasants and hares to prevent his sick wife and little children from starving, is now *supposed* to take them for the purposes of selling them. The term *poacher* is exchanged for one very resembling *thief*, and this once much-pitied character is suffered to be taken to the "donjon keep, unpitied and unsung."—"Mais allons." The clause that appears to me to be the most obnoxious, when carried to its full extent, to the feelings of true English Sportsmen is the 36th, an abstract of which will tell us this: "That when any person shall be found by *day* or by *night* upon any land in pursuit of game, and shall then and there have in his possession any game which shall *appear* to have been recently *killed*, it shall be lawful for any person having the right of killing the game upon such land, or for the *occupier* of such land, or for any gamekeeper or *servant* of either of them, or for *any* person acting by the order and in aid of them, to demand from the person so found such game in his possession; and, in case such person shall not immediately deliver up such game, to seize and take the same from him, for the use of the person entitled to the game upon such land." Brother Sportsmen, these are the words of the Act, and they ought to be printed on the outside of your canisters of gunpowder, and sent home with your stock of ammunition every succeeding season.

As the Lawyers say, we will now suppose a case, and the *venue* shall be laid on the estate of a Country Gentleman of moderate dimensions, although it would equally apply to My Lord Suffield, or Mr. Coke, or any of our great Norfolk gentlemen poulterers. A gentleman, incapacitated by age or infirmity, or not being a shot himself, invites a friend to sport over his land: he starts with him on his old pony, shews him the general outlines of his beat, witnesses a little of his friend's "ball practice," and having hinted the hour of dinner, and offered his wishes for good success, leaves his friend to fag alone. The birds are wild, and it requires all his corporeal and some of his mental faculties to be in full force to prosecute his designs with effect. Not being so exquisitely fastidious as not to carry his own game, we find him at about three o'clock with two or three brace of birds and a brace of pheasants in his pocket, and in full pursuit of a fine covey that he has just sprung without having had a shot at them. In spite of all his care and counter-marchings, they rise again, and again out of distance: but now, to his great delight, he marks them down just over the hazel fence into a small field of strong turnips, and having found them in the centre of his friend's land, where no doubt they were hatched and reared, and having imbibed his notions of sporting under the old Game Bill, and in the ardour of the chase, he forgets that this hazel fence is the line of demarcation or boundary of his leave, and enters fearlessly on unknown ground. Don has found them, and the old bitch is backing him

beautifully; he walks up coolly, and this time they rise within distance, and he adds another brace to the list of killed and wounded. Before, however, he has reloaded and bagged his game, he is brought up by a surly-looking smock frock-clad rustic, in appearance half-farmer, poacher, or gamekeeper, with pitchfork in hand, attended by a servant, a raw-boned youth, put under his especial guidance by the parish authorities: they have already seized upon the prostrate birds, and now demand him to "stand and deliver" the rest of his bag (for they can swear that the game appears to be recently slain) for the use and in the name of the landlord. For the sake of not interrupting "our case" in this stage of the business, the Sportsman, knowing it to be the "law of the land," and feeling assured that his friend will put the matter right (although I would not in reality answer or be accountable for what might happen from a high-spirited young English Gentleman thus attacked), yields up the spoils of the chase to these worthies, acting under and by virtue of the powers invested in them by the New Game Bill. Before parting, however, we will suppose the following dialogue (in substance at least) to pass between them.

*Gent.*—"Pray who is your landlord; and where does he reside?"

*Farmer.*—"My landlord is young Squire Western" (or any other Squire, Mr. Editor, you may choose to substitute); "but I can't tell you where he lives exactly; he ought to be in — shire, where his hall is; but he left England some time before his

father died, and keeps somewhere in foreign parts, at Rome I think they call it; but he never comes here: we always settle with Lawyer —, of —, and he gave me orders to *serve* everybody in this way I catch'd shooting over this land, particularly Mr. —'s people (your friend); and I dare say you know well enough they have never agreed since last election."

Here closes the conference; but we will pursue the text a little further. The proprietor of this land, so carefully guarded, may chance to be a young Lady, a Ward in Chancery, living Heaven knows where; or the fifty or sixty acres may be held under a College lease, or from the Trustees of a Charity. Now in either of these cases, who can be simple enough to suppose that any of these parties, collectively or individually, would be participators in the capture made by the trusty tenant? The fact would most likely be this—the Lawyer (not through any feeling of regard on the part of the Farmer towards him, but "for divers considerations him thereunto moving") would receive a moiety, and the remainder would be sent to market, or turned over to Missus, to bubble in the pot in inglorious companionship with bacon and cabbage.

This many of your readers may say is an extreme case—Granted: but in the opinion of many men much better qualified to decide on these matters than myself, the possibility of such a thing happening is a sufficient ground to protest against the existence of such a clause in any Act passed by an English Legislature.

Having shewn in what situation the fair Sportsman may be

placed, let us turn our attention to those clauses that particularly befriend those gentry who cater for the game-eating part of the public with French leave. The seventeenth clause enacts, "That every person who shall have obtained an annual Game Certificate shall have power to sell to any person licensed to deal in Game;" and, by the twenty-sixth clause, "Innkeepers are allowed, without licence, to purchase from any person empowered to sell it." Human ingenuity could never devise or offer a greater premium for poaching. The greatest and almost only difficulty the poacher had formerly to contend with is now entirely removed—viz. disposing of his prey after he had caught it.—3l. 13s. 6d. subscribed by a gang will empower Tom, Dick, or Harry, to march with a hamper of game in open day to the nearest poulterer for sale; and the law in this case is, as it were, made to wink at and protect, by a legal sale, the person who has obtained property illegally. The certificated man of the party in the nocturnal excursions of poachers, under the new system, is merely used as a wary beast of burden: no sooner have the party captured a few head of game, than the signal is given, and this bagman, as quick as lightning eases his companions of their booty, and retires from the onslaught to a comparative place of safety. Should the *Philistines* be out, the office is given "to bear from the land," and a few minutes generally place him on the high road, with his certificate in his pocket, the game in his pouch—and it is a thousand to one against any further difficulty besetting him.

I will now proceed to explain the difference between what I have before termed the *amateur* and the *professional* poacher; and first of "the professional."—Ever since I can remember, one or two of these gentry were to be found in every large town or village in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk (and most likely in every other county in England, but as my history is founded on facts, I shall confine myself to the precise part of the land whence my information is derived). To those who, in the lingo of St. Giles's, are honoured by being termed "fly," the appearance of our hero generally vouched for his calling. He was generally a man, as Byron has written,

"Who in his time had made heroic bustle.

Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,

Booze in the ken, or at the spelkin bustle?"

He was in the confidence of the head-waiters at the large inns, coachmen and guards, "*et id genus omne*," and now and then did a little in the "fair trade" with Will Watch and Co. If young, at the beginning of each season he would occasionally go out in person with the party; if in the sear and yellow leaf of life, he was the receiver and distributor of the labours of his brethren: but in whatever capacity he acted, remember, reader, this professional poacher always had an eye to the siller; the main spring of his actions was "lucre of gain."

The other class of poachers of the Old School to whom I am now about to introduce you, will stand perhaps as a sufficient proof that hunting is one of the strongest and most natural propensities

with which Providence has endued man for the purpose of affording him health and sustenance. To those who can study human life only through the medium of a London atmosphere, it will appear almost impossible that such characters can exist—that poor men can be found, who for the love of *sport* only, and after a hard day's work, with the gaol and the tread-mill staring them in the face, in cold dark winter's nights would eschew their beds and goon footmiles to assist in taking game, for which they received no further remuneration than the sport, and perhaps half a gallon of brewer's ale; but that such was the case can be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, should any one deem it worth while to investigate the matter. But this sort of labourer is now "worthy of his hire:" every head of game once in hand is so much money; and his wife, with basket on arm, now trudges off to one of her husband's old comrades, now a licensed dealer in game, who, knowing there is no Excise to take stock, never troubles his connexions with impertinent questions.

I have now in my mind's eye (and half an hour's ride would bring me to his cottage) such a character as I have just alluded to: aye, there he sits at the door, teaching a lurcher puppy to fetch (the property of mine host at the Magpie). Old Time has curved to a stiff bow his once elastic frame, and, as they say in the racing-stables, he has got a leg, viz. one much bigger than the other, swathed in flannel; but his white hairs cannot conceal the fire that still, on emergency, will light up his dark grey eye,

that so often has scowl'd defiance  
on his foes, when poaching

"Was his delight,  
On a shiny night,  
In the season of the year."

Yes, old George Land, now subsisting on parish relief, has been for more than threescore years an agricultural labourer, and, barring his love of sport, this ruling passion of his life, has maintained a character for honesty and industry with any man that ever ploughed a furrow. When life with him was new, thrashing in a barn was his usual winter's employment, and, coupled as George was with a hard-working brother of the flail, there could be no flinching. From an hour before day-light till past the "gloaming" this monotonous task continued, excepting about an hour's cessation in the middle of the day, when nature was recruited with bread and milk, or perhaps water, and forty winks in dumb forgetfulness. At length the night came, when we are told no man can work: down went the flail, and off started our hero on foot, with that enthusiasm which none but real devotees can know, to join his companions at a distance frequently exceeding ten miles. The sports of the night concluded, he would return to the barn-yard, generally occupied by fattening oxen, into the warm lair of one of which animals George would quickly betake himself, with a counterpane of straw, and the canopy of Heaven for his roof-tree; and there, till his companion (who well knew where to find him) roused him, he would sweetly slumber: then, without being troubled with the cares of the toilet, he would shake himself

like "a giant refreshed," and with garments saturated with the morning dew, or the night's rain, up flail and at it again; and this game he would keep up three or four nights in a week.

To what mart the game thus taken went George took no heed of, nor made inquiry concerning it. "If I wanted a hare or a pheasant to make a present of," he would say, "I always had it; but as to eating it, I don't think I ever tasted any kind five times in my life:" he never looked for any further remuneration for his share of the peril than the "value of a drop o'drink and the fun," and, if the season turned out lucky, "a crown or so" at Christmas.

I should like to see the Act of Parliament (omnipotent as it is said to be) that would prevent such a man as George Land from catching game. And did George go through his long career scatheless? it may be inquired — far otherwise. He has known what it is to be "in perils by false brethren," and in "prisons oft;" nor did any moaning or lamentation escape his lips on conviction: the risk of the penalty was the price of the article, and this, when called upon for, he cheerfully paid. He was wise enough to see, that if all laws respecting the preservation of game were done away with, his trade or amusement would be done away with also. Why should not poachers enjoy a monopoly as well as tradesmen of greater consideration in the community? The timid and the discreet are prevented from poaching from a fear of fine or imprisonment, not from want of skill or the dislike to the pursuit of game; and

therefore men of George's *caste* glory in the Game Laws.

Only let it be understood that on the first of September next every man was at perfect liberty to take and kill game throughout England, Scotland, and Wales, when and wherever he could find it, without any hindrance; and by Christmas-day (in comparison with partridges, pheasants, and moor game) black swans would be common in the British Isles; and this would put an end to the cant I even once heard delivered

from a pulpit (thanks to God not from a Clergyman of the Church of England!) "that so harsh and unna'tural were the laws inflicted upon the people by our wicked rulers, that the poor man was prevented from satisfying the cravings of nature by taking those wild animals, wickedly denominated game, which Providence in its bounty had no doubt sent for his special assistance."

RINGWOOD.

East Harling, Norfolk,  
July 12, 1834.

(To be continued.)

### THE GROUSE-SHOOTER'S CALL.

Come! where the heathier bell,  
Child of the Highland dell,  
Breathes its coy fragrance o'er moorland and lea;  
Gaily the fountain sheen  
Leaps from the mountain green—  
Come to our Highland home, blithesome and free!

See! through the gloaming  
The young Morn is coming,  
Like a bridal veil round her the silver mist curl'd,  
Deep as the ruby's rays,  
Bright as the sapphire's blaze,  
The banner of day in the East is unfurl'd.

The red grouse is scattering  
Dews from his golden wing  
Gem'd with the radiance that heralds the day;  
Peace in our Highland vales,  
Health on our mountain gales—  
Who would not hie to the Moorlands away!

Far from the haunts of man  
Mark the grey Ptarmigan,  
Seek the lone Moorcock, the pride of our dells:  
Birds of the wilderness!  
Here is their resting place,  
'Mid the brown heath where the mountain-roe dwells.

Come then! the heather bloom  
Wooes with its wild perfume,  
Fragrant and blithesome thy welcome shall be;  
Gaily the fountain sheen  
Leaps from the mountain green—  
Come to our home of the Moorland and lea!

J. W. C.

THE BILDESTON BREEDING STUD.

**T**HE Stud of the late R. WILSON, Esq., whose death was announced in our last Number, was Sold by Auction, by Messrs. Tattersall, at Bildeston, on Thursday the 10th of July, and realised the following prices:—

Bay Gelding, 2 yrs, by Albany :—Mr. Parker, 40gs.  
 Bay Filly, 2 yrs, by Filho da Puta :—Mr. Parker, 25gs.  
 Chestnut Yearling Filly, by Bedlamite :—Mr. Gapp, 14½gs.  
 Brown Pony, by the Teaser :—Mr. Edwards, 15gs.  
 Brown Mare, covered by Grey Comus :—Mr. Cass, 23gs.  
 Bay Gelding :—Mr. Dawson, 28gs.  
 Chestnut Filly, by Bedlamite, dam by Smolenako :—General Grosvenor, 22gs.  
 Chestnut Filly, by Bedlamite out of Xarifa, by Moses :—Mr. Munro, 22gs.  
 Chestnut Filly, by Bedlamite out of Gavotte :—Mr. Edwards, 20gs.  
 Bay Colt, by Bedlamite out of the Andrew mare :—Mr. Bent, 25gs.  
 Chestnut Colt, by Bedlamite out of Pincushion :—Mr. Shard, 115gs.  
 Brown Filly, 2 yrs, by Filho da Puta out of Twatty :—Mr. Maxwell, 125gs.  
 Lady Charlotte, 4 yrs, by Catton :—Mr. Kingston, 175gs.  
 Colt by Figaro, dam by Woful :—Mr. Munro, 32gs.

BROOD MARES.

Albany Mare, 4 yrs, dam by Tiresias :—Mr. Edwards, 26gs.  
 Agnes, by President, with a colt foal by Albany :—30gs.  
 Andrew Mare (bay), out of The Governess, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—Mr. Botham, 60gs.  
 Angelica, by Rubens out of Plover, with a filly at her foot by Mulatto :—Lord Orford, 400gs.  
 Coma, by Comus out of Priscilla, with a filly at her foot by Shakspeare :—Sir G. Heathcote, 52gs.  
 Caradori, by Centaur out of Catgut :—Lord Rivers, 39gs.  
 Daphne, by Williamson's Ditto, with a filly at her foot by Shakspeare :—Mr. Adamson, 31gs.  
 Dick Andrews Mare, out of Desdemona, with a colt foal by Albany :—10gs.  
 Dick Andrews Mare (chestnut), out of Hare by Sweetbriar, with a colt at her foot by Shakspeare :—Mr. W. Chifney, 30gs.  
 Dryad, by Whalebone out of Harpalice, with a colt foal by Augustus or Bedlamite :—Sir G. Heathcote, 84gs.  
 Eliza Leeds, by Comus, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—to Lord Chesterfield, 310gs.  
 Figaro Mare (bay), dam by Waxy, with a colt at her foot by Laurel :—Duke of Meiningen, 190gs.  
 Gavotte, by Election out of Coquette, with a filly by Shakspeare :—Mr. Tattersall, 60gs.  
 Hedley Mare (bay), Sister to Prince Leopold :—Mr. Grosvenor, 25gs.  
 Isabella, by Comus, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—His Majesty, 150gs.  
 Kitty Flanagan, by Orville, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—Mr. Dalton, 13gs.  
 My Aunt, by Pioneer, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—Mr. Gapp, 36gs.  
 Mervinia, by Walton, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—Sir S. Graham, 65gs.  
 Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, with a colt foal by Augustus or Shakspeare :—His Majesty, 120gs.

## BROOD MARES CONTINUED.

- Miss Lydia, by Walton, Sister to Miss Fanny, with a filly foal by Albany :—Lord Chesterfield, 130gs.
- Muley Mare (chestnut), out of Harriet by Selim :—Sir S. Graham, 70gs.
- Nanette, by Partisan, with a colt foal by Laurel :—Sir G. Heathcote, 315gs.
- Oscar Mare (chestnut), dam by Rubens (the dam of Camarine), with a colt foal by Lamplighter :—His Majesty, 310gs.
- Partisan Mare (bay), by Hambletonian, with a colt foal by Stainborough :—Mr. Bootham, 33gs.
- Pheasant, by Bustard, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—Col. Anson, 76gs.
- Pineashion, by Sorcerer or Williamson's Ditto, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—Mr. Maxwell, 105gs.
- Profile, by Rubens out of Effie Deans, with a filly foal by Mameluke :—the Duke of Meiningen, 155gs.
- Panthea, by Comus or Blacklock :—Mr. Yates, 100gs.
- Shuttle Mare (chestnut), the dam of Suffolk Punch, with a filly foal by Wrangler :—Mr. Featherston, 40gs.
- Smolensko Mare (bay), dam by Skyscraper, with a colt foal by Albany :—Sir M. Wood, 43gs.
- Smolensko Mare (brown), out of Zoraida, with a colt foal by Albany :—Mr. Gapp, 35gs.
- Soothsayer Mare (dam of Miss Craven), with a colt foal by Wrangler :—Lord Chesterfield, 120gs.
- Sabina, by Juniper out of Selima by Selim :—Mr. Calder, 8gs.
- Sprat, by Partisan out of Scribe by Woful :—Mr. W. Edwards, 33gs.
- Stainborough Mare (brown), dam by Smolensko :—Mr. Corker, 28gs.
- Stainborough Mare (black), out of Busk :—Lord Rivers, 28gs.
- Twatty, by Whalebone, with a filly foal by Shakspeare :—Sir S. Graham, 180gs.
- Vaultress, by Walton, dam by Election, with a filly foal by Reveller :—Mr. Sowerby, 185gs.
- Walton Mare (bay), Caccia Piatti's dam :—41gs.
- Whalebone Mare (black), out of Ransom, by Sir Peter :—Mr. Tattersall, 50gs.
- Woful Mare (brown), dam by Golumpus, with a filly foal by Shakspeare :—Duke of Meiningen, 100gs.
- Williamson's Ditto Mare (chestnut), out of Antelope, with a colt foal by Shakspeare :—Mr. Lines, 55gs.
- Woful Mare (bay), out of Phantom, by Hambletonian, with a filly foal by Shakspeare :—Lord Rivers, 56gs.
- Wrangler Mare (bay), dam by Tiresias :—21gs.
- Woful Mare (bay), out of Catgut by Comus or Juniper :—25gs.
- Waxy Mare (bay), out of Elve, Sister to Magic :—Mr. Shard, 21gs.
- Xarifa, by Moses, dam by Rubens, with a filly foal by Shakspeare :—His Majesty, 64gs.
- Young Rhoda, by Walton, her dam by Trumpator out of Cinderella by Dungannon : covered by Sir Benjamin :—Mr. Kingston, 15gs.

## STALLIONS.

- Shakspeare, by Smolensko out of Charming Molly by Rubens :—Mr. Pell, 165gs.
- Grey Comus, by Comus, dam by Evander :—Mr. Weatherley, 105gs.
- Sir Benjamin, by Whisker out of Scandal by Selim :—Lord Tavistock, 220gs.
- Wrangler, by Walton out of Lisette by Hambletonian :—Mr. Salter, 16gs.
- Brown Pony (a Teenager) :—Mr. Salter, 115gs.



## RACING IN JAMAICA.

SIR,

**W**ITHOUT any ceremonious introductory matter or apology whatever, I send herewith an account of our Races of the present year for insertion in your Magazine, presuming that the novelty of the communication will render it no less acceptable to you than interesting to a great majority of your readers. It is no less strange than true, while your most extensively circulated pages have afforded both amusement and information by the great diversity of Sporting Intelligence from almost all parts of the civilized world, yet that Jamaica, during all this period, should have formed a solitary exception; although I believe there is not to be found in any part of the British Empire more extensive Breeding Establishments, or where greater attention is bestowed, and expense incurred, in insuring the highest and most esteemed English blood, by the occasional importation, aspires, of first-rate and favorite horses. To a stranger conversant with the Turf, on first visiting our Annual Meetings, of which there are several held in different parts of the Island, the show of stock affords no less gratification than their performances strike him forcibly as being nearly on a par with those of any other country,

Jamaica, 20th April, 1834.

not even excepting England, and of which convincing proof is at times afforded, by Native stock beating imported English stock of previously established repute on the Turf. Lord Mulgrave, our late Governor, gave additional *eclat* to our Meetings, not only by his presence, politeness, and affability, but in contributing to the public purses, and running occasionally; and it is to be presumed that under his successor, the Marquis of Sligo, so well known in the Sporting World, this ever-popular British Sport will be upheld with increased spirit, not only as being most suitable to the country, in affording enjoyment to all classes and complexions without distinction, but by its tendency, in bringing people cheerfully together, to put an end to that spirit of party and faction irreconcilable with the liberal and sportsman-like feelings engendered on such exhilarating occasions. I fear the length I have run on, in this first communication, will deter you from wishing a renewal of the correspondence; but of which, for your satisfaction, be assured I shall be guided by the sentiments expressed in your ever-interesting Repertory of Sporting and useful Intelligence.

A COLONIST.

## ST. JAMES'S RACES.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1834.—  
The King's Purse of 100 pistoles:—

Mr. Moncrieffe's b. m. Annette, 5  
yrs. 8st. 4lb. .... 1 1  
Messrs. Dickenson and Harman's  
br. h. Paris, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Bowen's ch. g. Trinket, 3 yrs,  
6st. 11lb. .... dis.  
Won easy—time 6m. 5sec.

MARCH 12. — The Maiden Purse  
of 100l.—heats, two miles.

Dr. Roper's b. f. Gulsare, 3 yrs,  
6st. 11lb. .... 1 1  
Messrs. Dickenson and Harman's  
b. f. Elizabeth, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. ... 2 2  
Mr. Bowen's ch. g. Bob, 5 yrs. 8st. 4lb. dis.  
Won easy—time, 1st heat, 4m.—2d  
heat, 3m. 55sec.

This race created enthusiastic cheering in favour of Dr. Roper, who is known to be a fair and liberal sportsman. The rider evinced much skill, and, from the filly's fine condition, she appeared as cool at the termination of the race as when she first started.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13.—The St. James's Purse of 100l.—heats, two miles.

|                                    |       |   |      |
|------------------------------------|-------|---|------|
| Messrs. Dickenson and Harman's     |       |   |      |
| br. h. Paris, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.     | ...   | 3 | 1    |
| Dr. Roper's b. m. Coquette, 4 yrs, |       |   |      |
| 7st. 11lb.                         | ..... | 1 | 3    |
| Mr. Mouchett's b. h. Brisk, 4      |       |   |      |
| yrs, 8st.                          | ..... | 2 | 2    |
| Mr. Moncrieffe's b. g. Blucher,    |       |   |      |
| 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.                  | ..... | 4 | 4    |
| Mr. Davis's b. h. Camillus, 4 yrs, |       |   |      |
| 8st.                               | ..... | 5 | dis. |
| Time—1st heat, 5m. 54sec.—2d heat, |       |   |      |
| 5m. 55sec.—3d heat, 4m. 1sec.      |       |   |      |

This race excited great interest from the high repute of the horses entered, and has never been surpassed at our Meetings, as appears by the time in which the several heats were run.—The first heat was won cleverly by Coquette, closely pressed all through by Brisk, with the others saving their distance. In the second heat, Paris took the lead, closely run by Brisk, with Coquette well up, Blucher considerably in the rear, and Camillus distanced. The third heat was contested all through in equally fine style by Coquette, leaving Brisk some lengths in the rear.

We never witnessed the course more numerous attended, with a correspondent display of beauty and fashion. Vehicles of every description were in requisition, and the pedestrians mustered in great numbers. The good order which prevailed was no less gratifying to every admirer of this rational sport, than it was demonstrative of the enjoyment it afforded the assembled multitude, from the highest to the lowest; and we have only to express our regret at its unexpected termination, by the unprecedented refusal of the Breeders to run their usual Stakes of five doubloons each. To this cause also may probably be attributed the disappointment experienced in the with-holding of the

Purse for the beaten horses, as advertised, and consequently expected by the public.

This comment on the conduct of the Breeders, and the termination of the Meeting, produced the following explanation, in a letter addressed to the Editor of *The Jamaica Chronicle* :—

"SIR—In the very correct report of our Races, given in the last Number of the *Chronicle*, their very unexpected termination is attributed to the refusal of the Breeders to run their usual Stakes of five doubloons each. In justice to the Gentlemen Breeders, with your permission, I will explain to the satisfaction of the few public-spirited subscribers who came forward on this occasion how the matter stands. It has been an established understanding for a number of years back with the Breeders and the community, that on the latter giving two Public Purse of 100l. each, a Sweepstakes is to be run for by the Breeders, which, with the King's Purse, and that for the Entrance-money generally added to by the Stewards from the public subscription, so as to make a third Purse of 100l., gives five days' running—no less expected by the public than advantageous to a most industrious and deserving class of householders in the town of Montego Bay. At the late Meeting, however, (than which I have never witnessed one here more numerously attended,) the Stewards had not a sufficiency of funds to make good the Second Subscription Purse, and of course were necessarily obliged to appropriate the Entrance-money intended for Saturday's Race to make good the deficiency; for which, by the advertisement, had three beaten horses appeared at the post, they became liable. Having given the straight-forward explanation, it is evident that the unexpected termination of the Meeting is solely attributable to the *unprecedented* parsimony or want of public spirit in a very respectable portion of the community, many of whom, even with their families, were remarked to have been present, enjoying the amusement afforded at the expense of

the liberal and spirited supporters of this ever-popular British sport. It should not be supposed for one moment, as I have it on good authority, that Racing is otherwise a profitable pursuit to the most successful on the Turf, than as being the means of establishing the superiority of breed through their public performances; and by which purchasers of discrimination are guarded in their choice. It is to be hoped, however, that at the

time fixed by law for the next King's Purse a more liberal spirit will be manifested in the community generally; and that an earlier Subscription List, with a more active Treasurer, will ensure a Meeting, conducted in a manner creditable alike to the Gentlemen of the Turf and the wealthy and populous parish of St. James.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"SCRUTATOR\*."

### WESTMORELAND RACES.

THIS Meeting, affording as good running as the most fastidious Sportsman could have desired, commenced on Wednesday the 26th of March with the Maiden Purse of 100l., weight for age, heats, two miles four chains, and for which six as handsome maiden stock appeared as would do credit to any country whatever.

|                                         |       |
|-----------------------------------------|-------|
| Dr. Roper's b. m. Coquette, 4 yrs,      |       |
| 7st. 11lb. ....                         | 1 1   |
| Mr. Moncrieffe's b. m. Chance, 4 yrs,   |       |
| 7st. 11lb. ....                         | 6 2   |
| Messrs. Dickenson and Harman's          |       |
| b. f. Elizabeth, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. .... | 5 3   |
| Mr. Mouchett's b. h. Brisk, 4 yrs,      |       |
| 8st. ....                               | 3 4   |
| Mr. Burlton's ch. g. The Colonel,       |       |
| 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. ....                  | 2 5   |
| Mr. James's ch. f. Venus, 3 yrs, 6st.   |       |
| 11lb. ....                              | 4 dis |
| Time—1st heat, 4 m. 8 sec.—2d heat,     |       |
| 4m. 2sec.                               |       |

The first heat was beautifully and closely contested all through by The Colonel and Brisk with Coquette, who won it cleverly by a length; Chance and Elizabeth reserving for the next heat, by judiciously dropping distance. In the second heat, the whole went off at full speed, except Coquette, who lost several lengths at starting, but which she brought up within half a mile, took the lead, closely pressed by Chance for about two hundred yards, when she shot

a-head several lengths, and kept it all through, winning in fine style.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27.—The King's Purse of 100 pistoles, weight for age, heats, three miles.

|                                        |       |
|----------------------------------------|-------|
| Mr. Moncrieffe's b. g. Pepperpot,      |       |
| 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. ....                 | 1 1   |
| Mr. Burlton's b. g. Index, 5 yrs, 8st. |       |
| 4lb. ....                              | 3 2   |
| Dr. Roper's b. f. Gulnare, 3 yrs, 6st. |       |
| 11lb. ....                             | 5 3   |
| Mr. Mouchett's b. m. Britannia,        |       |
| 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. ....                 | 4 4   |
| Messrs. Dickenson and Harman's         |       |
| br. h. Paris, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....    | 2 dr. |
| Time—1st heat, 6m. 12sec.—2d heat,     |       |
| 6m. 15sec.—The actual distance run was |       |
| 3 miles 6 chains.                      |       |

SATURDAY, MARCH 29:—For a Free Purse of 100l., weight for age, heats, two miles, the following four appeared at the post:—

|                                        |       |
|----------------------------------------|-------|
| Messrs. Dickenson and Harman's         |       |
| br. h. Paris, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....    | 1 1   |
| Mr. Mouchett's b. h. Brisk, 4 yrs,     |       |
| 8st. ....                              | 2 2   |
| Dr. Roper's b. m. Coquette, 4 yrs,     |       |
| 7st. 11lb. ....                        | 3 3   |
| Mr. Moncrieffe's b. g. Blucher, 4 yrs, |       |
| 7st. 11lb. ....                        | 4 dr. |

Coquette was lame at starting, and in the second heat, when well placed, within a quarter of a mile of the ending-post, had her chance of winning destroyed by her leg getting into a slough or crab-hole.

\* We take leave to address the good people of Montego-Bay in the words of the Stewards and Committee of the Wolverhampton Race Meeting of Old England:—"As the success of the Races depends on the liberality of the Public, the Committee earnestly solicit their co-operation, in subscribing towards the heavy expenses incurred for their amusement."—ED.

A Purse of 80l. for beaten horses not distanced, weight for age, heats, two miles.

Dr. Roper's b. f. Gulnare, 3 yrs,  
6st. 11lb..... 2 1 1  
Mr. Burlton's b. g. Index, 5 yrs,  
8st. 4lb..... 1 2 dr.

This race excited great interest—Index, from his known fleetness, considerably the favorite at starting—both at their utmost speed running

neck and neck, and only won by a head.

In the second heat, after running head and head for half a mile, Gulnare took the lead, and won, hard in hand. She was allowed to canter over for the third heat; thus terminating a Meeting of three days of as good running, as has never been surpassed, if ever equalled, on any other course in the Island.

### BADGER HUNTING.

*Drawn and engraved by GREIG.*

**H**UNTING the Badger is not at present so frequently practised as it used to be at an earlier period in this country. The cause may be traced to the altered habits of those who now enjoy the sports of the field, as compared with the pursuits of their ancestors: indeed many of our ancient sports and pastimes may now be considered obsolete, or are only pursued in what may be termed upland or retired parts of the kingdom. They are to be found recorded in Strutt's noble work, and in the works of some earlier writers upon them. In Gervase Markham, the Badger Hunt is classed with that of the Fox! both being styled of minor or of petty consequence as compared with the hunting of the deer or the hare! How different now!

As the Badger feeds only during the night, and retires to his earth before sun-rise, he must be hunted (if it be done fairly) by moonlight, unless he is disturbed in his habitation, or accident should expose him to sudden attack; and even then, if great care and expedition be not used, he will earth himself before the dogs can conquer him.

The incident that afforded the subject for the present engraving arose upon the return of a party, of which I was one, from a look after an otter that had committed great havoc among the fishes in one of the branches of the River Stour bordering on East Kent. Disappointed at that time in destroying the otter, we were making the best of our way home to an early breakfast, when a portion of the soft limestone (the substratum of that part of the county) gave way, and tumbled a whole family of Badgers nearly amongst us. After a short chase, it was with the utmost difficulty, and only by the assistance of a labourer, that one of the old ones (the retreat of the other and three young ones having been effected) was brought to bay, and killed, after a very severe battle.

It may be unnecessary, but I cannot help adding, that the Badger fights most severely when laying on his back, using his claws as well as his teeth, and both with an incredible activity, biting home every instant, and at last is overpowered more by the number of his opponents than by their courage.

G.



Painted by J. M. W. Turner

## HARRY HUNTING.

*Painted by J. M. W. Turner*

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SOME FRAGMENTS FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE  
JAMES ELLA, ESQ. OF WYMESWOLD.

SIR,

THE only gloom that comes over even a *Hermil's* mind in fox-hunting is that which one feels when the season returns, when the hounds and sportsmen are again met at some well-known rendezvous, but when some old familiar faces are wanting, and when the crape or dark vest worn by some son or brother tells they are gone to that place "where the weary are at rest." Such were my feelings, and the feelings of all at the first meeting after the death of the lamented Goodricke: we all felt, and *showed* that we felt, that a light and a glory had departed!

Leicestershire had a heavy loss last year in Mr. Cradock: this year has robbed us of another veteran of the Chase, JAMES ELLA of Wymeswold, who, after seventy-two winters—more than fifty of which he had been known in the field—"went to ground" last month\*.

Mr. Ella began his sporting career under old Meynell. During his reign, and that of Lords Sefton and Foley, Tom Smith, "The Græme," Osbaldeston, Lord Southampton, and the late Sir Harry, he was well known in the Hunt as a breeder of good hunters, a strict preserver of foxes, a hospitable friend to sportsmen, and a frequent attendant in the field. Some of the very best horses in the Quorn Stud, and one or two purchased for His late Majesty by Mr. Delmè Radcliffe, were from his stables. He also sold one a year

ago to Lord Clanwilliam for a large sum.

As a chronicler of the annals of the chase few men were better companions than Ella. He remembered every distinguished run, man, horse, and dog, for the last half century: he hunted when there was scarcely a fence or a drain in the county, and he was, like most elders, "*laudator temporis acti*." I well remember hearing him say to a Nobleman—I think Lord Robert Grosvenor—"My Lord, you and I were both in the long run from this spot *forty-eight years ago*, when we had seven horses stone blind."

In the five hours fifteen minutes' run from Costock in 1795 he was one of the three "*survivors*."—(*Vide Jones's Diary of the Quorn Hunt*, in which Mr. E.'s name is honorably mentioned.)—Often when at the fire-side, and "running all the *chases* o'er again," would he dwell with delight on many of the hunting customs of his early days, one of which he termed "swearing in the youngsters." This always took place after a hard run with a brush at the end of it; when all the *colts* were obliged to offer up a bowl of punch as a libation to Diana, *stirring it with the victim's pad!*

During the last season our venerable friend still continued to avail himself of all the near fixtures—not on his once famous mare—not on his Vivaldi—not even on that beautiful grey pony for which Sir John Kay offered

\* I should be unwilling to make a joke at Death—I abhor profaneness; but the expression, which was one of his own, seems too *a-propos* to be altered.

100 guineas; but in his gig; and with his knowledge of the country he always contrived to see some of the sport. Some time in last January, I think it was, the hounds met at Six Hills—a fox was found in Mundy's Gorse—Ella was the first to view him break away, and never shall I forget his enthusiastic shout! Gout and dropsy were forgotten; he raised himself in his gig, bared his silvery head to the wintry gale, and moved his castor with all the glee of other days—

"And lighted up his faded eye  
With all a Hunter's ecstasy."

At that moment Colonel Cheney, who will be forgotten when Waterloo ceases to be remembered, rode up, and, delighted to see an old brother sportsman, grasped his hand with more than ordinary fervor. Whether from the warmth of the tug, or the restiveness of the Colonel's horse, or from Ella's forgetting he was not on horseback, I know not, but over the gig went—a complete summerset. Though the fox had gone off, and though the maxim is generally "*saute qui peut*," respect for the Patriarch of the Field drew hosts to the spot. Every one thought Mr. Ella, in his helpless state, must be killed! What were our surprise and joy on hearing him say, from under the vehicle, "Zounds! Colonel, if you charge me so again, you will send me to Davy's Locker, as you did those French Invincibles!" He was unhurt; and when, a few days after, he met the hounds at Stanford Park, he seemed to hold a levee for congratulations.

Ella had one foible: his long standing—for he was really the Father of the Hunt—gave him, as

he thought, some claim to be noticed in the field; and if he at any time encountered what he termed "a shirk" from any of the Grandees, he would turn his favorite mare's head homewards in mood of mind something like high dudgeon, declaring his coverts should be cut up, the foxes banished to Belvoir, and war declared against all Meltonians. But the next fixture saw him in his place—the slight forgotten, the slighter forgiven. Some fancied slight of this sort, after years of intimacy as fellow sportsmen, caused a coldness between him and that excellent and well-known Nimrodian Lord Ranccliffe; and I shall long remember the truly noble and handsome peace-offering His Lordship sent, nay brought, Mr. Ella in his last illness. They had not spoken for years: Lord R. had often missed the old Sportsman at the rendezvous: he learnt that illness was the cause of his absence; and, forgetting past differences, His Lordship stopped his carriage at Mr. E.'s door, sent in such a cargo of hot-house luxuries and other dainties as few Midland gardens can produce, and begged once more to shake the veteran's hand. "What's amiss with me?" said Ella, *blowing his nose* as the noble gift and Noble Giver were announced—"this is too much!"—He could not stand it! Oh how I love, all Hermit and half misanthrope as I am, to find and to record instances of feelings that do honour to our nature! They had quarrelled: Bunny Park was forbidden ground to the one, the Wolds to the other; but a brother Sportsman is ill; and His Lordship seemed to say, "He



shall not leave the world at enmity with me at least!"

The world, Sir, the whining, canting part of it at least, would represent Fox-hunters as devoid of thought, and sense, and all the better feelings. How do instances like this give the slanderers the lie! 'Tis true Fox-hunters, as well as place-hunters, and money-hunters, and fame-hunters, must die—

"*Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens Uxor:*"

but what I hold as a maxim is, that they generally live *longer*, and *better* too, than their detractors; that they preserve to a later period vigour of mind and body, and all those social and kindly feelings without which life is not life. Ella was a fine proof of this: the hale tint of his unwrinkled cheek—his sonorous voice—his steady seat and erect form on the saddle—would lead one, till his late and *only* illness, to take him, as we say in Leicestershire, "for a *forty* man."

Like most Fox-hunters, he had a heart "open as day to melting charity."

The "give-and-take system," of allowing our fields for the sports of others, and then, in our turn, dashing over theirs, constantly reminds us of that practical lesson so early taught us in our horn-books—"We are all dependent on each other's assistance: who is there that can subsist by himself?" Our Meetings will no more be enlivened by the presence of my valued and venerated friend: his tales of other times will no more cheer the gloom of my *cell*: he is gone! gone quietly, peacefully, and resignedly; and I feel a firm conviction that he will not fare worse in that world to which we are all hastening, because he joined in the sports of the field!

I am, Sir, &c.

*The Hermit in Leicestershire.*

The Hermitage, Wymeswold,

July 14, 1834.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**NEWMARKET** *Second October Meeting* 1834.—Monday: The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each, T. M. M.

Ld. Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb.

Ld. Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs, 9st. 5lb.

Sir M. Wood's Vespa, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 3 yrs, 8st. 3lb.

Sir F. Johnstone's f. by Merlin, dam by Phantom, grandam by Pericles out of Mary (foaled in 1817), 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb.

*July Meeting* 1835.—Tuesday: The following are the Nominations for the July Stakes:—

Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Saracen out of Zeal.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Zinganez out of Problem.

Sir M. Wood's b. c. by Whisker or Cetus, dam by Blacklock out of Altisidora.

Sir M. Wood na. Mr. Greville's b. c. Martello, by Defence, dam by Moaes.

Colonel Peel's c. by Bedlamite out of Jason's dam.

Colonel Peel's br. c. by Emilius out of Versatility.

Duke of Rutland na. Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Corunna, by Skiff, dam by Sancho (Catalonian's dam).

Lord Exeter's Mueszin.

Lord Exeter's Sister to Green Mantle.

Lord Exeter's f. by The Colonel out of Lamia.

Mr. Sowerby's b. f. Tamburini, by Skiff out of Toso.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by The Colonel, dam by Pyramus out of Euphrasia by Rubens.

Mr. S. Graham na. b. c. by Emilius out of Bupta (Zany's dam).  
 Mr. W. P. Isaacson na. Mr. Barrett's Zingaro by Zingane. *c.*  
 Mr. Henry na. ch. f. by St. Hubert (by Williamon's Ditto out of Mockbird's dam), dam by Woful.  
 Mr. Hunter's f. by Partisan out of Young Pippylina.  
 Gen. Groavener's c. by Zingane out of Blue-stockings.  
 Lord Chesterfield's c. by Velocipede out of Dahlia.  
 Lord Chesterfield's f. by Partisan out of Flouence.  
 Lord Tavistock na. Odessa, Sister to Ishmael.  
 Lord Orford's b. c. by Langar out of Spavina.  
 Mr. Greatrex na. Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Humphrey Clinker, dam Poussette, by Friday.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Volante, by Velocipede out of Charly by Tramp.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Tramp out of Columbine by Cervantes.  
 Mr. Pettit's b. c. Brother to Ibrahim by Emilius.  
 Mr. Pettit's ch. c. Professor, by Wiseacre, dam by Eglinton out of Bravura.  
 Mr. W. Chifney's c. Brother to Glaucus.  
 Mr. W. Chifney's c. Brother to Emilianna.  
 Mr. R. Prince na. c. El Pastor, by Guerilla out of Miss Tree.

The Chesterfield Stakes, on the Thursday in this Meeting, have closed with 34 subscribers, the nominations for which we shall give in our next Number.

The Nominations for the DERBY 1836 have closed with 130, and for the OAKS with 100 subscribers.

Lord Lowther has sold Brother to Glaucus, now a yearling, to Mr. W. Chifney for 500 guineas. This colt is engaged in the next July and Chesterfield Stakes.

Sir James Boswell has purchased of George Crompton, Esq. Mellerstein, by Corinthian, for 550 guineas.

The venerable and truly Noble the Earl of Derby has signified his intention of giving an Annual Plate of 80 sovs. to be run for on the second day of the future Liverpool Aintree Meetings.

#### RACES TO COME.

Worcester ..... August 5  
 York ..... 5  
 The Pottery ..... 5  
 Bedford ..... 6  
 Brighton ..... 6

Sellisbury.....August 7  
 Wolverhampton ..... 11  
 Haverfordwest ..... 12  
 Huntingdon ..... 12  
 Plymouth ..... 13  
 Stockton-on-Tees..... 14  
 Burton-on-Trent ..... 19  
 Oxford ..... 19  
 Leominster ..... 19  
 Aberystwith ..... 20  
 Exeter ..... 20  
 Rochester ..... 20  
 Newport Pagnel ..... 21  
 Burnley ..... 21  
 Egham ..... 21  
 Stourbridge ..... 26  
 Yarmouth ..... 26  
 Hereford ..... 26  
 Canterbury ..... 27  
 Northampton ..... 27  
 Weymouth ..... 27  
 Pontefract .....September 3  
 Warwick ..... 3  
 Western Meeting ..... 3  
 Carmarthen ..... 9  
 Lichfield ..... 9  
 Morpeth ..... 9  
 Abingdon ..... 10  
 Leicester ..... 10  
 Doncaster ..... 15  
 Oswestry ..... 23  
 Brecon ..... 24  
 Heaton Park..... 24  
 Walsall ..... 24  
 Newmarket First October..... 29  
 Carlisle.....October 1  
 Richmond ..... 7  
 Nottingham ..... 8  
 Newmarket Second October..... 13  
 Northallerton ..... 16  
 Dumfries ..... 21  
 Newmarket Houghton ..... 27

#### STUD SALES.

Mimosa, by Sultan, the property of the Marquis of Exeter, was sold at Tattersall's, June 30th, for 105ga.—Patron, Beiram, Sir Robert, Cactus, and a three-year-old colt by Redgauntlet out of Ada, were bought in.

At Newmarket, in the July Meeting, the following yearlings, the property of Lord Lowther, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall:—

Filly, by Partisan out of Florence:—Ld. Chesterfield, 100ga.

Bay Filly, by Partisan out of Scribe:—Mr. W. Edwards, 50ga.

Bay Colt, by Partisan out of Raby's dam:—Mr. Howe, 205ga.

Grey Colt, Brother to Protocol, by Partisan:—Mr. J. Day, 230ga.

Bay Colt, by Partisan out of St. Julien's dam:—100ga.

Cheas. Colt, by Partisan out of Bisarre:—Mr. Spalding, 70ga.

*The Property of Captain Grant.*

**Pimlico** (Sister to Godolphin), with a colt foal by Peter Lely, and stinted to him again:—Mr. Tattersall, 56gs.

**Maiden**, by Orville out of Merrymaid by Buzzard, with a colt foal by Peter Lely, and stinted to him again:—His Majesty, 80gs.

**Fantasma**, by Phantom out of Maid of the Mill (Starch's dam), with a colt foal by Peter Lely, and stinted to him again:—His Majesty, 150gs.

**Miss O'Neil**, by Camillus out of Miss Craigie (Birmingham's dam), with a colt foal by Peter Lely, and stinted to him again:—His Majesty, 43gs.

**Worthless**, by Walton out of Altisidora, with a filly foal by Peter Lely, and stinted to him again:—Lord Chesterfield, 360gs.

**Lady Emily**, by Emilius out of Antiope, covered by Filho da Puta:—Mr. Thornhill, 106gs.

**Seamew** (Sister to Sallor), covered by Emilius:—Col. Anson, 150gs.

**Two-year-old Filly**, by Filho out of Miss O'Neil:—Mr. Meynell, 50gs.

**Yearling Filly**, by Camel out of Maiden:—Lord Albemarle, 60gs.

At the Aintree Meeting, Liverpool, July 1st, the following were sold by Mr. Lucas, the property of the late John Clifton, Esq.:—

**Nell Gwynne**, by Tramp, with a filly foal at her foot by Velocipede, and stinted to Battledore:—Mr. Tattersall.

**La Danseuse**, by Blacklock, with a filly foal at her foot by Jerry, and stinted to Recovery:—Mr. Yates, 175gs.

**Chapeau de Paille**, by Rubens, with a filly foal at her foot by Doctor Syntax, and stinted to Flexible:—Mr. Tattersall, 175gs.

**YEARLINGS.**

**Brown Colt**, by Filho out of Nell Gwynne:—Mr. T. Carr, 60gs.

**Chestnut Filly**, by Velocipede out of Chapeau de Paille:—Mr. T. Carr, 70gs.

**Aquatics.****ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.**

The match between the yachts of minor tonnage of this Club, for a piece of plate, was re-sailed for on the 15th from Greenwich to Gravesend. It was decided, as stated in our last, the contest should take place on the 17th, but as the tide on that day was found to be unsuited, the 15th was agreed to. The following yachts took their stations at about ten o'clock in the morning:—

**Vessels. Tons. Owners.**

|                 |   |                   |
|-----------------|---|-------------------|
| Oberon.....     | 5 | Mr. Davidson.     |
| Water Witch ... | 8 | Mr. Unwin.        |
| Haidee .....    | 6 | Mr. W. Pegg.      |
| Vestris .....   | 8 | Mr. J. Weston.    |
| Lady Emma ...   | 8 | Messrs. Bucknall. |
| Margaret .....  | 7 | Mr. Holliday.     |

As soon as the signal-gun was fired, at half-past ten, the Vestris got first under weigh, Emma close in her wake, Haidee third, the Witch and Oberon next, and Margaret last. There was a fresh breeze, and little interest was excited whilst the boats were running before the wind. Emma and Vestris had a struggle for superiority in Erith-reach, and the former rounded the flag-boat off Gravesend first, at ten minutes past one o'clock; Water Witch at 13½ min.; Vestris, 14½; Haidee, 16½; Oberon, 17½; and Margaret 22 min. The tide had now almost an hour to run out, and the wind having dropped, all the yachts were nearly together on the North shore. In Northfleet Hope, the Witch and Emma contested gallantly for first, and the former gained a slight advance, Oberon third, *Madame* fourth, Haidee fifth, and Margaret still last, owing in this instance to her main-haul-yards having given way. Just above Greenhithe, the breeze freshened, and Lady Emma had a fortunate puff, which brought her a-head, but she shipped a quantity of water, and her pump broke. In this dilemma the crew bailed out with mugs, &c.; but as she neared home the wind became fresher, and she was obliged to knock down a reef, by which the *hag* gained an advantage, and arrived at Greenwich eight minutes a-head, passing the starting-boat at 12 min. before 6; Emma, 4 min. to 6; Vestris, 2 min. past 6; Oberon, 4½ min. past 6; and Margaret and Haidee in about half an hour.—The Sabrina, Sophia, Figaro, Alert, Earl Spencer, Wave, and many other yachts accompanied the match, and several animated trials of speed took place between them.

**THE ABOVE-BRIDGE MATCH.**

On the 24th the Annual Silver Cup and Cover, given by this distinguished Club to be sailed for Above-bridge,

was contested for by the following yachts:—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>  |
|-----------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Alarm .....     | 8            | Mr. E. Bayley.  |
| Lady Emma ...   | 8            | Mess. Bucknall. |
| Water Witch ... | 8            | Mr. Unwin.      |
| Haidee .....    | 6            | Mr. W. Pegg.    |

The Oberon and Fortitude were entered, but did not take their stations.

Shortly before 4 o'clock the Commodore's galley appeared off the Temple Gardens—the place of starting, and to go round a boat moored off Wandsworth Meadow, and to return to the Temple—and soon after the clock struck four the signal-gun was fired. The Haidee had the best station to windward, but the Alarm was first out, with the Lady Emma stem and stern, the latter being to leeward, and the Witch well up. At this instant it was a dead calm, and on nearing Waterloo-bridge there was not wind enough to give either of the leading boats way, and the Lady drifted athwart the craft, and carried away her bowsprit. The Water Witch immediately after went well a-head. Off Milbank the leading boat caught the breeze, and went very prettily before the wind, drawing still more a-head of her opponent. In this situation they continued until facing the Old Church at Battersea, when the Lady, who had got in trim again, was seen spanking up the Reach with that celerity for which she is celebrated in light breezes. She then got close in to the south shore, where there was little or no tide against her. In this situation she continued half an hour, just keeping up against the tide and sneaking a-head, and first rounded the flag-boat by nearly eight minutes before the Water Witch. The Alarm was some minutes a-stern of the second boat, and the Haidee was nowhere. The breeze freshened with high water, and the Lady Emma never lost her station in advance of the other boats, coming in first about three quarters of a mile a-head; the Water Witch second. The Cup was afterwards presented at the Crown and Anchor Tavern to Mr. Bucknall, the owner of the winning boat.

On the 8th, Mr. Kemp, of the

Third Light Dragoons, rowed his own boat from Hampton-court to Westminster-bridge and back, a distance of 48 miles, in 8 h. 33 m., being 27 minutes within the time specified. The feat is considered a great trial of skill and energy.

#### CRICKET.

On the 1st of July the annual trial of skill between England and Sussex commenced at Lord's, on which occasion the ground was more numerously attended by Amateurs than on any this season. England went in first, and made the extraordinary score of 229, of which Wenman made 12, Cobbett 37, Sir St. Vincent Cotton 29, and Fuller Pilch 105, the latter exhibiting a more splendid display of batting than was ever witnessed. He commenced gradually with single hits, then doubled them, and after he began to feel his way, threes, fours, fives, and sixes, and one seven, followed each other in rapid succession. Sir F. Bathurst scored but 7, of which the first hit was a sixer.—Sussex commenced late in the afternoon with "our Jem" (Broadbridge) and W. Goring, Esq., but both were unfortunate, having been bowled with each scoring but one run. Indeed their whole innings was "unlucky," some of their best players resigning their bats with ones and twos. Brown scored 11, and Lillywhite 19, not out; the total of their first innings being 61.—In England's second in-go, Pilch scored but 6, Cobbett 20, and the remaining hands 50, making in all 76.—Sussex then went in on a forlorn hope for 245. Broadbridge was "worse and worse," having been caught without a score. Lenaway marked 16, and Wells 15, the whole hands finishing with a score of 61, and leaving their opponents in a triumphant majority of 183. The match lasted till Thursday evening. The "return" will be played at at Brighton on the 18th of August.

On the 7th, Lord's was again fully attended to witness the match between Kent and England, when the latter were again victorious, having lost only two wickets in their second

innings. Kent went in first, and scored only 21: in their second innings they made 72—total 93; the greatest score being, in the first, I. Fagg, Esq., 11; and in the second, C. Harenc, Esq. 17, H. Jenner, Esq. 15, and H. Edwards, Esq. 11.—On the part of England, Marsden of Sheffield, in the first innings, scored 18, Cobbett 9, Fuller Pilch but 2, W. Strahan, Esq., 9, and his brother H. Snow, Esq., 6; the whole score being 61. They resumed their bats for 33, of which Pilch marked 9, Cobbett 6, and R. Kynaston, Esq. 14, not out, which with 4 byes put an end to the match.

An interesting match was played at Lord's on the 9th between the Old Westminsters and the Scholars, which was decided in favour of the latter with five wickets to go down. The old 'uns went in first, and scored 77, and in their second innings 90, making a total of 167. The juveniles marked 147 in their first innings, and easily obtained the remaining 21. The ground was fully and fashionably attended.

The return match between the Royal Clarence and Epsom Clubs (each including Members of the Marylebone) took place at Moulsey Hurst on the 11th. Epsom took first bats, and scored 145, of which W. Strahan, Esq. marked 20, H. Snow, Esq. 38, W. Davidson, Esq. 37: and in their second innings 141, Sir F. Bathurst scoring 23, W. Davidson, Esq. 30, W. Strahan, Esq. 14, and H. Snow, Esq. 17:—total 286. In their first innings the Clarence made 75, C. Gilchrist, Esq. scoring 17, Cobbett 20, and Chapman 14. They then went in for 219: Mr. Westcar, after marking 13, was stumped, and Cobbett made 19 notches, when the day was considered too far advanced to play any more. The score, with 11 byes, &c., left the Clarence 162 to obtain, with eight wickets to go down.

On the 14th the Marylebone and the Leeds (Maidstone) Clubs played a match at Lord's, which was won by the latter nearly in one innings. The Marylebone went in first, and scored 58, of which J. Dark marked 33;

and in their second innings 55, of which Cobbett scored 14:—total 113. The Leeds in their first innings scored 95, of which A. Mynn, Esq. and Mills marked each 24; and went in for 19 to win. W. Mynn, Esq. scored 3, May 10, and G. Wenman 6, the two latter not out.

On the 16th and 17th a match was played at Reigate, ten players of that town with Cobbett against Brighton. The former went in first, and scored 80, Killick making 24, and Jupp 20. In their second they only marked 20 (total 100), the fine bowling of Lilly-white and Goad carrying the stumps in double quick time. Brighton scored 71 in their first in-go, Botting marking 12, Brown 15, Wells 21, and Lilly-white only 3. In their second innings they went in for 30, and it cost them seven wickets before they could obtain them, Brighton winning with three wickets to go down.—Another match is talked of, Fuller Pilch to be given, in addition to Cobbett, and the County of Sussex to be picked for the other side.

*Yorkshire and Norfolk.*—The return match between these crack counties commenced at Hyde Park, Sheffield, on Monday the 14th, and as both Clubs can boast of some of the very finest players, and each had won a game in two previous contests, on their respective grounds, very considerable interest was excited, and the attendance of Gentlemen during the match was far greater than on any former occasion. After five days of the most beautiful play, in which the numbers scored on each side exceeded any on record in the annals of Cricket, the Stakes were given up by the Norfolk players, the state of the weather precluding a continuance of the game. In the two innings York scored 191 and 296, making a total of 487. Norfolk in their first innings marked only 75. In their second, Fuller Pilch went in at one o'clock on Thursday, and when the rain put an end to the game on Friday, he had scored 153, and not out. The score at this time was 389, making 364. There were then three wickets to go down, and 124 to get in order for Norfolk to

win the game; and some good judges expressed their opinion, as Pilch was in such excellent play, that the victory might have been gained, if it had been possible to detain the players into the following week.

#### THIS CHASE.

A Meeting was lately held at the Saracen's Head Hotel, Lincoln, of Gentlemen in the habit of hunting with Sir Richard Sutton's hounds, when it was unanimously resolved to present John Shirley, the Huntsman, with a piece of plate (to be purchased by subscription) as a token of respect for his character and conduct in the field.

#### PIGEON SHOOTING.

Although the "great guns" who used to flash away at the Red House have parted company, there is a very excellent Club in constant practice, and many good matches are continually on the tapis. On the 3d of July one for 100 sovs. was shot by Mr.

R. Groom of the Club and Mr. Edge, a celebrated shot in the Manchester Club, 25 pigeons each, 21 yards from a single trap, the shooter pulling his own string. Each having killed 18 birds, the tie was shot off the following day at the same number of pigeons, and won by Mr. Groom by one bird, he having killed 22, and his opponent 21. It was a tie until the last two birds, and the shooting excellent.

#### SOCKING.

During the Liverpool Races, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby (Potter feeder) and General Yates (Hines feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 500gs the main—20 main battles, and 5 byes.

| Potter.         | M. B. | Hines.     | M. B. |
|-----------------|-------|------------|-------|
| Tuesday .....   | 4 1   | .....      | 1 0   |
| Wednesday ..... | 2 0   | .....      | 3 1   |
| Thursday .....  | 2 1   | .....      | 3 0   |
| Friday .....    | 2 2   | .....      | 3 0   |
| Total.....      | 10 4  | Total..... | 10 1  |

### BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S, JULY 28.

THE interest of the Goodwood Meeting has so much absorbed the attention of all Speculators through the month, that even the Leger may be said to have been put nearly *hors de combat*: in short, everything else has been subservient to these influential Races, which will have closed by the time of our publication. On the 17th some horses were brought forward for the LEGER; but the betting has been extremely flat, so much so that we can only subjoin the nominal prices of the favorites:—viz. 2 to 1 agst Plenipotentiary; 7½ to 1 agst Bran; 8 to 1 agst Worlaby Baylock; and 10 to 1 agst Shillelah.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS have been unusually numerous this month, and unfortunately our ability to give them insertion not in proportion.—Mr. Weld's Answer to Earl Belfast's Letter in our July Number shall certainly appear in our next.—"Letters from Cowes, No. III. by J. B. G."—"The Rambler in Red, Letter II."—"The Rambler in Green, No. II."—"Hunting Chit Chat, Changes among Packs, &c. by DASHWOOD, as a Postscript to his HOUNDS AND HUNTING," with many others, have safely come to hand.

The article by "T. Y. C." cannot appear with his injunction "that no portion of his MS. be omitted." We must be allowed to exercise our own discretion, and often suppress a good deal which appears to us more calculated to engender unpleasant feelings than elicit truth, or even produce amusement. Some passages in the communications of our Correspondent, however complimentary to our forbearance, are of a merely personal nature, and consequently inadmissible in our pages.

"A. B. C." has pointed out a few (chiefly typographical) errors in our last Number. Generally speaking, we are willing to leave these matters untouched. Periodicals are necessarily got up with haste, and readers will do well to suppose that the faults they meet with are not attributable to the writers.

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# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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SECOND SERIES.

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No. LIII.

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## Embellished with

- I. GLAUCUS, THE PROPERTY OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.
- II. JUNO, A POINTER, BREED BY HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH.

## GLAUCUS.

*Engraved by PARR from a Painting by CRANE of Newmarket.*

**G**LAUCUS, bred by Lord Lowther, and foaled in 1830, was got by Partizan out of Nanine, by Selim; her dam Bizarre, by Peruvian out of Violante by John Bull, &c. &c. In colour he is bay; stands nearly 16 hands high, with lengthy proportions, and perhaps too attenuated in form to please the eyes of some; but upon a closer inspection he is a fine specimen of lightness and symmetry, combined with great muscular structure, indicative of agility and strength. He was purchased when a yearling by

Mr. Stephenson for 300gs., and immediately afterwards sold to General Grosvenor for 350gs.

### PERFORMANCES.

GLAUCUS made his *debut* in public at Stockbridge, Hants, where, June 20, 1832, he won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C., straight three-quarters of a mile, eight subs., beating easily Mr. Sadler's Dangerous and two others. Rode by P. Connolly.

On Friday in the Newmarket Second October Meeting 1832, GLAUCUS won the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds—

colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C., 30 subs., beating Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, Lord Exeter's b. c. Brother to Beiram, Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, and Sir Mark Wood's b. f. by Partisan out of Fawn. Betting, 6 to 4 agst GLAUCUS, 5 to 2 agst Dirce, 7 to 2 agst Jason. Rode by John Day.

On Monday in the Newmarket Third October or Houghton Meeting, he was beaten by Lord Chesterfield's Weeper (to whom he gave 7lb.), for the Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds, from the Turn of the Lands in, 42 subs. Rode by Chapple. GLAUCUS received back his stake, being second, beating Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, Lord Exeter's Cactus, Mr. Forth's b. f. by Longwaist out of Lacerta, and Mr. T. Wood's br. c. by Filho da Puta out of Mermaid by Merlin, Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Jason, and Mr. Batson's ch. f. Revelry, by Reveller out of Harriet by Pericles:—Five to 4 agst GLAUCUS, 4 to 1 agst Jason, 7 to 1 agst Cactus, 7 to 1 agst Divan, and 10 to 1 agst Weeper. It was thought at this time that GLAUCUS lost this race through the heavy state of the ground, together with several false starts, as, although Weeper jumped off suddenly at last, she only won by a head.

On Wednesday in the same Meeting he received 30 sovs. ft. from Lord Tavistock's colt by Jerry, dam by Walton, New T.Y.C., 100, h. ft.

On Saturday, same week, GLAUCUS, rode by James Robinson, beat Lord Orford's gr. colt Clearwell, 8st. 5lb. each, A. M., 500 sovs., h. ft.—Six to 4 on the winner. Won very easy.

He was then sold to R. Ridsdale, Esq. for the sum of 3000ga., and in the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1833, first day, received forfeit from Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Elvaston, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M., h. ft., 200 sovs. And

On Wednesday, same week, GLAUCUS received from Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Mountebank out of Ada, 8st. 7lb. each, R. M., 200 sovs. h. ft.

On Thursday, May 23, 1833, Epson Meeting, he started for the Derby Stakes, 124 subs., 50 sovs. each, but was not placed although he stood first favorite, the betting being only 3 to 1 against him. It was generally reported, and believed, that he was in an unfit state to run; for it should be borne in mind that he had beaten Dangerous (the winner of the Derby) at Stockbridge very easy by three or four lengths.

On Tuesday, September 17th, he started for the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, 50 sovs. each, h. ft. 75 subs., but did not obtain a place from the Judge. He was known to be amiss.

He was then sold to Lord Chesterfield for 1700 guineas, and on Monday April 14, in the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1834, he was beaten in a Match by Mr. Osbaldeston's The Saddler, 300 sovs. h. ft., D.M.—7 to 4 on GLAUCUS—rode by William Scott. The Saddler, rode by J. Robinson, made all the running Across the Flat, was never again caught, and won by a length.

On Thursday, April 17, same Meeting, GLAUCUS, rode by William Scott, won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 2lb., D.I., six subs., the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake, beating Duke of Rutland's Shylock, Lord Exeter's Cactus, and Mr. Houldsworth's Titus:—7 to 4 against Glaucus, 2 to 1 against Cactus, 7 to 2 against Shylock, and 4 to 1 against Titus. After the race, and while the horse was unsaddling, it was gratifying to see with what pleasure his late worthy owner, General Grosvenor, appeared to participate in the result, patting him upon the neck, and evincing as much joy as if the horse were still in his possession.

On Thursday, June 13, in the Ascot Meeting, GLAUCUS, rode by William Scott, won the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs. by subscription, with 200 added—three-year-olds to carry 6st. 10lb., four 8st. 2lb., five 8st. 12lb., six and aged 9st. 3lb., two miles and a half, 27 subs.—beating Mr. Hall's

Rockingham, General Grosvenor's Samarcand, Mr. Hunter's Morotto, Mr. Watt's Belshazzar, Mr. Rush's Chantilly, Mr. Etwall's Revenge, Mr. Cosby's Stradbally, Mr. Grant's Famine, Lord Fitzclarence's Diana, and Lord Exeter's Galata:—5 to 1 agst Glaucus, 5 to 1 agst Morotto, 5 to 1 agst Belshazzar, 8 to 1 agst Diana, 8 to 1 agst Samarcand, 10 to 1 agst Revenge, and 12 to 1 agst Rockingham.

And on the same day, to sum up the good fortune of his Noble and spirited owner, GLAUCUS won the Eclipse Foot, with 200 sovs. given by His Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 80 sovs. each, for horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club—three-year-olds to carry 7st., four 8st. 10lb., five 9st. 5lb., six and aged 9st. 9lb., two miles and a half—beating with the greatest ease by several lengths Mr. Cosby's Gallopade, the latter having no chance, which proves GLAUCUS a very superior horse, after winning such a fast race, as that for the Cup was, only an hour and a half previous.

On Friday, August 1, at the Goodwood Meeting, GLAUCUS walked over for the King's Plate.

The back-ground introduced in the Plate is a view of the Stewards' Stand, Chair, &c., at Ascot, with the Piece of Plate, or Shield, exposed to public view in the centre, between the win-

dows, which GLAUCUS afterwards won, as we have already stated.

In concluding our summary of the Performances of GLAUCUS, still the property of the Earl of Chesterfield, we most respectfully beg permission to offer our sincere congratulations to His Lordship upon his recent successes; and we feel assured, in doing so, that we only respond the sentiments of all sincere well-wishers of the Turf, of whom His Lordship now forms one of its most spirited and ardent supporters. To notice his dignified urbanity and obliging disposition, is no idle or fulsome panegyric, as it is apparent to all. For ourselves, we cannot quit the subject without expressing our acknowledgments (and with them the offer of our sincere thanks) for the especial kindness evinced by Lord Chesterfield to the Proprietor of the *Sporting Magazine* upon several occasions. We trust in having given (in conjunction with the Painter and Engraver) faithful sketches of His Lordship's horse, both with pen and with pencil; and that they will be approved of by His Lordship, as well as by our numerous readers, is one of our most sincere wishes.

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### WENLOCK RACES.

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SIR,

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the threatened storms, the morning of Tuesday the 29th of July last broke auspiciously, and the population of Broseley, Madely, Ketley, &c., emerged from their subterranean abodes for the purpose of partaking of the festivities of this Meeting. Thanks to the discriminating reductions of My Lord Althorp in the sapo-

naceous article, and the preceding heavy rains, the greater part had undergone the rites of ablution. Sundry potations on the line of march, renewed by further libations at the scene of action, gave to the countenances of the assembled multitude that smile of good humour which characterizes the nation on these occasions.

Melancholy to relate, but Turf

affairs in this county are rather on the wane than otherwise; the loss of Ralph Benson, Jack Mytton, Ormsby Gore, *cum multis aliis*, having given the general proceedings a blow from which they will not soon recover. To the honor of the town and neighbouring gentry, Wenlock on the present occasion outshone itself. Graced as the course was by the presence of the fair dames from Harley, and others in the immediate vicinity, with a tolerable sprinkling of company from more remote points, matters wore the brightest appearance; added to which, the popularity and known urbanity of the Hon. G. C. Forrester, the Steward, gave earnest of everything desirable in sport, and the assembled crowd were fully prepared to meet pleasure half way.

The "Sun of Austerlitz" did not shine propitious at the commencement of the sport, and the competitors for the Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages, most ingloriously ceded their pretensions to Sir F. Acton's Tamworth, who walked over.

The Sweepstakes of five sovs. each for horses not thoroughbred, with a splendid China Jug, the gift of John Rose, Esq. brought to the post only three horses—which was won by Mr. Pelham's Buffalo at two heats, the others being "nowhere."

Thus far matters had proceeded without eliciting anything very exhilarating: frequently, however, the *bonne bouche* is reserved for the close of a feast, and it was so in this instance. Mr. Beilby Thompson's Gift of Fifty Pounds, for all ages, heats, twice round and a distance, brought to the post five out of an entry of eight;

namely, Sir Geo. Pigott's Heads and Tails, Mr. Rogers' Saccharina, Mr. Warren's Shalot, Mr. Spencer's Filly by Belzoni, and Beardsworth's gr. colt by Manfred; with 4 to 1 against Heads and Tails.—At starting Heads and Tails with Shalot made strong running, keeping well together the first mile and a half. At the Bridgnorth corner Heads and Tails gave Shalot the go-by, and appeared to be winning the race easily; when Shalot again came alongside the mare, and a tremendous race home ensued—Shalot winning by a head, Beardsworth's colt a good third; the others tailing to some distance. Upon this, countenances which had hitherto languished from lack of sport once more brightened, and Shalot was backed freely at even. On starting for the second heat, Beardsworth's colt went away at score, evidently bent upon mischief; Heads and Tails well up, Shalot lying a close third waiting events, with Sir George Pigott's evidently afraid of her. After passing the Chair on the second round, the *Brummagens* were freely used, and on coming to the Bridgnorth corner, Beardsworth's colt, Heads and Tails, and Shalot, were all in a cluster. Here everything was at work until Shalot cried *enough*, when the colt ran a good race home with Heads and Tails; the latter winning by about half a length, Saccharina and the others bringing up the rear at near a distance. On the third appearance at the post, Heads and Tails, Shalot, and Saccharina only shewed; the others drawn; Pigott's the favorite at long odds. Matters on starting assumed a very different appearance: Saccharina, who, in the previous heat, had laid by,

now came forward and made the running at a strong pace, closely waited upon by the other two. Thus matters stood until the second round near the old corner, when Heads and Tails went up to Saccharina, challenged her, and one of the finest struggles perhaps ever witnessed took place; Saccharina winning by about half a length. To the discomfiture of divers personages yclepped "knowing ones" from Chester, Liverpool, &c., matters now became very apparent, and Saccharina was the favorite at odds. For the last heat Saccharina went away at a good pace, shook off her opponents nearly about the second mile, and won the race without much difficulty: terminating one of the severest races which has taken place for

some time in Shropshire..... "A word to the wise" is seldom thrown away.—Wenlock might be made the first Meeting in the county: in point of management there is nothing to be wished, and with the recent improvements the course is unquestionably superior to any other in the county, Ludlow perhaps excepted. There is too much for horses not thoroughbred. An alteration in this respect will secure to the Wenlock Meeting another year the best attendance in the county.

At the breaking up a torrent of rain deluged every living thing: *malgre* all this, the Right Hon. Steward entertained his constituents with an obligato on the horn, the "*chant de depart*," to their no small delight. O. D. V.

August 5, 1834.

### SEPTEMBER FISHING—OVERTON, FLINTSHIRE.

—“Or where it boils,  
Around the stone, or round the hollow bank,  
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly.”

AS the coach traveller is whirled along the Shrewsbury and Chester road, the beautiful scenery of the environs of Ellesmere and Wrexham fails not to excite his attention. With so much to admire as he speeds his rapid flight, the eye only catches a transitory glance, and the mind has scarcely time to dwell upon one beauty before another arises, and again he is away. Amidst many pleasing reminiscences of this journey, one charming scene long after haunts the fancy in all its pristine vividness.

Have you ever, gentle reader, sped along this route? If so, then

assuredly you remember the Valley of the Clwyd and the little village of Overton. Viewed from the eminence, the river assumes an S like appearance; the shallow stream meanders tranquilly through the rich meads, undisturbed and unruffled, except perhaps occasionally by the light coracle\* of the neighbouring villagers, and its waters seem to linger "reluctant to depart." Every eye is charmed with the beauties which here arise; but to the Sportsman, to him of "the gentle craft," it realizes all his happiest notions; and at the fall of the year, when Nature puts

\* For a description of the coracle see *Sporting Mag.* vol. xiv. N. S. p. 82.

on her loveliest garb, this little valley is at once the Fly Fisher's El Dorado.

As September approaches, the rod and line have nearly done their work. In old Wales one spot, and nearly only one spot, retains its attractions; it is this Valley, and the village of Overton becomes the head-quarters of many a disciple of Old Isaak. A September trout from this river leaves nothing to the desire of the Epicurean: the silvery whiteness and deep auburn of its belly and sides shew that it has attained the utmost point of perfection; and, by the aid of *la belle cuisinière*, and the pale sherry of "mine host" of the Bryn-y-pys Arms, fully satisfies the most fastidious of the brothers of the angle.

Few Welsh villages are prolific in resources on a bright day to the angler. Overton in its *agrémens* is rather superior in this respect: *certainly* the library of mine host of the Bryn-y-pys may be termed select rather than numerous, it consisting only of the "Wars of Wellington"—"Bunyan's Pilgrim," and an odd volume or two of old Plays. Neither do the paintings which decorate the walls of the sojourner's little parlour possess any great merit either in variety or originality, being none other than the celebrated series of "Before and After Marriage," wherein the antics of the fair innamorata, as she essays to cross the style, display most unusual proportions. But stroll the village, and there are eyes and cheeks to be met which put to shame those of *La Fornarina* of Raffaello, or even those of the still fairer wearer of the *Chapeau de Paille*. Again

too, the locomotive powers of the country are here in full play, and vehicle after vehicle is whirled to and from the great "emporium of cotton and coffee" almost with the rapidity of light.

In by-gone times the journey from the capital of the County Palatine to Salop was the work of a day; at present it is only the affair of a few hours. The old frequenters of Overton will miss one face, which at all times carried with it the smile of good nature—"Chester Billy" is "gathered to his fathers." In days "*lang syne*" Master Williams, not approving the bill of fare placed before his passengers, very collectedly gave directions for a couple of ducks to be slain *instantly*, and most stoically remained until they were devoured—a proceeding in these days of *Hirondelleism* which would excite the deepest feeling of horror.

Opinions run high upon the most *killing fly* for these waters. It has been observed of those who prefer the old common *black gnat* that they generally return with the basket best laden: others again, deeply initiated in the "mysteries of the craft," insist upon the superiority of the "Marlow Buzz;" and unquestionably it has great merit almost at any moment, particularly in shady places low down the stream. Still the basket—the basket—the basket is too convincing a proof. Be all this as it may, the Angler, as the season draws towards its termination, can nowhere find a more delightful retreat; and, as is generally the case in all the resorts of the Fisherman, facilities in his vocation and beauty of scenery are combined. ☼

August 20, 1834.

## THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Loiterer, rise! the morn hath kept  
 For thee her orient pearls unwept;  
 Haste, and take them, while the light  
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night.  
 See! Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh tinted colours through the air:  
 Come forth! come forth! 'tis very sin  
 And profanation to keep in!  
 There's joy and gladness in the skies,  
 Loiterer, from thy couch arise!

Our life is short, our moments run  
 Swift as the coursers of the Sun;  
 And, like the vapour or the rain,  
 Once lost, can ne'er be traced again:  
 Each flower hath wept, and eastward bow'd:  
 The skylark, far above the cloud  
 To hymn his song of praise is fled,  
 And all the birds their matins said:  
 There's joy and gladness in the skies,  
 Loiterer, from thy couch arise!

Haste ere the sun hath drunk the dews  
 Boon Nature to her banquet woos:  
 Around the smiling fields no more  
 Are waving with their yellow store,  
 Homeward bears the loaded wain  
 The golden glories of the plain!  
 And nut-brown partridges are seen  
 Gliding among the stubble screen:  
 There's joy and gladness in the skies,  
 Loiterer, from thy couch arise!

J. W. C.

## THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

We regret that we are unavoidably compelled, from want of space, to omit the introductory portion of our Correspondent's letter, in which he most graphically describes "the periodical Northern migration to the 'Fair City' of Perth, on whose stately bridge an *infinite variety of operators* present themselves, as it leads to so many of the Highland defiles. This migration commences generally about a week before 'the day big with the fate,' &c., and transmits in packs, leashes, couples, and singly, the main part of the Shooting World of all ranks, from lowland park and dale, to people for a brief space the solitary glens and moors."—Our Correspondent then proceeds:

THIS year the influx has never been exceeded, and it would require no ordinary stock of birds to withstand the slaughtering propensities of the many crack shots who have gone forward. Among these have been, Marquis of Bredalbane; the Bedford family; Earl of Surrey; Lords Maitland, Lumley, Molyneux,

Neville, and Castlereagh; Count Matuschevitch; Honorables Massey Stanley and Jerningham; Sir G. Warrender, Colonel Maitland, Mr. Conolly and party (Ireland), Mr. E. Ellice, jun., &c. &c. *ad infinitum*.

Colonel Ross, Lord Kinnaird, and the most distinguished of the Knights of the Trigger, retain

for the most part their old quarters.

The principal changes since have been, first and foremost, the Duke of Buccleuch, who has taken the whole of the celebrated Athole Forest—I could not learn if Blair House be included; if not, His Grace will probably have to quarter at one of the inns at Lude. The other principal changes are, Dalnacardoch, D. Campbell, Esq.; Glasschorrie, H. G. Surtees, Esq.; Foss, Captain Harris; Kinloch Rannoch, Hon. Mr. Drummond; Stronphadrick, Capt. Hay and party; Glenbruar, S. Turner, Esq.; Glenlyon, Sir G. Warrender; Lochgarry, H. W. Meredith, Esq.

Lord Willoughby has again preferred the Welsh Mountains, and Drummond Castle is empty. The only person as yet who has been on these celebrated Moors is the Duc de Richelieu, who quartered at the Head Inn at Crieff. This distinguished foreigner has had excellent sport, and goes on to Taymouth Castle, where the Marquis of Bredalbane is doing the honours of his princely residence in the best way. Among his present guests is the Hon. E. G. Stanley.

It is said the Chancellor is to make the Northern Circuit this year, and of course will visit Taymouth; if he can floor the grouse as he does the Peers, he'll make a *sweep* with a vengeance.

Abercairney is at neither of his shooting lodges, but at his splendid home, which is within reach of some very good hills; and where he was, the few first days at least, entertaining the Messrs. Bennett, fox-hunters from one of the Midland counties. Their sport was very good.

It is impossible from the pressure of time to state anything copious or conclusive. Major Thriepland on Birnam, Hon. John Gray, Captain Paterson, and that first-rate artist over a country Mr. Grant of Kilgraston, averaged on the well-known Logie Almond Hills about twenty-five brace; Messrs. Peddie and Condie on South Glenquaich much about the same. The morning was wet, but cleared about eleven, and turned out an excellent day. The weather, though slightly broken (all in the dogs' favour), has been very good. What has been done in the far "regions of the North" cannot as yet be known; but from the boxes sent South it would appear that the breed has been what of late years may be called an average. The grounds even in Perthshire are unequal, some of the high mountains being short, and the birds yet only cheepers. The Inverness district has not sent (through Perth at least) its usual supply; but the Edinburgh coaches took out of that town upwards of eighty boxes the first night. It is to be regretted that no better report can be furnished *correctly* in time. If you allow me, as last year, I will send a brief summary of Highland sport, which then can be submitted with confidence.

I am, &c.

Q.

P.S. I put this on purpose postscriptively, as it is not just the subject matter. Being out on the 11th with some young dogs on a Moor which adjoins the corn lands, I saw several coveys of *birds*, which for strength and numbers far exceed anything we have had in this part of the world since 1826.



## SUMMER NOTES ON FOX-HOUNDS.

BY THE RAMBLER IN RED.

## LETTER THE SECOND—LORD PETRE'S HUNT.

SIR,

**I**N continuation of a subject which I commenced under the title this Letter bears, I offer to public notice, through the medium of your excellent Sporting Work, some observations on one of the first fox-hunting establishments in the vicinity of London. I have been induced to do so, as you have considered my former communication of sufficient interest to accord it insertion. I will not, however, assert, that, even had you deemed its object too insignificant for your pages, my pilgrimage had terminated there. I am far too zealous a volunteer in my calling to require the aid of any adventitious stimulant to urge me onward in my career: still it were an unworthy lack of candour not to admit, that I am not altogether without the venial vanity to imagine that these my "SUMMER NOTES AND RAMBLES" may yet induce some of the votaries of the Royal Sport to turn themselves, when "the fulness of time shall have arrived," towards those chosen spots on which, in "these piping times of peace," I seek thus to fix their attention.

With this fond belief I selected for submission to my critical ordeal a kennel, which, from its locality, comes within the limit of an easy visit from the dwellers in the Great City—the rather, perhaps, from feeling that this class of men more than any other need the assistance of this description of "Sporting Directory." In the rural districts every man who

aspires to the glory of a bit of pink is conversant with the merits of all and every pack coming within the possible circle of a visiting acquaintance. In London the case is otherwise: avocations of business or pleasure distract the attention of many a one whose heart is in the right place, and who loves "the gay hound and horn" as ardently, it may be, as he, who, looking upon life through a more confined focus, has his observation more fixed upon the "one thing absorbing." It is strange how absolutely impossible it is, where habit has at all confirmed one in a favorite pursuit, in after-life to wean oneself from the bias towards it. I was bred amongst hounds and horses: for the best half of my life they were to me necessities, indispensable as food and air. Brought up one of the "*fruges consumere nati*," I had hoped to live and die far from the busy haunts of men: since then circumstances have made me a denizen of Babylon the mighty: essentially I have become a unit among the busy millions who

"Toil and sweat beneath the load of life:"

yet I cannot amalgamate with them. I remember a most outrageous Orangeman in Ireland of my acquaintance, who, in his paroxysms of party feeling, used to say, "Sir, there exists so natural an antipathy between a Protestant and a Papist that were I to lose my head on the same scaffold with one of the rascals,

by the Lord, our bloods would not mix together!" Thus is it with your rural extract and your real man of cockney origin, whose natal couch was soothed by the merry bells of Bow. Doomed as I am, alas! to the curse entailed upon all flesh, to "earn my bread by the sweat of my brow," even I do occasionally "flare up," as the saying is, "like a tailor to his whack," and away with me as if Satan kicked me endways.

I am aware how difficult to the comprehension of the uninitiated it is to contemplate the extravagances into which the passion for sporting hurries some men, and yet all ages and nations afford us instances of its extraordinary fascination. During the Revolutionary War in France, when it was found expedient to obtain the assistance of the Tyrolese sharp-shooters, the most celebrated marksmen in the world, it was only to be obtained by promising them, as their reward, the privilege of hunting with impunity. The value of this boon can only be estimated by those who know the passion of the Tyrolese for the chase, a passion which Kotzebue describes as more violent than that of the gamester: neither threats nor punishment can deter them from the pursuit of it. Gain is not their object, for the chamois-flesh and skin do not sell for above twelve florins; and yet a man who had been many times caught in the fact declared, that if he knew *the next tree would be his gallows* he would nevertheless hunt! M. De Saussure records an interesting anecdote of a chamois-hunter whom he knew. He was a tall, well-made man, and had just married a beautiful

woman. "My Grandfather," said he, "lost his life in the chase; so did my father; and I am so well assured that one day or other I also shall lose mine, that this bag, which I always carry with me when I hunt, I call my winding-sheet, for I certainly shall never have any other: nevertheless, Sir, if you were to offer me a fortune immediately on condition that I must relinquish the chase, I would not accept it." De Saussure says, that he took several excursions among the Alps with this man: his strength and agility were astonishing, but his courage, or rather his temerity, was still greater than either. About two years afterwards his foot slipped on the edge of a precipice, and he met the fate he had so calmly anticipated.

I have given these examples to account for the "fatal facility" with which I yielded to one of those intermitting attacks with which I was overtaken a few days ago, when, abandoning myself to my destiny, I ascended the box of a Cambridge coach with the intention of spending a few hours with Lord Petre's fox-hounds at Puckeridge in Hertfordshire. In a little more than a couple of hours I was delivered at that village, and speedily in active discussion of choice new laid eggs, hot bread, butter of the colour and odour of the primrose, and cream in which my spoon preserved its perpendicular, at the sign of "the Bell"—for the direction of those who may succeed me there, and desire the creature comforts in perfection. During breakfast I sent to inquire if the hounds were to be seen, and received for answer that the huntsman was out at exercise with

the puppies, but that there was a person who would shew me the horses, and anything else I might desire to see, during his temporary absence. I accordingly sallied forth for my survey. The road to the kennel lies through a gateway almost in the centre of the village. As you enter, on the left hand is the comfortable dwelling of the huntsman, the opposite side being occupied by loose boxes and stables for their horses. Proceeding onwards up a gentle acclivity for about a hundred yards you arrive at the kennel, situate on a little eminence, which, sloping towards the south, and admirably sheltered on the north and east by some young thriving plantations, presents a site singularly calculated to ensure the two great essentials for hounds, warmth and cleanliness. The yards, which are thus of course on a *slant*, are tiled, with a small channel in the middle, through which a stream of chrystal water flows continually. The lodging-rooms I thought rather confined; but they were very full of hounds just then, and when the drafts have been made, previous to the winter's operations, there will be less crowding, though never, I think, the fair share of elbow-room that ensures comfort and *peace*, as nothing sets hounds sooner quarrelling than lying upon one another, the natural consequence of confined quarters. While I was making a superficial observation of the premises, the huntsman, followed by his youngsters and one of the whips, trotted up the avenue: my object was announced, and we became at once acquainted.

From my never having hunted

in Essex—a county to which, till his present engagement, Hort had been entirely confined—I had never before met with him, though I had heard him very highly spoken of; and I must confess, that, as far as the present opportunity afforded me a chance of forming any judgment, I had *never* before—and that for me is a comprehensive term—seen any man in his situation with whom I was so entirely satisfied. He is an enthusiast about his hounds—and who, without “this particle of divine breath,” ever rose in his calling beyond mediocrity? His heart and soul seem set upon his occupation; and he entered into the details of everything connected with it with an alacrity and a minuteness that at once told me that I had a kindred spirit to deal with, and I was at home on the instant.

It is as well to preface my introduction to the hounds by a slight reference to the position in which I found Lord Petre's establishment on the occasion of my present visit. This is the third and last season for which His Lordship has engaged his present country; though it appears the general opinion that he will continue to hunt it after his term expires. He took to it with a subscription of 1500*l.* for the first season, and 1200*l.* for the second and third. However, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer in that quarter has little shift in raising the supplies, I am not induced to think that the mere affair of a subscription, paid ill or well, can have any influence upon their future arrangements. The most remote fixture they have is a covert in Essex, about eighteen miles from Puckeridge. When

this is to be hunted, the hounds are sent overnight to Newport, otherwise they are scarcely ever from home—a vast advantage; for every sportsman knows the difficulties and dangers to which those are subject that are constantly routed about from post to pillar, exposed to the jeopardy of all kinds and manners of chops and chances. Who has not known the difference between a snug snooze in his own accustomed crib, and the rib-roasting “of the worst inn’s worst bed!” And, trust me, a well-bred fox-hound has small relish for a shakedown in a dilapidated barn, who has been accustomed to the luxuries and elegances of the kennels of modern days.

The stud for the men last season consisted of fourteen. I did not see them; but if they at all resemble a large well-bred bay mare which Hort shewed me as one that he had ridden, I should say they are well chosen, and of the right stamp for the country they have to cross, which is anything but a stopping one either for hounds or horses. Indeed I had been given to understand that they were well mounted; and to judge of the whole from the portion which I did inspect, I am willing to give ample credit to the accuracy of my information.

Previous to making my round of the different yards, a small printed list was handed to me, inscribed on the title-page—“A List of Lord Petre’s Fox-hounds: Puckeridge, Herts, 1833.” This contained the names, ages, and pedigrees of all the hounds in kennel, with the exception of course of the entry for the present year, classed according to the

number of seasons they have hunted. In this we find one of ten years’ hunting—“Wildair, by Lord Yarborough’s Gaoier out of his Warble.” His limbs are perfect, but his countenance bears the impress of old Time legibly. He is well spoken of. This year’s entry consists of fourteen couple and a half. Hort talked of drafting a couple and a half of these; and I am of his opinion that they interfere with the symmetry of the lot. This, with the addition of fifty-two couple and a half of old hounds, makes a force of sixty-seven couple for the next campaign. Last year they killed their thirty-one brace of foxes, which, considering that so favorable a season for reynard and so unfavorable a one for hounds was rarely if ever known, was giving a tolerably satisfactory account of the vermin. They shewed me one hound, I am ashamed to say I forget his name, that had turned up *six brace and a half* to his own cheek. This worthy, Hort told me, had so extraordinary a nose that he could actually *set* his fox, and down he would pounce upon “Charley” as spiteful as a maiden of sixty upon.....a *reputation of sixteen!* That this pack must be a very superior one in every respect, even had it not been conducted in the admirable manner that it is, the blood from which it has sprung would guaranty. A selection from the Beaufort, Belvoir, Fitzwilliam, Mostyn, Meynel, Graham, Yarborough, Sykes, Lonsdale, Middleton, Codrington, Sutton, Hill, Musters, Osbaldeston, and Newman packs, ensared, I imagine, success—that is, if ever human foresight has yet accomplished it.

I always trust more to any incident, however trivial, of which I am an eye or ear witness, than to mere report, from however respectable a source I derive it. I have said that I had been told that Hertfordshire was an easy and pleasant country to ride over; of this I had, however, no practical experience. Now it so chanced, that, as we were looking over the hounds, in the course of conversation Hort said, pointing to a person who looked like one of the craft, but who, from not being in scarlet, I knew was not then belonging to the establishment—"that, Sir, was one of our whips, but he is now engaged to go down as first whip to the Worcestershire."—"The devil he is!" was my somewhat abrupt commentary on the text. The *coupling together* of the place of his destination with "the gentleman in black," as a necessary consequence caused the ex-official to prick his ears. Touching his hat, he asked me if I had ever hunted in the county whither he was going? I answered in the affirmative, accompanying my reply with a sketch of a day's sport I had had with Mr. Parker when he was at the head of the Worcestershire, and the fixture was *Coombe Wood*, which made each particular hair upon the head of the devoted whip to bristle "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Now this spoke to my senses forcibly as "proof of Holy Writ." He looked forward with dismay to "leave the *fair pastures* he had rode upon." Whoever regretted a change for *the better*? or, let me ask, did any one ever hear of Sawney when he had once turned his "soney face" towards "the braw South," pausing upon

the hill to take a last sad look of "the land he leaves behind him?"

It is a hackneyed saying, but a very true one, that "the master's eye makes the mare fat." I never had the honor of seeing Lord Petre in the field; but who could enter his kennel without, at the first glance, pronouncing its proprietor a sportsman? Hort told me that His Lordship does not ride forward, but that no man has a quicker eye to hounds, or knows better when things go as they should; and that, as a kennel huntsman, he has no superior. Indeed, *as I was at Puckeridge*, this latter piece of intelligence was rather a work of supererogation.

They hunt the small dogs and small bitchees together, adopting the same sort of classification with those of larger growth. I must candidly own that this is no favorite system with me: still I have not any legitimate grounds for quarrelling with it, till I see how it works in this instance, albeit I have never yet known it to succeed. This is a pleasure I promise myself in February, and then, if I see just cause, I will acknowledge my error cheerfully.

We will now enter the kennel, the first yard of which contains the dog hounds, excepting those *unentered*. Here Hort proposed that each hound should be drawn out singly, and sufficient time afforded me to make my notes *individually* before I came to speak *collectively* of them. "Don't fear to tire me, Sir," said he; "I'll stay with you here these six hours with all my heart; *I'm never tired of being with my hounds!*"—and I'll take my voluntary affidavit of his sincerity! We had out the one-year hunters

first. Of these, Blameless, by the Duke of Rutland's Chaunter out of the Duke of Beaufort's Bounty, was one of the first-raters. Cowslip, by Lord Fitzwilliam's Pontiff out of his Cowslip (the old Cowslip sort, as they used to swear by, to use the feeder's definition), was a very attractive animal; but, beyond any question, the handsomest hound in their pack, or, as in my conscience I do believe, in any other pack in England, was Columbine, by Charles Newman's Charon out of his Columbine. Of this truly splendid bitch I hardly can trust myself to speak. Mr. Wickstead, of Shropshire, whose opinion on matters of this kind every man conversant with hounds will allow to be as good authority as can be quoted, has pronounced her PERFECTION! With this decision "I," as Liston says, "am unanimous." United to the grace and elegance of the Italian greyhound, she combines the bone and power of a mastiff. "You will always find her at the head, Sir," said Hort, as I patted his favorite.—"You may well be proud of her," was my reply; "for if, as they say in Scotland, she is as good as she is bonny, you have a trump card here beyond a doubt."

We now come to the two-year-olds. Of these a very fine specimen indeed was Statesman, by the Duke of Rutland's Layman out of Sir Tatton Sykes's Stately; and a splendid pair of sisters, Waspish and Woodbine, by Sir R. Sutton's Watchman out of Lord Yarborough's Rosebud: these were, without doubt, two of the roses of their garden.

As we ascended in the scale of years the less I admired them: there was here and there a good

deal of individual excellence, but the general character was far less perfect. This is a proof, if indeed any were wanted, of the very skilful hands into which the management of them has now fallen.

Among the three-year-olds the most prominent were, Famous, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Farrier out of Lord Yarborough's Flamish, and Bondsman, by Lord Middleton's Benedict out of Dainty.

Of the four-year-olds, Rally, by Mr. Hill's Victor out of Sir T. Sykes's Rampant, struck me most. She is a singularly powerful bitch, of perfect symmetry, with most beautiful quarters; indeed in many of her points she put me strongly in mind of Columbine—in itself enough to win for her my most cordial admiration. She had lately thrown a belly of pups, which the people seemed to set great store by.

Of the old blood, decidedly the best they have got is from Sir Richard Sutton's kennel, and almost all the bitches are *cut*! It is impossible to account for this most preposterous folly, or to find terms sufficiently strong in which to express one's reprobation of it.

Among the four-year-olds, I forget his name, is one unhappy Eunuch—a gentleman of *the third sex*, as they are delicately denominated in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. The figure this most *outré* specimen of the "doubtful gender" cuts at times, is inexpressibly ludicrous. When the hounds, mingled indiscriminately, return from exercise, it becomes necessary to separate the sexes. This is done by Hort's waving his hand, and exclaiming "Bitches!—Dogs!" when the ladies and gentlemen

retire in most perfect order and all proper decorum to their several apartments. During the performance of this operation, the appearance of this, to drop all metaphor, "*unlucky dog*" beggars description. Those alone who have seen Liston as the *Burgomaster of Fardaam*, with the despatch in his hand, which he attempts to decipher *reversed*, can form any idea of it: he feels that he belongs, of right, to neither party, and he waits patiently to receive his "local habitation." This is done by a wave of the hand, that he follow the ladies, into whose society he is admitted with the toleration accorded in the Harems of the East to his brothers in misfortune, and the scene ends.

There was nothing among the five or six-year-olds to catch my fancy: there were a few fine-looking bitches, but they were all spayed, poor devils! and of course destined for the halter the moment they failed in their hunting powers.

A seven-year-old bitch, Tidings, by Sir Bellingham Graham's Render out of Sir T. Sykes's Ter-magant, was a rare example of strength; indeed I have never seen the same bone and power combined before in the same compass. Her legs would have measured, in circumference, against many a two-year-old's at Newmarket: she is just the mould to breed out of, and I saw a litter from her that were "*whelps of high degree*."

I have already said that out of the fourteen couple and a half for this year's entry there are twelve couples of splendid hounds. These were principally the Beaufort, Yarborough, and Fitzwil-

liam breed. Sampson and Le-vity, of the Beaufort blood, were pictures to look upon. This lot had been recently "rounded and dressed," and seemed as little at ease from the effects of their toilet as did my young friends at "Herenswell."

When I return from the examination of a hunting establishment, such as I have visited to-day, I feel more and more the necessity of a man's being a lineal descendant of Job to be fitted to act as a Master of Fox-hounds!—The labour, the skill, the expense that it requires to bring them to covert side *as they should be* almost exceeds belief; and yet you shall see them, the instant they speak to their game, before they can get on any terms with him (for when they settle on him, *catch them if you can*), ridden over, trampled upon, bedeviled, and driven crazy; and men wonder, and are wrath, that their hapless masters "blaspheme, and make wry faces." Surely, surely people will persist in

"Viewing this business with a sence as cold

As is a dead man's nose!"

"I have been young, and now I am" *middle aged*, and upon the faith of my experience I avouch it, that I know no class of the community who subject themselves to such unspeakable trials, such soul-tempting vexations, as the men who thus lavish their time and fortunes for the enjoyment of their thankless brotherhood.

Before I take my leave of Lord Petre's hounds, I cannot help saying it struck me that a grass-yard would be a great addition to the many comforts they already enjoy. It is true they have a

green hill at the kennel door, upon which they are let out to roll themselves; but we know the restraint which the presence of the ushers constantly begets in the school play-ground, and without doubt hounds labour under the same restraint when their tutors are watching them.

I have never seen Hort in the saddle, yet I'll lay a trifle he is no disgrace to the pig-skin, and *that* from a sufficiently simple cause. I have related that his head is ever occupied in his calling. As I was walking with him from the kennel we were speaking of Columbine in such raptures as suits only such a couple of enthusiasts as we are. This necessarily led us to talk of her sire, Charles Newman's Charon. "Sir," he continued, "I wish much you would see Newman's hounds; I am sure they would please you: *they are close by here—only about thirty miles across: you could be there directly!*"—As he spoke, I held out my hand and gave *his* a shake of real cordiality. I reflected upon the many months of ignoble ease that must elapse ere I might put to the test the *thews* and *sinews* of this genuine sportsman; and I

*thought an oath, which would have served as no inapt "pendent" to the celebrated anathema of the "damned stinking violets!"*

Mrs. Siddons is reported to have said, that one of the best things in Ireland was, "that you always had a fair wind to bring you out of it." This *might* have been said sarcastically, as it is generally taken in that sense; yet, to judge charitably, it admits of a milder interpretation. We all know how the spirit kicks against being detained anywhere "perforce unwillingly." Thus it is not among the least of the *agrémens* of Puckeridge that you are tolerably secure of a conveyance from it at almost all hours. It was my necessity to be in Town again with brief delay; so, like the Tragic Muse, I was well pleased when a vacant seat on an "up coach" gave me an opportunity "of getting out of it." I can say little for the drag, and still less for the dragsman; and therefore, to take a liberty with Goldsmith's Epilogue, since I *will* not "Blame where I must," I'll e'en "be silent where I can,  
And thus I'll prove me the Good-natured Man."

THE RAMBLER IN RED.

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### NEWTON ABBOTT RACES.

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SIR,  
IN introducing these Races to your notice, I feel an apology is due from me—first to yourself, for intruding on your valuable pages at a time when they are generally occupied with accounts of far more important and interesting Races than these; and next to your readers, for troubling them with an account of a Meet-

ing, which, from its present small character, will not, I fear, afford them so much pleasure as I could wish. The short time these Races have been established prevents me from presenting them to your readers in that interesting state I had wished; but I am happy to say, that, from the very kind and liberal support



which has been given to them, and the increasing interest taken in them, I feel satisfied I shall be able to give you a more flourishing and interesting account next year.

The Races commenced on Thursday the 17th of July—Sir Walter Carew and Sir Laurence Palk, Stewards; whose kind exertions in promoting the interest of the Races should not be forgotten by the many who enjoyed the sport. The weather was very favorable, and the company both good and numerous, and adorned with beauty which Meetings of greater magnitude, I am inclined to think, would gladly boast of.

The first thing to be disposed of was a Plate of 50 sovs., mile and a half heats, which brought out the following:—

|                                                                   |   |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Tuckett's b. m. Lady Lydia, aged, 10st. 4lb. ....             | 1 | 3 | 1   |
| Mr. Lyne's b. m. Isabel, aged, 9st. 8lb. ....                     | 4 | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. Kingsland's b. h. Arab, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. ....                 | 2 | 2 | dr. |
| Capt. Whetenhall's b. m. Chatoms, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ....          | 3 | 5 | dr. |
| Mr. W. B. Cudlipp's g. m. Disappointment, 5 yrs, 10st. 11lb. .... | 5 | 4 | dr. |

The last heat of this race was expected to be very severe, and from the pace they started at I have no doubt but that it would, had not Isabel unfortunately fallen and thrown her rider, which accident allowed her opponent to win it easily. The money, however, was claimed by her owner on the ground that Lady Lydia had not (agreeably with the terms of the race) carried an extra 5lb. for having won a Fifty, which her owner disputed her having done: the Stewards therefore named a time for the parties to prove the fact.

The next race was a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20

added from the Racing Fund, which gave us a very convincing proof that in this case "the grey mare was the better horse:—"

|                                                                                                                            |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Reed's g. m. Alice Grey, 4 yrs, 9st. 5lb. ....                                                                         | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. G. Brendon's b. g. Trebartha, aged, 10st. 5lb. ....                                                                    | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Fortescue's b. m. Zela, 6 yrs, 10st. 3lb. ....                                                                         | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Harness's b. h. Hassan, 4 yrs, 10st. 2lb.; and Mr. Lyne's b. m. Isabel, aged, 10st. 12lb. started but were not placed. |   |   |

This race was very well contested, and the winner had her work to do.

The third race was for a Plate of 20 sovs., which was quietly won by another grey mare, who did not appear to be at all alarmed at the *Dangerous* opponent she had to contend with:—

|                                                           |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. R. Wise na. g. m. Alice Grey, 5 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....   | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Rogers na. b. g. Dangerous, aged, 8st. 11lb. ....     | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. E. Palk's b. m. Lady Elizabeth, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. .... | 3 | dr. |

On the second day the weather and the company seemed disposed to carry on the game on the same good terms as the previous day. The sport commenced with the Torquay Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 30 sovs. added by the Inhabitants of Torquay; 18 subs., Gentlemen riders:—

|                                                                                  |   |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-------|
| Mr. Nattle's b. g. Edgar, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner) ....                         | 1 | 1     |
| Mr. R. Nattle's br. g. Radbourne, 5 yrs, 10st. 8lb. (Mr. Coad) ....              | 2 | 2     |
| Mr. R. Wise na. g. m. Alice Grey, 5 yrs, 10st. 11lb. (Mr. R. Wise) ....          | 4 | bolt. |
| Mr. Fetherstonhaugh na. b. m. Fairy, aged, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. Fetherstonhaugh) .... | 3 | dr.   |

The known good qualities of Edgar, and the excellent riding of his owner, made him the first favorite, and he was kind enough not to disappoint his friends. The grey was a favorite with many, but she, not possessing

such honest principles as her friend Edgar, bolted in both heats, and, I regret to say, in the second threw her rider, who was obliged to be conveyed home immediately in consequence of the injuries he received.

The Galloway Race was won cleverly by Mr. Proctor's br. c. Tom Moore Jun. after some very sharp work, beating Mr. Horsley's Banker, Mr. Shapland's Happy Jack, Mr. Jackson's Harriet, Mr. Nicholls's Rover, Mr. Leman's Effie Deans, and Mr. Sweete's Tom Moore.—The winner appeared to have forgotten the respect due to his senior namesake. The Proctor should remind his client of the Latin phrase, *Seniores Priores*.

The third race was a Handicap Plate of 20 sovs. which, contrary to the general run of Handicaps, produced as capital a race as I have witnessed for some time, and for which our thanks are due to Mr. Trelawney, who kindly exercised his judgment in this case. Six thought proper to have a go at this, but the three following only came under the notice of the Judge:—

|                                                       |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Fortescue's br. m. Zela, 6<br>yrs, 7st. 12lb..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Brendon's b. g. Trebartha,<br>aged, 9st. 8lb..... | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. R. Nettle's br. g. Radbourne,<br>5 yrs, 8st. .... | 1 | 3 | 3 |

Thus finished these Races, which, although they naturally cannot yet stand very high in point of magnitude or importance, may without doubt in point of good racing, and that which adds so much to a Racing Meeting—namely, good company and liberal supporters—claim a fair share of notice amongst the Provincial Meetings. The liberal

and spirited manner in which they seem disposed to conduct this Meeting entitles them to the notice of the supporters of the Turf; and I sincerely hope they will continue to be as liberally supported by the Gentlemen in the neighbourhood as they have been already.

The Ordinary on Thursday was a very convincing proof of the good feeling which exists towards this Meeting: above eighty of the Sporting Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall sat down to dinner, with Sir Walter Carew in the Chair, who, in returning thanks for the kind and handsome way in which his health had been proposed and received, expressed the great satisfaction he had felt in giving his warm support to these Races, and his intention of continuing to do everything in his power to promote their future success.

Sir John Butler Yarde Buller, Bart. has accepted the office of one of the Stewards for next year; and Montagu E. Parker, Esq. was proposed as the other, but I am not able to say whether he has accepted it: and there are already many subscribers to the different Stakes for next year.

GALLOPER.

Devonshire, July 29, 1834.

August 10, 1834.

P. S. Since forwarding you the account of our races, the Stewards, after duly investigating the disputed 50l. Plate run for on the first day, have decided that the money be paid to the owner of Isabel, Lydia not having carried her weight according with the conditions of the race.

## CRICKET IN 1834.

SIR,

**T**HE March of Cricket at present seems to resemble that of Intellect. As in the one case the number of readers and scribblers includes, or is to include, the whole population, whilst we can boast of fewer men of first-rate talent in almost any department of literature than for almost any period within the last two hundred years: so, whilst the bat, ball, and stumps are to be found in nearly every part of the kingdom, and the number of those who can play a little is proportionately increased, fewer than at any time within my recollection approach the highest point of excellence. How far this *latter march* may be influenced by the former I shall not stop to inquire. If what Johnson said of the Scots of his day may be almost applied to the readers of Britain generally in these times—"that all of them had a mouthful of learning, but not one of them a bellyful"—a similar censure cannot with any justice be passed upon cricketers; still I maintain that the art is rather in a degenerate state, and I think more so amongst gentlemen than *players*; although I presume the late match between two elevens of each (which, though the last of importance, I shall first notice) is evidence of a different opinion being entertained by the match-makers. A match on even terms between eleven amateur and eleven professional players, supposed to include anything like the strength of each party, had previously to this season taken place but three times. Twice were the gentlemen signally defeated: once (in 1822), by most

extraordinary good fortune, they were victorious. On the present occasion nothing like the strength of the patricians was in the field; still less that of the plebeians. It is possible that a better eleven of the *former* could not then be got together (although one of the very best men their "order" could produce—Mr. Edwards—was a spectator on the ground on which he had very recently played); but this certainly could not be said of their antagonists. To this it may be replied, that if a stronger eleven of the players had been brought up, the match would not have been equal. Then why make it at all, instead of the really interesting matches of eleven against sixteen, or nine against eleven, &c. which have prevailed of late years? Neither was this match equal: witness the score—

## GENTLEMEN.

|                     |    |
|---------------------|----|
| First innings ..... | 54 |
| Second ditto .....  | 93 |

Total..... 147

## PLAYERS.

|                                                          |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| First and last innings.....                              | 168 |
| Thus beating their antagonists single-handed by 21 runs. |     |

By far the greatest number of runs in the match were obtained by Pilch, who certainly played brilliantly, though I cannot go the length of saying (as many whose opinions are entitled to the highest respect do) that he is the best hitter ever seen. He obtained 60 runs, and would probably have added many more to that very respectable number had not his hand been severely injured by one of Mr. Alfred Mynn's tremendous balls. In fact, blood and wounds have unusually abounded this season

proving that some courage, as well as other manly qualities, is required at this game: and the Norfolk hero has been peculiarly unlucky, having (with one or two more) got a broken head only a few weeks before. But I must take care what I say upon this subject, or, should it reach his ears, we shall have Daniel O'Connell, or some equally kind-hearted Senator, bringing in a Bill to abolish this "brutal and demoralising practice."

I have said that I consider the gentlemen to have fallen off lately more decidedly than the players; and (assuming this to be the fact) a reason, not to search for remoter causes, is obvious. Few of them practise regularly for three seasons together. Mr. Ward, moreover, but lately a host in himself, appears to have retired from the wicket. But though gone off in hitting and fielding, in bowling (the branch of the game in which they have generally been most deficient) at present they particularly excel—at least, if bowling that can be called which is a decided *throw*. But, with a few exceptions, the players in this respect sin just as much against "the wisdom of our ancestors:" and I almost wonder that the ghosts of Brett, Harris, and others of the olden time do not start from their graves to denounce the authors of this innovation, but not improvement. Mr. Mynn, one of the best of our *amateur* projectors of the ball, has improved greatly of late both in *that* art and in hitting. The average of his wide balls is greatly reduced; and, though still far from a safe wicket, he has added some degree of steadiness to his powerful hitting, and bids fair to

become "Alfred the Great" in skill as well as in stature.

Sussex, after having for a season or two beat All England, would now probably in a fair trial of strength be forced to yield the palm to Kent, whose sons, though unsuccessful and singularly unlucky at Lord's against England, are very likely to be victorious on their own unconquered ground: although they could not beat the *real* "Eleven of England." The *Leeds* (or Maidstone) Club alone is, however, probably superior to any similar Society; at least they lately beat (at Lord's) the Marylebone Club and *Ground* in great style, the whole eleven proving themselves players above mediocrity, and several of them ranking with the first "either in Kent or Christendom." The present decline of Sussex is chiefly owing to a paucity of hitters. What is become of Hooker and one or two other good ones who were in play a few seasons back? Poor Jem Broadbridge is now really nobody with the bat in his hand; and even his bowling is scarcely what it has been. People say he never had any style about his hitting:—perhaps not; but he was, not very long since, one of the most *efficient* batsmen that ever stood beside a wicket, and this I will maintain against all comers with tongue, pen, and ("against a clergyman") sword! He was one of the few, the very few, men whom a man might for several seasons together have backed with something like confidence to average more runs than any of his contemporaries; and I recommend those who doubt this assertion to inspect the scores of the matches in which he played from 1824 to 1838

inclusive, or indeed I might say a year or two later. The wildness of his hitting when he commenced playing contrasted equally with his subsequent steadiness and his final tameness. It is singular as well as melancholy to reflect, that of two admirable players, whose names during the period to which I have just referred, were "familiar as household words" in the mouths of the lovers of cricket, Saunders and Broadbridge—both *Jems*, or rather *gems*\*—the first sleeps with his father, and the second, as a cricketer, appears fast sinking into premature old age, although the years of both men rendered such occurrences in the highest degree improbable.

The contests between Yorkshire and Norfolk have been singular for the alternate success of each county, the great number of runs obtained, and the fine hitting of Fuller Pilch; but the provincial papers on both sides continue to prove that *gasconading* is not confined to the South of France. There is a great deal of vaunting about "crack counties," "tremendous play," &c., which is just neither more nor less than nonsense at present, whatever it may be ten years hence. These cocks of the North should remember the lesson Mr. Jarry read them A. D. 1828. They must break a few more bats before they are able to contend on even terms with the *Southerons*. Allow me to correct a slight error which has crept into your last Number. The runs of Yorkshire in their last match (487 in the two innings) are said to be unprecedented in number: a glance at your *penultimate* volume

will shew that it has frequently been surpassed.

Perhaps one of the most promising players that has appeared for many years is a young man from Kent of the name of May—one of the Maidstone Club. I regret that as yet I have witnessed but few of his performances, but what I have seen inclines me to give easy credence to those who describe him as an *out-and-outer*. There are some peculiarities in his style of going to work which I have never observed in any other man. He is remarkably cool, collected, and quiet in his manner; nor did he even at his first appearance at Lord's evince the slightest flurry or uneasiness, which is the more remarkable, as he appears a very young man, and a *debut* there tries the nerves of most men. He stands perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue, his bat only slightly trembling as it hangs loosely from his hands, and his eye fixed steadily on his advancing foe, as if he could read his intent, and arrest by his gaze the projected weapon. There is something almost awful in his stillness: there is something in his look and attitude, after repelling the assault of the ball, which resembles those of the divine conqueror of Python; or, if this be thought too high flown, it cannot be denied, that, like some of the heroes of Kentucky, he looks as if he could stare the bark off a tree. It is very difficult to bowl him out. He seldom gives a chance away, plays only at likely balls, but plays at them well and surely, and his judgment of distance appears remarkably accurate. It is, how-

\* I am afraid this is something like a pun. I hope my readers will forgive me, as I do not often offend in this way.

ever, trying to the nerves of some eager votaries of the game to see him in, as from his extreme stillness of demeanour one might imagine he would fail in promptitude and activity, and be too late for the ball; but the reverse is the fact: in both which traits he offers a most marked contrast to the play of many others that I could mention. Though so cautious there is nothing awkward, painful, or timid in his style; he seems to have studied the maxim of the old Greek Philosopher—"deliberate slowly, but perform promptly;" or Napoleon's rules for war, which are neither more nor less than the same thing in rather different words. His play is almost as easy as that of Saunders, though with less *apparent* animation and readiness. Nor does he appear to be one of those "harps with one string," who can make but one hit; but if he prefers giving his ball the *route* to any particular part of the field, perhaps it is to the leg. There are many who think him already the best bat of his Club, which includes the names of Mills and Wenman, besides those of many other good players. In person he is rather tall, and likely to grow stouter; at present he is somewhat spare, but apparently all sinew and nerve. If I am not greatly deceived, he already well merits to be enrolled amongst the "Eleven of England."

I cannot say the same for several of those who lately defeated the gentlemen at Lord's. Though all are far above mediocrity, there are four, perhaps six, of them whom I think I could have exchanged for better men; but it might appear invidious to particularise. Lillywhite continues to improve in hitting, and is really *now* one of the best bats Sussex

can produce. That fine player Edward Wenman has not been quite so successful as usual this season; but no man's play is free from these accidental variations, which may be attributed to the caprice of the blind goddess. His cousin George, despite the shortness of his stature, has proved himself one of the best long-stops now to be found. I am afraid the name of Searle must be added to the Retired List, which has lately been swelled by those of so many of our best men. Death has also been busy. If I am not mistaken his dart has struck at least four members of the Marylebone Club since their last season, though perhaps none of them (as players) were greatly above mediocrity.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T. R. H.

P. S. Looking over some old Newspapers containing the records of past matches, I find the following statement:—"On Monday the 4th instant (July 1831) a match was played by eleven gentlemen of Kingsumborne and eleven of Mottisfont, near Romsey, Hampshire, which was won by the latter, having seven wickets to go down. In this match a most extraordinary catch was made by Mr. Joseph Grace, one of the Mottisfont eleven, who was placed at the short slip, and (left-handed) caught a ball, by a sudden spring, full fifteen feet from the ground!"—A most extraordinary catch indeed, if true! but I appeal to any of your readers experienced in leaping or cricket-playing, whether it is not impossible; unless indeed Mr. Grace be a giant, which is not asserted.....and even if it were possible, how could the fact be ascertained?

## HUNTING CHIT-CHAT, &amp;c.—BY DASHWOOD.

SIR,

**F**ROM personal observation during a recent short excursion in the West, and the kind attentions of my Correspondents, I am happy in being able to send to you something like a Summer Postscript to my Budgets of "Hounds and Hunting." To begin, therefore, without further preface—from all that I can see and all that I can hear, "The Noble Cause" has seldom worn a more cheerful countenance than it now displays; and in spite of all the doleful croakings and predictions at one period so abundant, the prophecy, which I was hardy enough to venture, has been amply fulfilled. Not only is there no one single good country without a Master, but every blank has been *most satisfactorily* filled up; and as I also ventured to anticipate, in more instances than one, whatever *change* has taken place has been an *improvement* and a *melioration*. Foxes, too, are almost everywhere reported to be in great abundance; and not only is there an excellent account of the young litters, but in most of the countries from which I have received communications, the stock of *seasoned veterans*, without which of course no sport can reasonably be looked for, is represented to be unusually large. Let me hope also, as I have reason to do, that the two iniquitous trades of theft and murder are now somewhat on the decline; and not only that Gentlemen have at last discovered that it is not a very polite or

sportmanlike act to buy up the foxes purloined from their neighbours' coverts\*, but also that sundry wicked vulpecides have "turned away from their wickedness," and are now fast metamorphosing themselves into decent members of society. One essential thing, however, I lament to say, is yet wanting—(the very cement, if I may be allowed the expression, of the fabric of fox-hunting)—namely, the *Prosperity of the Agricultural Interest*!! I fear, alas! that the sun is not yet dispersing the clouds that have so long and so gloomily overshadowed this portion of our political atmosphere; but, not to indulge in *sombre* forebodings and anticipations, let me quit this topic (so perplexing to wiser heads than mine), by offering my best and warmest wishes to every sporting cultivator of the soil for the result of the forthcoming harvest, and by recording my deliberate and unalterable opinion of the effect which the well or ill-doing of the British farmer *must* have, not only on Fox-hunting, but on every interest of the State and Empire. Two lines of Lord Byron's *Childe Harold* will accomplish the task at once, and they are these—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome will stand,  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome will fall!!"

May the Helmsman, therefore, of the good ship *Britannia* be wise and provident in time!

It is a treat, I understand, of

\* On this subject I have ever held the doctrine, that it would be just as fair for one Master of Hounds to buy his neighbour's puppies from their walks, as to purchase his foxes, knowing whence they were procured, and I am sure I am in the right.

no ordinary nature to inspect the kennel of Mr. King, the very popular occupier of the Hambleton country; and a sportsman will see in it what he cannot see elsewhere, namely, two hunting packs of hounds consisting entirely and exclusively of bitches. Their sex of course settles the question at once as to their *symmetry* and *neatness*; but there is moreover no lack of *power* amongst them, and they have on all occasions proved themselves quite a match for the very stout foxes they have (during last season in particular) had the good fortune to contend with. *Condition*, however, it is needless to say, must have had not a little to do with the latter part of the story; but in this particular, as in every other, Mr. King is admitted to be, I believe, quite an adept in his profession. His determination of adhering to the *bitch* system clearly proves his conviction of its success. I know not how it is, nevertheless, but in spite of the excellent season which the Hambleton had last year, and the acknowledged superior manner in which the hounds did their work—aye, and in despite to boot of the recorded opinions of two or three of our very first-rate sportsmen (in other countries)—I cannot bring myself, I must confess, to abjure the creed which I have always held—a creed inculcated in me by a man whose “memory will long be green” with all who knew him as one of the most *sensible* and *practically* good sportsmen that ever wrote M. F. H. after their name ..... good, kind, and worthy Mr. Baird, of Newbyth:—a creed also, unless I much mistake, held, and acted up to at this hour, by his

*élève* and favorite, Williamson, the huntsman of his noble successor (an authority, be it understood, with whom “*errare malum*” than be right with nine-tenths of his brother professors): and a creed, which, from the closest personal scrutiny in the field, whether in command of, or having anything to do with hounds myself, or being a mere spectator of the scene, I have ever found based on the soundest and most orthodox principles—namely, *that a mixed pack of dogs and bitches*, though not quite so level and pleasing to the eye, is the pack of all others notwithstanding to shew sport throughout a season. This of course is merely the opinion of an individual, which I have no wish to thrust or obtrude on any one: I am quite prepared, however, to enter on its defence whenever invited to do so, inasmuch as it is the calm and unbiassed result of experience and observation.

Mr. King's entry this year, I am sorry to say, has proved rather a short one; he has, however, obtained reinforcements from other quarters; and, as he had plenty of foxes left at the end of the season, and also an abundance of litters, another brilliant year's sport is confidently looked forward to by his field, with whom he is as popular as he deserves to be, and that is saying not a little. His predecessor in the Hambleton country, Mr. *Craven* Smith, as he has since been christened, intends lying by for another season, I understand, and contenting himself with being a mere spectator. Were it only to instruct the rising generation in his *most peculiar mode* of killing his foxes, the Sporting World cannot



long afford to lose the services of this conspicuous and far-famed member of it; and a little bird whispered into my ear the other day, that in 1835 we shall in all probability see him at the head of one of the most distinguished Hunts in the kingdom, but which at present must be nameless.

Whilst in the West, I grieve to report that I was compelled to hear a very indifferent account of Mr. Asheton Smith's health, and indeed to listen to an apprehension that he might not next year be enabled to take the field! On this subject all sportsmen in the kingdom I am sure must be unanimous in framing the best of cordial wishes for this the most extraordinary horseman perhaps that England has ever produced; and if such can either stay the anguish of pain, or smooth the pillow of unrest, I am satisfied that Mr. Smith possesses the balsam in perfection. He had last year nothing short of a *brilliant* season's sport, and everything now about both his establishment and his country looks well and promising for a second edition of it, were he himself restored to health. The first blast of the horn, however, may I trust yet do wonders!

I am much pleased to find that a subscription pack of harriers have been established in the neighbourhood of Devizes, for two reasons—first, because so excellent a country ought always to be hunted; and secondly, because I think it more than probable that my friend Mr. Amyatt will have a good deal to do with the concern. In fact, I understand that a speculating and sporting agriculturist has already, on the strength of the report,

engaged a considerable tract of land in the neighbourhood, which he intends to devote exclusively to the cultivation of *mangel wurzel*; and Cobbett has also laid down an extra number of acres with his *Indian corn* at Barns Elms. Whether these speculations will succeed or not of course remains to be seen. Of one thing, however, I am quite certain, namely, that if Mr. A. has anything to say to this subscription pack, and puts them into only *half* the condition of his own renowned old Conock Harriers, it will be well worth any sportsman's while to ride twenty miles to have a day with them, and carry home in his pocket half a leaf out of my friend's kennel book! Having had a year's run (he sold off both hounds and horses last November), Mr. Amyatt intends turning out quite a new man this next season, and I was glad to hear that he had become the purchaser, at a liberal figure, of Mr. Tudway's famous horse so well known in the Vale of Somerset. The worst wish I frame for him is, that he may perform this incoming year the same exploit which he performed the year before last, with good sport on every day—that exploit being neither more nor less than hunting on *seventy-five consecutive days* (barring Sundays); an exploit considered so extraordinary, that 1000 to 20 has been currently offered against its being again accomplished!

Jumping from Wilts to Dorset, Mr. Farquharson's hounds remain, I believe, *in statu quo ante*, and no alteration whatever is to take place in the establishment; Old Ben still retaining the horn, and Solomon, one of the most

*scientific aides-de-camp* in the kingdom, still bearing the whip to support him. What a pity, as *Martainville* used to say, in his Parisian journal, of *Mademoiselle Mars*, that one cannot *restaurer* a performer, as one can *restaurer* a saloon or theatre. Could we do so, were it only for the sake of retaining his splendid voice, Old Jennings would surely come in for a most liberal touch of the paint-brush; and as for Solomon, he ought to get into the grinding-mill at the end of every season, and have its weight taken off his shoulders!

Mr. Portman has now thirty picked couples of hounds in his kennel (including a particularly clever entry of eight and a half couples) that very few Masters can equal, and no man in existence excel. Their condition also does their huntsman the very highest credit, and whatever little peccadilloes he may commit in the field, he must in the kennel be considered as an artist of no common merit. His "right arm," as Lord Grey called the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Joe, has now left this pack to go to Mr. Codrington; and I much wish that Atkins may not feel his loss severely; for in many points, as a whipper-in, he is as good and effective a servant as ever went into a field, and so indeed he should be, considering the education which he has had. His half rate to hounds to get them out of covert to the huntsman's halloo is nearly the most perfect thing of the sort that I ever listened to, and no doubt will be heard to advantage in the wooded wildernesses of Grovely and Great Ridge. Mr. Portman's show of foxes, I understand, is very fair:

I should much apprehend, however, if it prove an open winter, that he will find his contracted and narrow hill-country insufficient for two days a week: to be sure he will have his portion of Stock Wood, Rooksmoor, and Caundle Brake: yet even with these powerful auxiliaries I should almost fear he cannot pull through without a trifle more assistance from Mr. Farquharson.

Mr. Hall (in the consolidated B. V. and S. V. countries) appears determined to open the campaign with vigour. He has lately purchased the Essex Border Hounds, formerly the property of Mr. Mules, and incorporated them with his own already very powerful and business-like pack; so that he has now *forty-five picked couples* in his kennel, and has also twenty-five couples to draft, which are well worthy the attention of any one setting up an establishment. He has also hired Will Neverd (so many years Mr. Warde's huntsman), who was with the Essex at the time he bought them; and, as his first whip, has the same clever and active young man who officiated in that capacity for Mr. Tatchell. His country is full of foxes, both old and young, I am happy to say in every direction; and of the latter, if the reports of keepers, stoppers, &c. &c. may be relied on, he has at least from *twenty-five to thirty litters*, so that Mr. Neverd will at least have no cause to complain of the lack of *raw materiel* for his hounds to work upon. As the harvest promises to be early, we shall soon hear, I should think, that Mr. Hall has commenced operations; and I heartily hope that the most perfect success may

attend him, for in taking to the country, or rather countries, as he did, he evinced a most liberal and sportsmanlike spirit.

Mr. Drax, who must be endowed with the most indomitable spirit of any man since the days of old Blucher, is still going on in his paddock of a country, which, compared to that of any other Hunt (Mr. Portman's perhaps excepted), is as Rutland unto Yorkshire in the Map of England, with a splendid stud of horses, a splendid kennel of hounds, and (so it was represented to me) *one indigenous litter of foxes!* To make amends, however, for this lamentable and almost ludicrous deficiency, I understand that he has imported a considerable quantity of foreigners, which at all events will be good enough to blood his hounds with at the beginning of the season; and he has then only to pray that some of the wild natives may be driven into his coverts after the surrounding packs have commenced their work. I should surely think, that, had this Gentleman been so disposed, he might, amongst all the recent changes and resignations, have secured a little more elbow-room, without difficulty, for the display of his very superior establishment; and for his own sake I wish this had been the case, for he is evidently as fond of the thing as any man in Britain, and possesses not only the inclination to hunt a country properly, but also the golden sinews to enable him to do so.

Can that Bath Paper be supposed by possibility to speak from authority, which announces Lord Lansdown's orders to his keepers to destroy every fox

upon his property, because these worthies forsooth made the notable discovery that "vermin," as they are called, had killed some of the young fawns in Bowood Park? Until His Lordship confirms the statement in his place in the House of Lords, I for one will never believe it; but should such actually be the case, let Lord Melbourne look to it, for such an act is enough to shake and endanger the stability of the firmest Administration ever formed, unless the whole Cabinet rise in a body and disclaim all participation in it! Even the Crown itself would be hardly safe if the nation thought that its Councillors were vulpecides; and I do hope and trust that a question will be forthwith put from the Woolsack to the Noble Lord of Bowood, to enable him to vindicate his aspersed and calumniated character! Strange enough to say, the very next paragraph of the paper in which I read this piece of slander contained the intelligence that in Hesse Cassel it is now made "penal to put a *nightingale* to death." Would to Heaven that the *amateurs of sweet sounds* in this less fortunate country could contrive also to get a law passed, changing the word *nightingale* into *fox*; for who in his senses could think of comparing the notes, beautiful as they are, of the daughter of Pandion with the soul-searching music of Mr. Horlock's splendid pack! and there needs no magician to tell us, that if there are no foxes, there will be no fox-hounds to enchant our ears!

In the course of my travels, I spent two very pleasant days at Stock House, and had the high

treat of minutely examining the new pack of harriers, or rather dwarf fox-hounds, which Mr. Yeatman has got together, and with which he has superseded his late kennel of Southernns. Doubtless many of my readers, remembering the extraordinary accounts of sport with the old B. V. long-eared *uniques*, which from time to time I have given in these pages, will be rather surprised at this sudden change, and not a little puzzled to assign a reason that could weigh sufficiently with their Master to induce him to discard them, and substitute their *antipodes* in their room. The affair, however, is very easily explained, and I think my friend has acted with his usual judgment and discretion in the matter! The truth is simply this: nothing on earth could be more satisfactory or delightful than the very superior style in which the Southernns did their work, nor could their deep-toned and melodious music be surpassed by anything we have recently heard in Westminster Abbey. With sufficient pace to satisfy the best horse in Christendom if ridden fairly alongside them, they yet gave their hares a chance; and, with anything like a stout Vale of Blackmoor Jack before them, ensured their field, not a mere spurting course of twenty minutes, but a really good and pressing run, that made its inroads on the second hour: in one word they gave the most eminent and unqualified satisfaction, not only to their worthy Master, but to every man imbued with the love of hunting who at any time turned out with them. With all their good qualities, however, they were not exempt from the

"*amari aliquid*" that attaches itself to all our pleasures and pursuits. The constitution of the Southern is, I believe, naturally a soft and delicate one, and though their *condition* enabled them to cope to the very last with the stoutest of their game, the work was too severe for their stamina, and absolutely and literally *they broke down by dozens*. No doubt much of the misery is to be attributed to the repeated immersions in brooks and rivers which at all times of the year, and in every run almost they had (being heated at the time, be it remembered), they were compelled to undergo: and when I last saw them, soon after Christmas, when it will be remembered that the floods were everywhere a good deal out, I will venture to say that they had to swim for it a dozen times with each of their hares. Be the cause, however, what it may, the result was as I have stated it: and after enduring the thing for some months with patience, and patching up the pack at a great expense by purchases at a distance from home (it being no easy matter, let me tell my readers, to get together half a dozen couples of *symmetrical, sizable, and well-shaped* Southernns), Mr. Yeatman determined to go back once more to "the light and airy," whose constitutions he had proved, by the experience of a score of years, to be perfectly equal to the severities alike of his Vale country and the Dorsetshire hills. Accordingly, almost with the rapidity of a scenic change (Mr. Y. I believe took only three weeks to effect the alteration), the benches on which I had last seen the fine and imposing countenances of a pack

that will be long remembered in the Vale of Blackmoor, are now occupied by some three or four and twenty couples of as *perfect animals* of a *totally opposite character* as were ever got together by dint of fifty years' breeding and perseverance; and I venture to assert, that at least eighteen couples can be drafted out of the whole, in which (as far as appearance goes) no judge of hounds in England can by possibility pick a fault. If any man think that I exaggerate, let him go and judge for himself; meantime I say fearlessly (and I am pretty well accustomed to this style of hound), that in my existence I never saw anything more beautifully perfect and level than Mr. Yeatman's present pack. How he has contrived to effect the work of enchantment, I can scarcely tell: there they are, however, in the kennel to speak for themselves; and at some future period I hope to have the pleasure of laying their pedigrees (a point on which his Master is most justly fastidious) before my readers when speaking of their proceedings after hunting has commenced.

Mr. Yeatman's kennel, I should add, has been much improved since my last visit, and the principal lodging-room having been ceiled and freshly whitewashed, looked as cool and comfortable a place for a luncheon of cold lamb and cucumber as a man would wish to sit down in this most oppressive and *extra*-Calcutta weather. I acquired a wrinkle, too, in one of the airing yards, which I wish I had acquired years ago. In the centre of it is placed a large square stand or bench (without straw of course), on which the hounds apparently

stretch themselves in *great preference to lying basking on the flags*; and this, I repeat, is a wrinkle well worth knowing, as there is nothing more injurious or stiffening than such basking. I in a great measure prevented it, as I have already mentioned, in my own kennel, by shutting up the pack in their lodging houses, and using the iron trellis doors which I have described: even then, however, hounds would, if possible, creep off their benches and lie down on the flags of the room; and there was moreover a good deal of trouble attendant on the plan, as regards dirt, &c.

There being a magnificent litter of foxes in Stock Wood, we of course took a walk to see the place where they were bred, in a bank hard by; and certainly, from the appearance of the earth's mouth, and the ditches and furrows in the neighbourhood, the most sceptical, I think, would have been convinced that Master Charlie is a great admirer of feathered food. Plumes of almost every kind of British game and poultry to be found in Bewicke were strewn about and matted together in one confused and merciless mass: *not even the pet wild-ducks*, it was evident, had been spared; and I could not help remarking that the mystery was now solved of the Stock foxes being so superior to the *α πολλοί* of other coverts, who are contented to blow themselves up with and get fozy on vulgar rabbit!

On our road home we had to pass the grave of that good and indeed invaluable old mare whom I have before mentioned in these pages, and of whom a fair likeness, by Mr. Craven Smith, adorns the chimney piece of Mr. Yeat-

man's dining room. Aye there, in one of the beautiful glades of Stock Wood, lies at last this tried and faithful creature, after a happy servitude of *a quarter of a century*! Nature suddenly gave way, it seems, some months since, and the *coup de grace* was in kindness instantly given. The nook selected for her last resting place is most singularly appropriate and well chosen. Situated in one of the most picturesque parts of the wood, it commands a full view of the fine Vale and the distant Wiltshire Woodlands, the scenes of so many of her exploits; and she reposes moreover on the very spot, and under the identical sods of turf, on which, on the 14th of January 1831, the gallant B. V. F., under the command of Mr. Yeatman, ran in to and worried *their last fox* in Stock Wood! On the mound that covers her, too, was a multitude of *pad-marks*, and a *billet or two*, which evidently shewed that the young foxes had been dancing over her remains in the same spirit, perhaps, with which Burns describes "the spiteful muir-fowl bigging her nest" amidst the brown heath above "Tam Samson," the bitter and notorious enemy of her species! As I said to Mr. Yeatman, the subject well deserves a bit of marble and an inscription, and if I can press or cajole a Muse into my service, it shall at all

events have the latter before I pay my next visit to the Vale of Dorset.

North of the Tweed, I think, if it be possible, the cause of fox-hunting looks even more prosperous than amongst us Sassenachs in the South. I hear capital, nay *admirable* accounts of almost every establishment; and, not invidiously to particularise, I may say generally, that the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Elcho, Lord Kintore, Lord Kelburne, Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Murray, Mr. Dalzell, and, though last not least, the Fife, have all the very fairest prospects for the incoming season, and during the one last expired have all given the utmost satisfaction.

Turning to Sussex, I have no alteration of any moment to announce, excepting that I have heard (I can scarcely say from authority) that Mr. Steere intends relinquishing his hounds at the end of another season. So far as Colonel G. Wyndham is concerned, the show of litters is considered at least average, and Sharpe's hounds I understand are in their usual splendid condition. This letter, however, has now run to a much greater length than I had anticipated, and until next month, though I have still much to say, I must trespass no more on my readers' patience.

DASHWOOD.

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#### GOODWOOD RACES—TUESDAY, JULY 29.

SIR,  
**W**E have now reached the meridian of the Racing Season, a point at which we may perhaps be permitted to pause a moment, to look back on that por-

tion of it of which we have already had proof, and forward to that of which we have the promise. If we compare the present prospects of the Turf with those of the last

few years, how cheering is such review to all who love this our national pastime! I do not shrink from avowing that I am of those: Philip of Macedon, history presents to us as constantly riding in public at the Olympian games: Hiero of Syracuse rode his horse Phrenicus, we are told, for the Olympic Crown, and won it. These authorities I quote to reconcile those to my enthusiasm who admit of none other than such as wear the rust of a dozen or two centuries to assist their claims. I cannot avoid here giving the words in which, not longer than a year ago, an influential periodical alluded to the then position of racing affairs, the rather since the evils it deploras are so fast disappearing, and once more the Turf bids fair even to rival its former glories. The passage I allude to is this:—"Having seen the Turf at its acme, we should be sorry to witness its decline; but *fall it must* if a tighter hand be not held over the whole system appertaining to it. Noblemen and Gentlemen of fortune and integrity must rouse themselves from an apathy to which they have lately been lulled, and they must separate themselves from a set of marked unprincipled miscreants, who are endeavoring to elbow them off the ground, which ought to be exclusively their own: no honorable man can be successful for any length of time against such a horde of determined depredators as have lately been seen on our race courses: the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the deep-laid stratagems of such villanous combinations." Thank God! this knot of *vagabonds*, with "all their moral mur-

ders on their heads" are "push'd from their stools," and "the Turf shall enjoy its own again."

Goodwood, taking it all in all, is perhaps the most national of all "the princely homes of England;" and the scene, as I passed the front of the fine old mansion this morning, truly characteristic: opposite the principal entrance, on a piece of velvet sod, a large marquee had been pitched; beneath which was gathered the *élite* of our Sporting Aristocracy; around, under the shelter of noble beech and chesnut trees, were groups of grooms with led horses; in the distance were seen strings of race horses in their snowy-colored clothes being gently walked towards the course; while the whole of the splendid Park was a moving panorama of every description of carriage, filled with all the variety of colour and costume peculiar to this lovely season of the year. I have before remarked how all our great Meetings are distinguished each from the other by their peculiar features; and who, by visiting every other Race Meeting in England, could picture to himself any semblance of this of Goodwood? The company in the Stand—and here very few remain in their carriages—have more the look of guests brought by engagement together than the miscellaneous grouping of a race day; and the humbler classes, feeling that they have been by courtesy admitted to mingle with, and partake the amusements of, their superiors, are distinguished by an order and decorum of behaviour we may look in vain for elsewhere. The morning had been beautiful, but after noon, as the day grew older, the heat became intense to

a degree that made standing out of the shade almost insupportable: still, with all its personal *desagrédens*, give me sunshine, glorious sunshine!—there is an influence in it, and a sympathy with it, that my inward soul acknowledges. Welcome ever, thrice welcome, spite of all thy consequent inelegances, art thou to me, Old Father Sol!

"Sire of the Seasons! Monarch of the  
climes,  
And those who dwell in them! for near  
or far  
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee!"

At about half-past one a barouche arrived at the Stand, from which descended the Duchess of Richmond, the Ladies Lichfield, Chesterfield, and Albert Conyng-ham, and the business of the day was at once begun.

The Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., two-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.; half a mile. Of the six in the list five appeared to contest it, with, however, very little speculation; indeed the odds were merely nominal. My Lord Chesterfield having been accustomed during the previous portion of the season to open the ball, the top of the set was here also accorded to him. Five to 4 was offered that he won, and no one fancying these in their favor. The Eliza Leeds filly is certainly a fine racing looking lassie, and, if "pretty is that pretty does," then has she two claims on our admiration. Public opinion had viewed this race as constant practice authorised. The first attempt brought them all well away together, a situation which was tolerably preserved to half the length: here all but Clarence were dished, and his chance not worth a straw—Pavis was at him all the while, and, from the placidity of Natt's

index, which a good glass enabled me to peruse, I saw how it would terminate, the filly winning by a length or two as she pleased. Clarence was second, and all the lot placed, which arrangement I should think admitted of little cavil.

Match, 25 sovs. each, last half mile, both two years old, 8st. 4lb. each.—Like the last, there were merely offers to bet about this small matter—the Clerk of the Council at 5 to 4 agst the Ex-Post Master General. This was one of the cheap-and-nasty family—the pace would have suited a costermonger's donkey every inch of the ride. Boyce was working away like a nailer at His Grace's colt, an exertion he might have spared himself, but that it is necessary to do something for one's money. Natty, on Marmoset, laboured a trifle too, but he was tolerably safe all through, and won by a length or so easily, in both acceptances of the term.

The Drawing Room Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with a bonus of 10 sovs. each, three-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.—once round Drawing Room Stakes Course; the second horse to receive 100 sovs.; sixty-six subs.—Nine started: value of the Stakes 1125l.—Notwithstanding the great interest created by this race in the Metropolis, here it was languid in the extreme. Charivari was at 2 to 1, Sir F. Johnstone's Merlin filly about the same quotation—the horse for choice: the two even against the field. There were some queer-looking ones amongst them, and I really think a jockey should have double payment for the risk of riding such a brute for instance as Languid, on whose hump I saw poor Con-



nolly perched. There were two or three fine specimens; among them Mr. Cosby's Patapan, and Sadler's Derby nag Dangerous, who seems as if he could go, but he can't. At the first word they came off, Arnall on the Sister to Baleine going to the front with strong running, making play for Charivari; Rush's Rebel (Jem Robinson) next him; then the Merlin filly; Charivari last. They reached the clump in this order of march, and no perceptible tailing; when in sight again under the wood, the roan was still leading as hard as she was able, the others well with her. At the turn she began to give way, Robinson taking her place, and Pavis stealing Charivari into the front rank: here too Sister to Echo was as good as anything, Twitchet bringing her up like a man. Before the distance was reached, they began to find out that the day was broiling and the length no joke, the pace gradually becoming worse. In this way they scrambled home, Chapple landing Charivari a length first, the Sister to Echo second, Rebel third; no other placed. The Merlin filly was quite beat off, and arrived last: it was but a canter at the end, and a sad straggling ragged job as might be. I never saw a lot more terribly distressed—the winner, after weighing, absolutely reeled off the Terrace, seeming scarcely able to keep on his legs.

The Innkeepers' Plate of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Innkeepers on the road, &c. &c. Four were entered for this, but Victim was drawn at the post. This I should imagine created very little concern, as I don't think there was a pair of gloves

hazarded as to the result of the race. At starting none of them appeared in any hurry to get home—a unanimity which they preserved to the distance: here Adelaide ran out, and would have cut it bodily, but that the rails there are rather high and strong. It now became, what it always is for public money, a rattling good race, Natty going stride for stride on Faunus with Frank Boyce on the Duke of Richmond's roguish-looking nag Ketchup. There was nothing to spare with either to the end, a very beautiful race finishing in favour of Ketchup by about a length, both full of running.—For the second heat, the two who fought for the first only went: they came along a good bat to the distance: here Ketchup was winning merrily. When opposite the Stand, however, Faunus set to, as if he had taken a new notion, and I really thought had stolen the heat; but he only ran out to the Judge's chair, an old trick of his, the victory being the Duke's by a length. Mr. Greville claimed the winner, and certainly he is not dear at a hundred.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

Though Chichester is more conveniently situated than any of the neighbouring towns for the visitors to these races, a great proportion of them choose Bognor, Midhurst, and other places as their head-quarters. For this the inhabitants of this town have themselves to thank, the excessive charges going far towards destroying the effect of the Duke of Richmond's splendid patronage. Used as I am from constant custom to the want of conscience too often exhibited at times like these, I was, I confess, not prepared for

the exorbitant expectations of His Majesty's lieges in the public line in this old city: if they do pick up some handsome crumbs just now, ultimately they must do themselves very serious injury.

The rain which had fallen in torrents during the entire night had the natural effect of making the portion of the course lying lowest very sticking and heavy; and the immense power of the sun during the day, which at intervals burst out with the burning gush of a stream of lava, made anything over a mile a terrific affair for horses. This being market day, ensured a forcible assemblage of the yeomanry and their better halves; still the consequence of a crowd is never felt here as at other Meetings, and Colonel George Wyndham's huntsman and whips, who ride inside the rails, in their new scarlet coats with their dashing grey horses, are more ornamental than useful. The Band of the Sussex Militia too, which is stationed upon the green terrace under the Grand Stand, is another item in the catalogue of attraction at this seat of pleasure. I heard some of the betting men find fault with the *noise*; but, alas! for them, what know they of harmony? "*they have no music in their souls.*"

The first race in the list was the Verulam Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, three years old, 8st. 7lb. each, Last Mile of the Drawing Room Stakes Course. For this three went, one was drawn before starting, and three paid 50 sovs. each. As there is always some reason assigned by the backers of a horse that loses other than his deficiency of racing qualities, so the Merlin filly,

which had run so undeniable a *last* for the Drawing Room Stakes yesterday, was to win to-day with Robinson on her: perhaps the distance suited her better, or that she preferred a rivalry with those of her own sex; but here she was in favour with many, though Louisa was at 6 to 4 on her in the Ring. As they start at the bottom of the turn of the wood, you cannot see them till they are off. As soon as I caught them, Lord Exeter was making strong running in front, Forth next, and the Merlin filly last. Thus they came to near the distance, where they closed, and no guess for the winner: opposite the Stand, Robinson took hold of his mare with all the delicacy and tact for which he is so distinguished, bringing her away from her horses, and winning a length in beautiful form; Forth next on his own mare, so he had nobody but himself to find fault with. Arnall rode the Sister to Baleine.

The Goodwood Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., &c.—For these there were eighty-seven subscribers, and sixteen to go. This race altogether was as beautiful a sight as can be imagined: the sun, which had been out for the last hour or two, was temporarily obscured, shedding alternate "cloud and shine" upon the moving parterre of colours and the group of magnificent animals mounted and paraded before the Stand—combining, with its background of hill and valley, a picture of unrivalled beauty and interest. The betting was not at this moment as spirited as one might have looked for; perhaps most of the books were full upon it: the field was backed at 5 to 1; 5 to 1 agst Caldecot, 6 to 1 Liston,

10 to 1 Robin Roughhead, 12 to 1 Bon Ton, 100 to 8 Easton, and 100 to 8 the Shoveller filly; 10 to 1 agst Forth's two. At starting Liston got well off with the lead, Pavis taking him handsomely away, Musquito alone of the lot losing start. At passing the distance going out, Skimmertook up the running at a rattling score, going to the front a couple of lengths: thus he led them to the clump; George Edwards on Quartetto second, and Liston last. At the turn of the wood the situations were nearly the same; when all at once Quartetto cut it, and was quite beat off: still Skimmer was hard at it, Liston, Barney Bodkin with Wakefield on him, and Forth's horse being among the first. At the distance the two last-named had cleared the crowd, and ran a right honest race home, Norman landing Robin first easily by two lengths, Barney second taking to his whalebone like a trump, Easton and Sam Mann third: no other placed. Were not the odds excessive against Forth's brace, considering how well this Roughhead ran up in his Derby race? They were all terribly beaten, the ground being very heavy, between the clump and the wood most especially—of this the splashed faces and boots and breeches in the weighing room were evidence enough.

The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, &c. &c. There was a good deal of quiet business done upon this Plate, for which Mr. Greville's Whale was the favorite almost at evens with the field; at all events 10 to 8 was the best odds to be had. This was done in the funniest way imaginable.

At the first attempt Arthur Pavis jumped off with Ophelia half a quarter of a mile *en avant*, then Chapple with Kate, and last of all sober John Day with him of "the deep, deep sea." As they commenced so they terminated, Whale just saving his distance, and pulling up at the post. Still all these frolics had little if any effect upon the previous opinion, *malgré* the heat out of the fire. I heard a leading voice in the Ring offer to take 30 to 25 about Ophelia winning, and none to differ with him.—For the second heat Kate was drawn, and Ophelia flew off as before with a couple of hundred yards a-head: thus they came up the hill: here John Day gently loosed his horse, stealing him down the falling ground from the turn of the rails: at the distance they were together: nearly opposite the Stand, Whale, with a little shaking, went past the mare, whom Pavis punished severely, and won cleverly—walking over for the third and "last time of asking."—There was now high change to negotiate as much as present leisure permitted about the all-important Cup tomorrow. As well as the big drum of the Sussex Militia would allow me to catch it, the speculation was thus: the field 3 to 1, 6 to 1 and *bar one*: Glencoe 6 to 1, Giles 7 to 1, Rockingham 9 to 1, an even hundred that the gelding out of Liston's dam beats him; 60 to 50 Glencoe agst Giles; Forth offered to take 8 to 1 he won; and 12 to 1 agst the Saddler were, the closing prices.

THURSDAY, JULY 31.

We have had very strange weather here since the Meeting commenced, singularly accommodating certainly for the racing

—during the nights it has rained unceasingly, and the days are all sunshine and smile. The farmers, however, begin to look blue upon it: I was told by one last night that some of his wheat in shocks, which at nine in the morning had no appearance of shooting, at 1 p.m. had absolutely sprouted. We have just the same climate to-day, and if it continue much longer it must be mischievous. I reached the course at an early hour, and found it, as I had anticipated, looking very formidable for the Cup race and its distance. As this is the pet day, it was already occupied by a far larger company than either of the preceding, and groups continued to pour in from every point of the compass. Seeing the profusion of business to be got through, a proper punctuality was observed in the hour nominated in the cards, and exactly at half after one the first race was prepared.

The Molecombe Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. T.Y.C. For this, out of a field of eleven, seven stood the trial, the betting being, the field 3 to 2, Adana 7 to 4 and 5, Waresti 2 to 1; the others had no friends. At the fourth offer they all got away abreast, running in that fashion to the quarter-mile post. Here the order began to break; Adana and Waresti getting a-head, Pavis, however, hard at it with the former, and looking badly: at the chair John Day was first with Waresti a good head, the rest of the party sadly floored. It was a miserably slow affair however, the ground, which had been rolled after the night's rain, letting them in, and shewing as if a plough had been run up it in their track.

For a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, four subs. h. ft., T.Y.C., Lord Egremont's Ethilda walked over.

Plate of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the City of Chichester, &c. Four were mounted and at the post for this *free-will* offering, with the opinion that the three were not to be preferred before one, Gratis, at a greater premium than 6 to 4. Before the start, Adelaide, as her practice is, kicked off the boy, and made all sorts of confusion: this created delay, as another victim had to be weighed, and up they put him, gaiters and all, "*rise for the fray*;" but go she would not, and a proper Constitutional Attorney-General might have found a fair indictment for libel, in causing to be called after Our Most Gracious Queen such an obstinate *brute* as this. Forth led off with very deliberate pace, Natt next him with Lord Egremont's filly, Twatty and Pavis last. At the clump the pace had mended a little, the places the same as when they started. Under the wood it was run in earnest, Forth still at the front till the turn, where Natty went up and passed him, Twatty beaten off. The race was now a very pretty one *to the distance* between the two first: here Forth got the lead, and Lord Egremont's was pulled up; the distance post being in fact the goal for this heat, as Twatty was stopped there also.—For the second, Sister to Runnymede being drawn, the two others walked up to the post, Gratis then taking off at the least possible canter. This was the manner of it up to the wood, where the rate was better, the old gentleman making strong play. At the rails Pavis was nearer

to him, and ran in a right good race, losing by a length, with more pace than one could have expected from the holding state of the ground.

Match for 25 sovs. each. The odds were 6 to 4 on Marmoset, who was a winner all the way, taking the lead and keeping it, Boyce riding a losing race as it should be, without cutting a horse to pieces to make him perform impossibilities. After passing the chair Marmoset bolted for the plantation; and, only Natty had him fast by the head, it might have been an ugly job: as it was there was no damage done.

It was now drawing close upon four o'clock, the hour appointed for deciding the all-important event—the Goodwood Cup of 300 sovs. with 600 in specie.—(For weights, conditions, allowances, &c., we refer to the *Calendar* at the end of the Number.)—The fluctuations in the betting on this race were beyond any man's capacity to collect: it had as many variations as Paganini's fiddle ever gave birth to. At one o'clock for example, Rockingham was at 12 to 1: at half-past two, no one was anxious to bid 8 to 1 against him. Glencoe also was getting up fast, having mended several points. The latest prices that I could collect were, the field at 2 to 1; 2 to 1 and a trifle over agst Colwick; 25 to 20 Colwick agst Glencoe (taken); 4 to 1 Glencoe; the field beats the two first, 100l. (taken); 7 to 1 Rockingham; the same odds about St. Giles, Marpessa, Famine, and The Saddler, about 12 to 1; the gelding being altogether out of the market, no takers being had at 20 to 1. It was a beautiful *coup d'œil* as they got together

for the encounter—ten of the picked nags of England mounted by artists such as these.

(As the Ring broke up, 100 to 40 on the field.)

Saddler.....rode by James Robinson.  
Nonsense .....Samuel Chifney.  
Rockingham .....Connolly.  
Glencoe .....Flatman.  
Colwick .....William Scott.  
St. Giles.....John Day.  
Marpessa .....Forth.  
Liston's dam.....Arthur Pavis.  
Burgomaster .....Chapple.  
Famine, Little Rogers—"though last not least!"

The day had been lowering for some time, and the rain fell heavily during the running. At the second attempt they got off tolerably well; Burgomaster leading, and the gelding at the tail; Colwick next the Stand; Glencoe among the thick of the throng. When they had got under the wood, going out, there was a "lengthening chain," The Saddler appearing to go, Marpessa getting to the head, and the length of string shewing less palpably. At the turn down the falling ground they were all on tolerable terms, Burgomaster and two or three others seeming, however, to have had enough: on the Flat, between the distance and the quarter-mile post, the tale of most was told, little Rogers taking it into his head that his chance was not out got well forward: but now came up Colwick and Glencoe, separating themselves from all the others half a dozen lengths, the race lying exclusively between the two. Opposite the Stand Scott called upon his horse powerfully—Natt never stirring his hands from his horse's withers; thus winning by three good lengths, literally in a canter, *as I always said he would*, and shewing himself an extraor-

dinary good horse, *as I always said he was*. How long will men shut their eyes, and stultify their understandings to public running, or talk or listen to the "Tom Noddy fooleries" that "a three-year-old never won the Goodwood Cup," as if that were any reason *one never should!* Famine was third—and a good third too, that is, as far as regards the lot behind—*another three-year-old*: none other placed. The *new ground* was very heavy, and the race must have been a terribly severe affair to limbs accustomed to the elastic sod of Newmarket.

Plate of 50 sovs. given by the City of Chichester, T.Y.C.—The cord will not support constant tension, so the interest for this race flagged as a matter of course. There was very little speculation about it, the Duke of Richmond's Holkar and the winner being both about the same price, 2 to 1. At the first word, away came the five as hard as they could rattle, with a very good front, keeping it to the distance, where Quartetto and the Partisan filly were done for. Gold-fringe and Faunus were now in advance, and ran a right honest race home, every inch of the ground battled for; Captain Berkeley's winning, however, without any whipping, and Faunus losing under less happy circumstances. Little Sam Day rode the winner uncommonly well.

Lord George Bentinck's Plate of 100 sovs., King's Plate Course (for all its other conditions we refer to the *Calendar*).—For this three only went, Barney Bodkin leading, Lady Fly last. Of course there was no hurry for this long job, and the ground as heavy

as a fallow. At the Stand, Fother let his mare go a little, changing places with Barney, Kate going to the end. In this form they rose the hill under the wood, the old man going like a Trojan. At the clump they were all together, and the pace an extraordinary one for the distance. As we caught them at the trees returning, it looked a terribly killing rate, and anybody's race, all three being abreast: on the Flat, Lady Fly had done with it, Kate and Barney being at tremendous running, contesting it stride for stride. At the Stand poor Barney said "enough!" and Kate won a capital race, jockeyed by young Farrel in a right workmanlike manner, by a couple of lengths.

The Goodwood Cup of this year is a colossal Silver Vase, of great boldness of design and chasteness of execution: the style is Grecian, the embossed frieze containing a passage in the life of Alexander; and surely anything appertaining to a son of Philip of Macedon must be of interest to a sportsman!

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.

My frame is far from being "servile to the skiey influences;" and yet there were moments to-day in which I felt as though I were about to "resolve myself into a dew," the heat was so perfectly insufferable. There *was* a zephyr coquetting in the South, from which, however, the belt of plantation which shelters the course on that side effectually shut us out. Those who had arrived in anticipation of yesterday's punctuality had a pretty time of it till near three o'clock, at which hour the note of preparation sounded. There had been ceaseless rain during the night,

and the work for the nags was increased in an awful ratio. Hence it was little to be wondered at that Mr. Theobald, who intended Rockingham for Brighton, should decline giving away the chance that running him such a day as this would have jeopardied. In consequence of his decision the King's Plate of 100 guineas, &c., was walked over for by Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, who looked at the weighing room, after his gentle canter, as if he had just done the Beacon Course, and Will Scott, to speak it prettily,

"Drop'd pearls as fast as trees of Araby  
Their medicinal guma."

The Stand now began to wear a more furnished appearance, not so much crowded as yesterday certainly, but lacking little of its fascination. Now, would that I might select, from that casket of Nature's rarest gems, some few bright particular jewels to adorn and immortalize my page—or furnish him who loves a laugh with a portrait of that Prince of Exquisites, whose amplitude of brim and leathern continuations begot him an imaginary consanguinity likely to adhere to him for the rest of his natural—or rather *unnatural* life.

—"Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath formed strange fellows in her  
time!"

Duke of Richmond's Plate, 100 sovs., last mile. This being public money brought the industrious in a strong muster to gather the harvest. The Saddler, James Robinson; Nonsense, A. Pavis; Whale, John Day; Patapan, Sam Day; Skimmer, Lewis; Eleanor, Chapple; Blewkellar, Butler; Tally-ho, Wakefield.

The field 3 to 1; 3 to 1 agst The Saddler, 7 to 2 Eleanor and the winner, 7 to 1 The Whale, 10 and 12 to 1 The Skimmer; no others named. At starting Arthur Pavis took his horse away at good running, The Saddler lying next the rails, and at the turn going up to Nonsense; the rest all well together: at the distance Pavis brought out Nonsense, and won with lengths to spare; Eleanor next, without a chance, and The Saddler in the same predicament; the rest not placed. I am not always behind the scenes, so I make no assertion, but a report was prevalent yesterday that it was not intended to win with Saddler; to-day Robinson put any such supposition out of all question, as I never saw him, *when to win was impossible*, give a horse so severe a flogging: perhaps he found him resolutely sluggish. I am unprepared with any reason, I only detail the circumstance.

A Cup, value 100 sovs., given by T. P. Cosby, Esq., Steward, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, &c. Ten had been handicapped for this Cup, but four accepting. Lord Uxbridge's Baleine was the favorite at about 12 to 8 against her; Nonsense, notwithstanding the last race in such weather on such ground was far from amusement, at 2 to 1; and 7 to 1 Pincher. It took some very considerable consideration, to all appearance, before these four established any unanimity about the start: at last it was accomplished; and when in sight under the wood they were full of running, Nonsense making play, followed by Baleine, looking by far the best; Pincher floored already.

At the quarter mile the roan was next the rails in front, in which way she won her race by some lengths without an effort: Nonsense, with 7lb. extra, rode by a boy next; Omen and Connolly third; Pincher and Sam Day sternmost.

This present of Mr. Cosby's is a very neat thing, but after yesterday's gorgeous Vase did not shew under fair advantages—it is a shallow bowl without a cover, with handles somewhat of the pattern with which the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum have furnished us. The bowl is gilt, the handles plain silver: it is supported by a pedestal partially gilt, on two sides representing a race; of the other two, one is inscribed "Goodwood 1834," the other "The gift of Thomas Cosby, Esq." Perhaps it were a better description to call it a Turreen; at all events, I have Mr. Tattersall's authority for saying it would be no disgrace to callipash or callipee.

The Racing Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, P. P., 10 subs. Glencoe carried 6lb. extra for these, as winner of the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket. This, however, had no effect upon the betting. I saw a Noble Duke and a Noble Earl take 10l. each to return a hundred if the field won—so much for the odds. At the Wood, Flatman was making running at a killing pace with Rebel, Glencoe with James Robinson next. At the turn they were all abreast, Forth's next the rails, Norman doing his best. It was Glencoe's race, however, all through, Robinson holding him hard and winning in a canter. I thought

it a dead heat for second with Louisa and Defensive, Rebel being completely beaten off and pulled up at the distance.

Thus terminated the sports at Goodwood; a meeting, which, if it be not superior to any in England, is certainly second to none. As soon as the expenses of erecting the Stand and remodelling the Course are repaid, it is the Duke of Richmond's intention to throw both open to the public, of course under proper arrangements for the exclusion of improper characters. This must still more assist its attraction, if any adventitious aid be necessary, which is much to be doubted. The subscriptions for both the Goodwood and Drawing-room Stakes for the ensuing year considerably exceeding in promise those for the present year at the same early period. I do not know the exact numbers, as I did not wish to give Lord George Bentinck the trouble of according me an enumeration of them, though I am sure His Lordship's politeness would have permitted it. There was a pretty considerable account of both, however, as well as a glimpse enabled me to guess, and they will doubtless go on and prosper.

I know not how it is, but parting, where a lengthened space must elapse before another meeting, from person or thing, has ever the effect of depressing my spirits. Perhaps the great uncertainty that attends human affairs, and obscures and mystifies the future, may account for this feeling. I had cursed Chichester a thousand times by all my saints; I had consigned it and its merciless extortioners to perpetual



Banishment and alienation from my memory: but now that I was actually about to leave it—that my face was turned towards Brighton—and now that the hills and woods of Goodwood faded in the distance, fond recollections of the last few happy days crowded upon me, and I was sad:

“So falls it out,  
That what we have we prize not to the  
worth  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and  
lost,  
Why then we rack the value, and we find  
The virtue that possession would not  
shew us  
Whiles it was ours.”

CRATEN.

### LETTERS FROM COWES.—No. III.

SIR,

AN accident, of which it is scarcely worth while to detail the particulars, alone prevented my communicating with you last month. Permit me now to resume my pen, which I do with much pleasure.

The great *lion* here (eclipsing all others) has lately been Lord Yarborough's ship *Falcon* whilst hauled up high and dry in Mr. Joseph White's yard; and certainly nothing could be either more interesting or astonishing than the simplicity of the process, and the machinery of the patent slip. Mr. White, however, found it quite impossible to prepare this splendid vessel in time to attend Her Majesty to Holland; but on the 10th she came off the slip in imposing style, in the presence of a very large concourse of spectators, assembled on both shores, as well as on the river, to witness the novelty of such a scene; and it is most gratifying to add, that this stupendous body re-entered the watery world without the occurrence of the slightest accident to mar so interesting an occasion. The Noble Commodore, I should add, entertained the whole of Mr. White's workmen, nearly one hundred in number, who had been

Cowes, July 13, 1834:

employed on his vessel; and she is expected, I believe, to be perfectly ready for sea in about a week, when she will take a cruise in the Channel to try her rate of sailing. Her appearance is certainly very much improved, as no doubt will be her other qualities, from the superior formation of her bow; and this, the Noble Premier's judicious adoption of the principles on which the *Water Witch* was constructed, will unquestionably have the effect, much to his individual credit, and the promotion of the public service, of extending that obvious improvement in Naval Architecture so essentially necessary for our ships of war.

It really makes one melancholy to think of the escapes of the American frigate *Constitution*, and hundreds of privateers, from their several pursuers, arising from the prejudice and incapacity at that period the bane of our Naval Building Department; and by way of climax, only remember too that the beautiful, most beautiful model of the *Prince de Neufchâtel* (American privateer) was actually and absolutely broken up in Deptford Yard! Yet how consolatory it is to know that those days of

darkness and illiberality have passed away—it is to be hoped for ever! As regards the particular circumstance of the alterations of the Falcon's bow, viewing its direct tendency to the improvement of other vessels, it certainly has been and is, I confess, to me a source of unbounded gratification and triumph. On the details, however, which led to this triumph I forbear to be more particular in this the day of victory, out of sheer mercy to my opponents, thus signally defeated and disabled.

The Water Witch has just returned from escorting the Royal Squadron to Rotterdam; and those who recollect her fitted as a vessel of war, with fore-castle and high solid bulwarks, would be at a loss, "*I calculate*," to recognise her in her altered and improved appearance as a yacht; though, as regards her bulwarks, much more might yet be done in reducing their weight, as they are still of the scantling of the ten-gun brigs. A word here by the way of "friendly advice" and questioning to those of our knowing Gentleman sailors who may happen to have any interest in the matches which she is likely to be engaged in this season: namely, *would it not be advisable for them to bear in mind the advantages in a sea way that must be derived from this great diminution of top-hamper?* First and foremost, the Galatea schooner, of 190 tons, has accepted Lord Belfast's challenge to sail round a vessel to be anchored in the Downs, and back again to Spit-head; and the match, I hear, is to come off during the first week in September. Interesting as this race will be, it will require from

the parties concerned somewhat more laborious exertions, than if they were on shore taking a puff at the unhappy partridges: it cannot, under the most favorable circumstances, be decided in less than two days, and with a beating wind will take longer to accomplish; and I think it must be admitted, that there can be neither joke nor sinecure in having to sustain the fatigue and anxiety of being everlastingly and unintermittingly on the alert during such a lengthened and protracted contest. Being pretty well as *fait* regarding the capacities of each vessel, I have very little doubt whatever as to the results of such a trial. I shall defer opening my betting-book, however, in the hope that a certain vessel mentioned in your April Number, and now recently produced to the wondering world, will afford me an opportunity of doing so to advantage.

It is also thought likely that a match will take place between the Water Witch and the Alarm, in consequence of a letter having appeared signed JOSEPH WELLS, and the subsequent challenge of Lord Belfast. Should such engagement be entered into, all I can say is, that if the Alarm can be enticed *fairly out to sea*, it will be a most agreeable sight: there will then be no opportunity of *shortening sail*, and taking it easy inside of the Noman Buoy; no weather shores; no favorable slants and eddy tides! all will be plain straight-forward sailing; and we shall then see how a large cutter can manage her terrific boom, going with the wind on the beam *in the trough or hollow* of the sea, whilst the brig is going snugly along with double

reefed top-sails and main-top-gallant sail; for it must be the weather for all this to shew a trial, or it will be impossible to draw a right conclusion as to the powers of the two vessels. It will then probably be seen also how the cutter's mainsail is to be reefed, and jib shifted, without bringing to the wind or altering the course. In short, the issue and particulars of such a race will be of far more interest to nautical men, than just now would be to our Quidnuncs the private histories of the *Comlisses* of Downing Street!

As yet there have arrived here but few families of the right and regular sort; and I must confess that this appears to be almost utterly incomprehensible. One would surely imagine, that, in requital of the enormous expense of keeping up yachts for so short a period, not a day of the fast fleeting season (in duration no longer than the old campaigns of the Haymarket Theatre) would be lost, but that every hour, more particularly of the delightful months of May and June, would be spent, and well spent too, afloat in this seducing neighbourhood! As I have already said, I most candidly admit my inability as a chemist, after analysing the heterogeneous and jumbled *melange* of a London summer, to detect one particle of the mass with sufficient attractions to keep me in "sweet Pall Mall" for a single hour! "*De gustibus*," however! but not to quote the old saw, even when all are here, and you may count some fifty or a hundred R. Y. S. burgees streaming in the wind (fear not, I am not going to be poetical), there is a variety of tastes and

pursuits going forward; but the strangest fancy of all, perhaps, is that attached to one vessel, whose name I do not at this moment recollect, which I remember seeing lie *one entire month* in these Roads *without once getting under weigh*, and for which sedentary feat she appeared to be regularly prepared by *having her sails neatly stowed in painted covers!* What convenience, it has often struck me, would such a vessel afford to the Yacht Fleet, by keeping on board a large stock of water in nice handy casks, or in iron tanks with a good pump! The difficulty of obtaining proper supplies of this necessary article, and the constant complaints of the numerous shipping resorting to this port, have caused the R. Y. S. to obtain estimates for building a *tank vessel*, and they have also sunk a well at the Squadron House; but what an opportunity here presents itself for the owner of the aforesaid sedentary craft to immortalise his name by volunteering the services of his capacious and quiet vessel to supply water *pro bono publico!* The popularity of such a measure would be unbounded: no visitor so welcome as the Tank Captain: the crews of all parties would join cheerfully to sing his praises: and even those who have earned their laurels by the opposite element—fire—would gladly unite in weaving a wreath of glory that should be worthy of so distinguished a brow. This improvement *on the water* too would partly compensate for the disappointment we shore-going folks have experienced *on land* by the failure of the coast-road to Egypt. Every day convinces all more and more of the *desideratum* of that

projected, and I still hope only *deferred* convenience. Meantime, I for one, in consequence of the dangerous state of all the approaches to the turn, have in despair packed off my little "oss and shay," which I had imported for the summer, and with which I had contemplated so many a safe and quiet drive by the side of "*the evervarying Solent*," to say nothing of the delight of seeing in full security on its pebbly beach "*the heart's best treasures*" of all the neighbouring villas!

Till next month I beg to remain yours very faithfully,

J. B. G.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Cowes, August 12.

I am sorry you could not find room for No. III. last month; how-

ever, I now send you a Postscript to it, so little having been lately done here, owing to the continued sitting of both Houses of Parliament, as not to afford me materials to cke out a regular No. IV.

The Falcon sailed on the 9th to Plymouth, Madeira, and the Azores, to be absent six weeks. The improvement in her sailing is wonderful; and those on board say that in a head sea there is as much difference in her motion as between that of a jolly-boat and a six-oared galley. Lord Yarborough has in consequence given the most flattering testimonials of his approval to Mr. Joseph White, for the manner in which he has so much increased the speed, and improved the general qualities of his vessel.

#### YORK AUGUST MEETING.

SIR,

**I**F there be a happy spot on earth, an Elysium for the lover of the Turf, where everything that can contribute to his pleasure, his convenience, and enjoyment, equal to the best sporting place in the kingdom, it is surely to be found at the City of Old Ebor, possessed as it is of the finest piece of ground and the best formed course in the kingdom, most happily and conveniently situated. The horses repose within a few yards of the ground in all the comfort and luxury of quiet seclusion; and the "Accommodation for Man," as the signs of our country inns would express it, are fraught with comfort at every step. That such advantages should never fail of bringing a good Meeting seems

astonishing; and the Yorkists by this time have learnt that when anything like a failure takes place, it is more to be attributed to their own neglect and bad jockeyship than any other cause—'tis a pity.

Awakened a little from a too great indulgence of their lethargy, on the present occasion they certainly made a bit of a *run*, but like Chifney, when he rode Mameluke for the Leger, they got *too late a start*, and had more ground to make than the distance of time would allow. The effects, however, were evident: there appeared more horses than has visited Old Ebor in the month of August for some years, and a much greater attendance of the influential families of the neigh-

hourhood. I doubt not but before another Meeting they will perhaps get their hands better trained to the reins, and steer home a still more victorious career. The Yorkists have certainly reason to complain of the overpowering influence of the great Southern Star of Attraction—Goodwood—which presses too closely on their heels; for even in these fast times it is rather too much to follow the career of Old Dick Turpin by visiting the settling (a most essential visit at all times) at Hyde Park Corner on Monday, and reach York the next day by noon. The bars to the performance of the exploit, I fear, would be found more numerous now in these modern days than they were in the times of the celebrated hero of *Rookwood*. However, a remedy to this inconvenience I am informed is in project by the Northerns, and will be acted upon another year.

As the tone of advancement, be it sounded where'er it may, never fails to produce its degree of pleasure to me, so like the School Boy, cheered by the bloom of a shining holiday morn, I met the Meeting with a greater degree of delight than usual. The number of horses, I before said, was greater than usual; and as the first questions with a turf-man are, "how do they look? .....how do they go?" I can only answer, that generally they both looked and went well, and I heard not of the need of either purgatives or lancets ever being required. Of Dukes, Lords, and the Aristocracy, Old Ebor boasted on the present occasion but few, yet that few were of the right sort—Leeds, Cleveland, Chester-

field, &c. whose gracious presence is truly the heart's core of Ebor's sporting days. Long may they live to meet upon its plain!—Their names to racing souls bring pleasure at their sound; and if it is asked what do the others absent, why, man,

— "is there not Religion, and Reform, Peace, War, the Taxes, and what's call'd the 'Nation'?"

The struggle to be pilots in a storm!  
The landed and the money'd speculation?"

and many more light visionary schemes which bring men

"much of trouble and less pleasure?"

But to my tale.—MONDAY's display shewed but scanty fare, no over-gorging feast, I assure you, Our Gracious King only, by his liberal gift, preventing the exhibition of a single race—the Four-year-old Produce Stake, with four engaged, to go four miles, being the first dish, and not relished. The Fitzwilliam stable, whose doors unhappily have been too long closed, had two engaged in it; the Duke of Leeds's another, which, although the honored Duke never shies the post, was stopped from being started, merely because she happened to have been dropped and brought to light a few days before the New Year's feast began; and therefore Mr. Houldsworth's Fidelity (is it not a quality which should ever meet its reward?), being the only one ready to run, calmly walked over the ground, and became entitled to the forfeits.

The first race was therefore the Yorkshire Stake for three-year-olds, a mile and three quarters, and three candidates for the favour and choice of the public taste:—these were, Spume, directed by friend Connolly; the

Duke of Cleveland's *Bequest* colt, rode by Lye; and Mr. Brandenburgh's *Miss Potter*, mounted by young Job Marson. The price current of the Hyde Park Corner Mart having recently shewn that some parties fancied, by advocating a *Bequest*, they might perhaps gain a *legacy* or *honeyfall*, gave, I should suppose, a much greater degree of favour on the side of the Duke's colt than either his appearance or action could warrant, and 7 to 4 was laid on him. Lye began by following the Old Duke of Queensberry's maxim, or advice, "take the lead and keep it," which he found easy enough at the first by sufferance, going sometimes four or five lengths a-head, sometimes less, to the Middlethorpe Turn; when the neat Irishman put the Spume at his side, and kept him there to the Stand. Here Lye began to find it was hard to persevere in such good advice, as both his legs and arms testified, and the *Bequest* began to roll about like a heavy unweildy brute, staggering in at the last only second; Spume winning cleverly by three quarters of a length; and *Miss Potter*, *bashful lady*, remaining a mere spectator of (having no participation in) the fray. Surely those who have backed such a horse as *Bequest* for the Leger have either never seen him, and been imposed on by representation! else, if they did see him, they had left all (if they ever possessed any) knowledge of horse-flesh behind them.

His Most Gracious Majesty's Gift of 100gs. for all ages, four miles, presented two formidable champions, whose presence affrighted everything else:—these were, our eminent Physician, with

his man Heseltine, and *Consol*, attended by W. Scott, the M.L. being in reputation at 2 to 1 on him. *Consol* made the running at what I consider a very severe and cutting-up pace, keeping the lead to above the distance, where the medical man administered his pill, and in a few strides so doted the *Consol*, that he *fell behind*, and sank under the doctor's *kill-ing practice*. The Physician is undoubtedly the most superior five-year-old horse, I may say, in the world; and although he has been seen in very excellent form in days gone by, yet his superiority never before reached that point to which his present form has deservedly elevated him.—Thus ended the first Canto.

WEDNESDAY'S entertainment opened with the juvenile exhibition, the Two-year-old Stake, the usual length, and a most beautiful assemblage of eleven at the T.Y.C. post. Eleven such young ones I have not seen for many a year—symmetry, powers, and beauty unrivalled—in fact a group "With fascination at their very bow,  
And full of promise as the spring of prime."

These were—

|                                             |                 |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Sister to <i>Bubastes</i> .....             | T. Nicholson.   |
| Lord Kelburne's f. by                       |                 |
| Actæon out of <i>Georgiana</i> .....        | G. Nelson.      |
| Mr. Garforth's b. f. by                     |                 |
| Lottery out of <i>Laura</i> ..              | J. Marson, jun. |
| <i>Plantagenet</i> .....                    | S. Darling.     |
| Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by                    |                 |
| <i>Chateau Margaux</i> —                    |                 |
| <i>Marchesa</i> .....                       | Wm. Scott.      |
| <i>Pilgrim</i> .....                        | John Holmes.    |
| <i>De Roos</i> .....                        | Geo. Andrews.   |
| Duke of Leeds's b. c. by                    |                 |
| Longwaist out of <i>Y.</i>                  |                 |
| <i>Duchess</i> .....                        | R. Johnson.     |
| Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by                   |                 |
| Actæon out of <i>Ghi</i> .....              | S. Templeman.   |
| Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. by                    |                 |
| Langar out of <i>Lady of the Tees</i> ..... | P. Connolly.    |
| <i>Weldare</i> .....                        | Thos. Lye.      |

Amid this group of promise Mr. Ridsdale's colt took the sway of favour and affection, and was backed pretty freely at 2 to 1, while not a voice was to be heard inquiring either the price, or a soul attempting to take the line of battle array against, by laying odds about the other colt from Scott's stable, Pilgrim; 3 to 1 was offered against Mr. Fox's filly, and 7 to 2 against Bubastes' Sister.—At the post they all exhibited most excellent conduct, going away at the first command from Mr. Lockwood; and no sooner had he given his fiat "Go!" than the Gin colt, whether intoxicated or no I say not, certainly went—but it was down on his knees: his prayer was laconic, for he was soon up again and with his company, who all except Plantagenet (who was in the rear) came together, with Pilgrim rather in front, and Ridsdale at his side, across the gravel road to past the distance, where a file was formed in the front rank by those two, Mr. Fox's filly De Roos, Weldare, the Duke of Leeds's Gin colt, and Young Duchess colt. Then the struggle, whip and spur, began, but Pilgrim appeared to make the best sail in his pilgrimage, and at the ordeal gained the decree by half a neck, Mr. Ridsdale's colt at the last few strides coming up very astonishingly, and making most rapid advances: Gin colt third; and Mr. Fox's filly was placed fourth.—Pilgrim, the winner, is the property of Colonel Amcotts.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 forfeit, and 50 added by the Corporation, a mile and a quarter, brought forth the famed Physician; but we looked in vain for one with courage to meet him.

On the terms of weight for age no one seemed to relish the Doctor's practice, and therefore he calmly walked home with the fees.

The Corporation Plate, for three and four-year-olds, heats, a mile and three quarters, then ended the Second Chapter, being won by Mr. S. L. Fox's Mrs. Oakley, at three heats, defeating Myrrha, The Pretender, and Lockington. The *Jealous Wife* shewed the longer she ran the further she won.

THURSDAY.—The Hornby Stake, a two-year-old Produce, the T.Y.C., from an engagement of seven presented a couple at the post—

|              |           |
|--------------|-----------|
| Curtius..... | W. Scott. |
| Felix.....   | Darling.  |

The odds were 6 to 4 on Curtius, and the running exhibited the thing so certain and safe that I fancy the offer of 50 to 1 on him would have gone a begging. Curtius could come away and win in any part of the contest: he is a very good-like horse, and, although he had not company of consequence in this fly to show him off in any favorable light, I doubt not but when introduced to a more numerous and talented party, he will be seen to shine respectably.

Next came four three-year-olds, attended as follows:—

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Buccaneer..... | S. Templeman,  |
| Matilde.....   | G. Nelson,     |
| Isabella.....  | J. Cartwright, |
| Wyndham.....   | R. Heseltine,  |

just to try their powers, a mile and a half, for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, and a cool 50 added. The House of Egremont was the favorite resort, it being 6 to 5 on the scion of the Chateau; 5 to 2 against Buccaneer, who set off

and steered away, making as much sail as possible. Matilde soon gave in, chasing the freebooter, and fell behind. On turning the T.Y.C. corner the other two pursuers went up alongside, and the three came together down to within the distance, when Isabella resigned her pretensions to the prize money, and the Buccaneer looked fair to land the booty safe at home; but ere he had accomplished his object, Heseltine aroused the noble blood that bore him on, putting Wyndham by him, and capturing the stores without bloodshed. It was evident he could have sailed far away from them all.

The Three-year-old Produce Stake, two miles, succeeded, and imbibed a considerable portion of interest, by presenting to the eye of the public that disgraced lady of the Oaks, Cotillon; and as she was considered, like many of the fair sex who indulge in passion, to have destroyed her virtues on the former occasion by her hasty temperament, curiosity ran high to witness her next specimen of conduct. She was accompanied by three youths, who all claimed and obtained an allowance of 3lb., and therefore the four carried 8st 2lb. each. They were rode by the following artists:—

|                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Cotillon.....       | Scott.      |
| Zohrab.....         | R. Johnson. |
| Mrs. Rye colt ..... | Templeman.  |
| Stapleton .....     | Nicholson.  |

Cotillon, with the odds 6 and 7 to 5 on her, was led up to the start after the others were mounted, and, when all ready, Scott slipped off his clothes, got on her, and in an instant they all went away, the mare taking the lead, and making good running, Stapleton being second, Zohrab

third, and the Mrs. Rye colt last. The mare continued leading ~~some~~ three or four lengths a-head to near the Wood, where Stapleton tried to go up, but failed, and finished all participation in the conflict except following. Cotillon, at an increased pace, came on with the lead round the T.Y.C. corner to near the Stand, and there looked like a victor. Scott here gave the mare a slight pull, and Johnson by a tremendous effort placed Zohrab on her off side, and a struggle commenced, which had scarcely begun ere Templeman put Mother Rye's Son on the mare's near side between her and the rails, by which the mare appeared very close pinned between the two, and Scott made two or three attempts to whip her, but from want of room his strokes fell without hitting her. Locked together in this manner, and each using their best endeavour to gain the precedence, the three went to the end, and presented a truly beautiful group, Zohrab being declared the winner by only half a head, Cotillon second (and thereby gaining her Stake), by only defeating Dame Rye's lad by another half head, there being only a head between the three. Immediately on the decision being declared, Scott laid a complaint to the Judge against the running of Zohrab, according to the 54th Article of the Jockey Club Rules, he alleging that Zohrab run or hung upon the mare in the race, and prevented her from having a free course. The complaint was referred to the Duke of Cleveland, the only disinterested Steward (the other two Stewards, the Duke of Leeds and G. Walker, Esq. having



horses running in the race), who decided that Zohrab was entitled to the Stake; thereby confirming the first decision.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with another 50 added by the Corporation, for all ages, one mile, once more tempted the celebrated Physician to make another visit. He found only two companions, Spume and Logic (a half brother to Carnaby, engaged in the Doncaster Leger):—2 to 1 on the Doctor, who, even in this short operation, satisfied the young ones very soon that his practice adopted such severe measures that they could not live under its influence—both were made a shocking example of—indeed it was no race at all. Thus closed the third day.

FRIDAY opened with the ancient gift of Majesty, "old as the hills," known by the name of the Hambleton or Mares' Guineas, three miles; for which three started—Mr. Powlett's Mystery, Lord Kelburne's Sister to Retainer, and Mr. Marley's Palm-flower, all four years old:—7 to 4 on Mr. Powlett's, who made no mystery of the case at all, but defeated the other two very easy, rode by that promising youth Young Marson.

The lion of attraction succeeded, in the assemblage for the 30 Sovs. Stake with the following presentations—

|                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| Inheritor.....   | Heseltine. |
| Goldbeater ..... | Templeman. |
| Cotillon .....   | Scott.     |
| Bran.....        | Connolly.  |
| Omnibus .....    | Nicholson. |

Bran was the highest priced article in the market—2 to 1 on him; 4 to 1 agst Inheritor, 6 to 1 against the Omnibus, and 8 to 1 against Cotillon.—Inheritor, when

he came out, was lame, and undoubtedly not fit to be started. The same plan was followed with Cotillon as yesterday for the Produce to get her started, but on the first trial Omnibus did not get away, and Scott, in pulling Cotillon up, by some means got the bit out of the mare's mouth, leaving her at perfect liberty: fortunately she did not go far before she stopped, and he dismounted her while she was rebridled. More false starts took place from the mare turning restive; and in order to get her off Scott dismounted several times, and got on her again just at the moment of going off. At last they got away all together except Cotillon, who was left some two or three lengths behind, and following in a sulkyish mood. The other four, being all abreast, went away at great speed round the Middlethorpe Corner, where Scott went up to them, and Goldbeater gave way, and fell behind. These four then came together to past the distance, where Inheritor had already got plenty, and declared "enough:" next gave way Omnibus, and then Cotillon looked enviable; but when near home Connolly took up his reins, gave his horse a slight rouse, with which he sprang before Cotillon and won very easy by a length, clear.—Bran undoubtedly is a lurching horse, and appears so fond of society that he will not come away from his horses until compelled to do so; yet when the means to make him are resorted to, he bounds forward with the fleetness of a stag, and shews his ability to fly beyond the reach of his competitors. Let those who lay out "the dust" against him in the

idea that he did not win easy, because he did not go earlier away from his horses, take heed and ponder. Let them remember that to win is *sufficient*, no matter by what distance, and surely a length was sufficient. Chifney, Robinson, *et al.* generally think a neck as much as requisite, and do not win much farther when they can win several lengths if required. Again, it may be said, "look at the field:" and I say, find me the nag that will beat Cotillon that length *easy* when she gets started, and you do not see a bad one. On pulling up, Bran appeared no worse for his race, though he did not seem in good condition; and it was the remark of many that he did not look as though he had undergone any preparation for the race. Different, of course it may be expected, will be his appearance at Doncaster, and then it is far from improbable but he will be seen the next in order to Plenipo, should all keep right with that superior horse till the day; if not, many who are opposed to him will have to regret that they had not put more store on such a useful article, while others will find him prove *very excellent bread*.

Perhaps two of the worst horses

ever brought to a post next appeared for a Sweepstakes of 25 sova each, two miles: these were, the colt out of Bequest and Delirium, who last year gave such promise of proving a flyer. Bad ones can make good races as well as good ones, and owners think

"'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, and laurels;"

and a good race was the result, Bequest gaining the profit by a head: but

"Sure such a pair was never seen:"

it would indeed be *madness* to train on either Delirium or his vanquisher,

The Members' Plate then concluded all, with a muster of five three-year-olds—Wyndham, Spume, Buccaneer, Miss Potter, and The Count.—Spume won the first heat, and Wyndham (rode by a boy) gained the two following contests very cleverly; and thus ended the York Sports.

I am informed that ere another Meeting takes place at Old Ebor some material and important improvements will be effected, aided by His Grace of Leeds and other sportsmen of the district. Sincerely wishing their projects every success, I remain, Sir, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER,

Ebor, Aug. 15, 1834.

#### MR. WELD IN REPLY TO EARL BELFAST.

SIR,

IN reply to a letter from the Earl of Belfast, which appeared in your Number for July, I beg at once to disclaim all intention of throwing any slight on the merits of His Lordship's yacht Water Witch! It was not my wish (when making some re-

marks upon the race for the King's Cup) to say more than what was considered by my friends as absolutely necessary to defend Alarm from any misconception which might have arisen from His Lordship's letter respecting that vessel's running to the

"Nab Lights." Lord Belfast will pardon me for observing, that I have never, to my knowledge, challenged Water Witch, as would appear from His Lordship's letter, though I have offered to accept a public challenge given by her Noble owner, to sail any cutter in existence three points off the wind. The only alteration that I suggested on accepting this challenge was, that the race should be to a given point, as I conceived it utterly impossible to judge of the comparative speed of two vessels by sailing by the compass only: as any variation in the direction of the wind must proportionately diminish the advantage already gained by the headmost vessel; so much so, that the vessel which was at one moment four miles a-head might by a change of wind be thrown four miles astern. I must beg leave also to remind Lord Belfast, that when he first gave the challenge he made no stipulation that the quantity of canvas carried by each vessel should be regulated according to the rules made for the race for the King's Cup; nor did His Lordship then fix the race for the 20th of September. To both of these conditions I strongly object, nor will I consent to sail Alarm under such terms. His Lordship has chosen for the trial that point of sailing confessedly the only one in which Water Witch can compete with Alarm: I cannot but think, therefore, he ought to be satisfied with this without seeking to debar the latter from carrying the sails generally used by cutters. In regard to postponing the race till the 20th of September, I must confess that this arrangement would be exceedingly inconvenient, as I

have been always accustomed to lay up Alarm for the shooting season.

I must now beg leave to answer a few remarks made by Lord Belfast upon the race for the King's Cup.

I agree with His Lordship that Alarm must gather way in less time than Water Witch; but as the former had to cast and wear, the latter had the advantage, and what that was is certainly a matter of opinion. I am grateful for the admission that Alarm rounded the Nab Lights one minute and a half before Water Witch, and with this I am satisfied, as the admission does away with the impression occasioned (no doubt unintentionally) by His Lordship's letter, that Water Witch had kept the lead all the way to the Noman Buoy on the return. I beg also to assure Lord Belfast that he had no reason for supposing that Albatross outcarried Alarm. Alarm started with her whole mainsail, and upon reefing (which she did not do till she had sprung her bowsprit) put herself under the same canvas as Albatross.

I am happy in having this opportunity for declaring that Alarm did not run foul of Albatross, nor even touch her. I used every means in my power (putting down the helm myself) to prevent the collision. Alarm certainly shot up closer than we had reason to expect, but whilst under the lee of Albatross did not in any ways injure her. In conclusion, I willingly admit that both Water Witch and Albatross passed Alarm whilst reefing, and reached the Noman Buoy before her.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. JOSEPH WELD.

Cork, August 18, 1834.

JUNO.

*Engraved by PARR from a Portrait by LAPORTE.*

**WE** this month give as our second embellishment, and as appropriate to the Season, a beautiful and high-bred Pointer, bred by His late Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, who presented her to — Morant, Esq., and is now

the property of Thos. Scotland, Esq. of Bishop's Sutton, Hants. She is as perfect a dog as was ever shot to, and, like many of the light and wiry kind, no day is ever too long for her :—colour, pale fawn approaching to yellow.

### STAG HUNT AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

**SIR,**  
**THIS** beautiful and almost peculiar sport afforded a truly gratifying day's amusement to a numerous assemblage of both sexes on the 3d of July, including a strong muster of rank and respectability, no less than three score boats so filled having assembled at Ross Castle, while those who preferred land-conveyance lined the new line of road between Killarney and Kenmare, two miles of which displayed an anxious assemblage of all grades, from the barouche-and-four down to the humble donkey cart, on tip-toe of expectation for the princely sport generally afforded. On the arrival at Ross Quay of Mr. O'Connell of Grena's barge, the Erin, the fleet of boats got under weigh for the Upper Lakes, the point of rendezvous; and at half-past twelve a signal gun announced that the hounds were thrown into the lovely wilds of arbutus, laurel, &c. which intervene between the mountains and the lakes. In less than ten minutes a staunch challenge or two shewed that they were near his harbour, and in a few more the shouts of the swart and hardy mountaineers, who lined the

mountain tops, proclaimed that the "antlered Monarch" of the Kerry Alps was away. A death-like silence at once succeeded to the noisy hum which had prevailed over land and water uninterruptedly, save by Mr. O'Connell in his barge cheering his staunch favorites Bellman and Reformer: and now

"With flying foot the woods he spurned,"

and, taking to the hills, sought refuge in their most inaccessible summits. The scene from the lake and road was now most exciting. For three hours did he try all endeavours to gain the crest of the mountains, but was pertinaciously foiled and headed by the stalwarth mountain boys. At last he turned downwards to the woods in desperation, where, closely pressed by dogs and men, he collected his remaining powers, and with a vigorous effort plunged gallantly into the lake, closely followed by the entire pack; while the fleet of boats following rendered the whole a scene almost impossible to describe, and worth going any distance to witness.

This aquatic and exciting chase lasted nearly thirty minutes, when,



J T N D.

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ng fairly exhausted, the stag s seized by Mr. O'Connell, his lers decked with wreaths of utus and laurel, and placed umphantly in the barge. The et now bore away by signal for nis Island, where a splendid nquet was spread for a hundred and fifty. The band of the erry Militia added delightful usic to increase the harmonious eeting, which ended in a dance, spiritedly kept up until late in

the evening.—There was also a boat race, for barges rowed by six oars, which was won by Mr. Finn's (of the Kenmare Arms) Countess of Kenmare.

The day passed off without accident, so much to the delight of all that another day's play is in contemplation, to end in similar revelry on that unrivalled spot of loveliness, the Island of Innisfallen. Q.

July 29, 1834.

## LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL—BY CRAVEN.

### BRIGHTON AND LEWES RACES.

SIR,

WHEN I said farewell to you on leaving Goodwood, I intimated that I was about to bend my course towards Brighton.—Are the following brief notices of that visit worth your acceptance? They are, at the least, accurate, and possess in *fact* what they may lack in polish of vocabulary and embellishment of description.

How very like the race-ground here is to that of Epsom: I wonder I have never heard the resemblance noticed. The Last Mile is its *fac simile*: you have the rise at the furze, Tattenham Corner, the run down the hill, the rise at the end, as if it had been made to order from the Epsom pattern. We will say nothing about the *racing*, as comparisons are odious. I am never of a spirit to grumble, and here I have made up my mind to be happy "*arrive que pourra*," as the antiquated French maxim saith.

A lovely morning ushered in WEDNESDAY the 6th, enough to

have seduced the very least rural of the wanderers from Barbican and the Minorities to the breezy Downs. What a prospect burst upon me as I turned towards the sea, on reaching the heights on which the race-ground is placed! What a *site* for contemplation for one who

"Looks through Nature up to Nature's God!"

The course was well attended, not with the throng that London pours out to *her two Meetings*, but plenty to furnish the ground: there was a Ring of "old familiar faces," and no lack of traffic.

The Brighton Stakes, with 100 sovs. added by the Town to the Subscription of 25 sovs., had five competitors. In consequence of his performance at Goodwood Robin Roughhead was all the rage for these at 5 to 4 on him, 3 to 1 against Patapan, 5 to 1 against Kate, and 7 to 1 against Roadster. At going off Norman evidently found himself all right with Robin, making all the running all the way, Roadster alotie

showing with him, the others being out of it from the beginning. As it commenced so the finish was, Robin winning as he pleased—it was no race: the two only placed.

The Town Plate of 50 sovs., &c., two-mile heats.—For this bit of public property four declared to go; another nag of Forth's, Gratis, likewise with a good character from His Grace of Richmond's, being first at 5 to 2 agst him, Datura nearly the like in estimation, and Omen 5 to 1. The first heat for this was a very well contested one between Gratis and Omen, won by the former, the next being a dead heat with him and Datura: a finer race could not be seen. The third was again a bruiser with these two, the mare winning with nothing to spare. Forth now drew his horse, receiving 20l., Datura 30l. This arrangement has been productive of much confusion, one party holding that the winner, according to the Judge's return, is *ipso facto* the winner of the Plate; the other contending that all bets should be put together and divided according to the proportions taken by the owners of the horses. Thus the decision of all bets stands over for the opinion of the Jockey Club at the First October Meeting at Newmarket.

The Sussex Plate of 50 sovs., &c., heats, the New Course.—Here we had a dead heat to begin with between Patapan and Messenger, and most extraordinary excitement about the result. For the second, Patapan was the victor, but owing to some very unaccountable bungle it was pronounced a false start. This utterly upset Mr. Cosby's philosophy; and if, under parallel circum-

stances, ancient Socrates himself had indulged in a gentle dabble two, would it have floored the sage's reputation? For the third—master, man, and steed all of patience—away went Patapan, taking the lead and keeping it to the end, and everybody was joy and exceeding gladness. The fourth and last was a rattler with Denbies, terminating in Mr. Cosby's favor, in right racing style. Now after this, I should like to catch any one turning up his trunk at sport in the Provincials.

THURSDAY, 7th.—A showery but most genial day induced a very large party to grace the Downs to witness the Cup contested for. My opinion was, that that race would not be worth looking at: in this I was supported, as the odds were 5 to 2 on Rockingham. It seemed, however, that Forth did not coincide in this view, as he backed his mare, I believe, very freely.—A Gold Cup value 100*gs.*, given by His Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, &c., two miles, called forth the ambition but of two to possess the Royal trophy. It being believed that Marpessa had a turn of speed in her for the finish, it was resolved to extinguish this chance; so Chapple took off with Rockingham at a strong honest pace. From the first the mare was over-marked. Coming down the hill home Norman made an effort to come up, but he never had the shadow of a chance, Chapple winning as he liked. Samarcand, a good favorite for this, had gone amiss, or things might not have been so much upon velvet.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, &c.—This was



pretty race between the two young ones, ending in favour of Lord Egremont's Ethilda, rode by Arnall, without the aid of halibone, and that is the best could be said for it.

The Borough Plate of 50 sovs., &c.—For this there were two thorough-breds and one cockail. The steed of stinted pedigree won the first narrowly, whereupon people booked him safe; however the King of Trumps took the next trick. This begat dissatisfaction among the cocktailites, who for the next heat, *proh pudor!* put up Robinson: yes, THE Jem Robinson upon Tallyho the Grinder!! Where were the guardian sylphs of Derbies and Oaks to suffer this pollution? Chapple won the third heat with his trump card, and the affair was over.

Match for 100 sovs. between Mr. Dockeray's Trickery (Robinson) and Mr. Balchin's Levity was won with ease by the former—thus ending the second day's sports.

FRIDAY, August 8th.—There is much sporting promise in the future for these Races: already there are thirty-one subscribers to the Brighton Stakes for 1835, to which it is intended to add 200l. by the Town—this year the addition was but 100l.—the second horse to save his stake; also an improvement and a novelty. Thus do the prospects of the Turf everywhere go on and prosper, and assume an attitude suited to its importance in this country.—Our first race for to-day was a Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., two-mile heats. Of eleven selected for this trial only five went: Pincher the favorite at 2 to 1 agst him, Trickery 3 to

1, Blewkellar 4 to 1.—Omen was, however, drawn at the post—Kate 6 to 1. Pumpkin was also in favour to the last moment, as it was not at all known that he did not go. About an hour after the time named in the card for starting, the four above-named came off at about the pace at which Mr. Clarke canters up and down the West Cliff with his pupils. Over the brow the travelling was improved, three of them well together—Kate far astern. Thus they came down the hill; opposite the Stand Trickery was beaten, A fairish race with Pincher, next the rails, and Blewkellar, the former winning about a length, ridden by a tiny lad, most appropriately named "Midgely." Trickery cut out the work, such as it was. After the heat the field was at 6 to 4, the betting very shy against Kate. At starting for the second heat, none of the lot dared venture upon any running; round the brow, and down the hill they came all abreast, going a little faster. At the Stand the race was between Kate and Pincher, who won, right well jockeyed by the little fellow I have named; Blewkellar third, and Trickery last.

The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., &c., heats, the New Course.—On account of yesterday's running the King of Trumps was at 2 to 1—6 to 1 on him after the first heat; Denbies 5 to 1; no other named. There were ten for it in the list, only four starting. For this they begin at the winning post. Denbies took off in front, followed by the King, going thus up the hill, a sad long-tailed affair; down the hill, returning, Chapple led at better pace opposite the Stand, Helen and Denbies making

a race with him, Trumps, however, winning his race easily by a neck: Jasper beaten far away from home.

For the next heat they were all again brought out, Jasper going away for this his best pace, and leading them up the hill and round the turn. His light was here extinguished; opposite the Stand it was prettily run, Denbies lying inside. A few strides from home Chapple brought his horse forward, and won cleverly by a neck, as before, making a

race of it which he could at any period have won how and when he pleased.—Thus ends this nice little Meeting, which, minor as were its prospects, had inducements too powerful for my self-denial. "*Cito pede præter ætas*;" wherefore then not "*live while we live!*"

"'Tis but an hour ago since it was mine,  
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;  
And so from hour to hour we ripe and  
ripe,  
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot:  
And thereby hangs a tale."

#### LEWES RACES—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13.

AFTER breakfast an hour's delicious drive brought me, for the first time in my life, to the verdant Downs which constitute the Lewes race-ground. It would be difficult to imagine any situation according better with the object for which it is chosen: encompassed by a fine bold amphitheatre of hills, the course is formed like a horse-shoe, lying on the summit of a lesser hill of that shape. The view is uninterrupted, the long distances, two miles and a half, being started for at the winning post, running out and in: the shorter, starting on the high ground, forming the other heel of the shoe: the sod is most excellent, and the sloping such as to bid defiance to rain of any duration. There was no monstrous Leviathan crowd to fright away propriety, but a fair muster of neighbouring Gentry, strangers from Brighton and other places along the coast, plenty of the yeomanry—what I love to see—and, though last not least, such a bevy of rural beauty as few counties in England can

oppose to these Sussex syrens: the weather worthy of the summer's reputation, and the list of the day tolerably promising for the provincials. There was a 25 Sovs. Sweepstakes, which did not fill, the first race of the day being His Majesty's Plate of 100gs.—for three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—the New Course, heats. The appearance of the winner of last year's Leger, who had been winning all these little *bon-bons* for the last month or two, paralyzed all speculation on this: the offers were, 4 to 1 on him against a field of four, and scarcely a taker. Forth was anxious to take eight score to one about his Famine, but it was considered buying money too dearly. Rockingham went off in front at a canter, going thus up the hill; at the turn the pace mended, and up the Flat, opposite the Stand, Norman brought Famine out beautifully, winning the heat by a length and a half. After this the young one was at 3 to 1, and no takers.—For the second heat Lady Fly was drawn,

and Rockingham took up strong running from the start, the others well up. They ran the whole of the way out and in to the Stand without altering position an inch. Here Chapple punished his horse very severely, but the filly had the race when she pleased, beating him in the last fifty yards by a couple of lengths easily. If Rockingham was *not* fit to go, as the party declared *after the race*, *why did they start him, and offer such odds?* Was it wisdom in Mr. Theobald, who purchased him at heavy figures for a stallion, thus to trifle with his reputation?—If he was, this defeat must seriously tarnish his laurels.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs. &c. had an entry of eight, and brought out a field of seven. Forth's stable being in strong favour, made Victim the favorite for this at even, and 6 to 4 on him. At starting there was a quarter of a mile between the first and last of the lot. It was an awfully hollow business, nothing in it having a shade of chance with the favorite: he is a very nice nag, and I think Forth may rejoice exceedingly that he was not claimed, according to the articles, for 100l., as he is dog-cheap at the money if only for a hack. For the second they were all well abreast at the turn of the Flat, making a better race this time, Victim, however, a clever winner at the end. The whole were placed.

THURSDAY, 14th.—A much better company were assembled to-day on the Downs to a much less attractive bill of fare. For the first course we had the Sussex Plate of 50 sovs. The conditions being that the winner was to change hands for 150 sovs.,

frightened Forth away, as it were victimising Victim to let him go for that amount. Out of a long catalogue of six named, only two went—Trump, with Chapple to steer him, at 2 to 1; Trickery, with a rural professor of the equestrian art, at 5 to 2.—The commencement was a most miserable exhibition, under Omnibus-regulation pace. Up the Flat it was a stride-for-stride struggle, the mare winning with difficulty, and badly punished, by a head; 6 to 4 on her after the heat. For the second, tactics were changed, the horse going off as fast as he was able, keeping about two lengths before the mare. They ran in this way to the turn coming home, when a real bruising job began betwixt them, legs and arms going like the fliers of a jack: won by the mare just as the former—and both deserved all the money, for both earned it dearly.

The next, a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, *did not fall*, the predominant taste leading Turf-gentlemen to give the *pas* to public contribution rather than private speculation.

The Ladies' Plate of 60 sovs., enlisting all the gallantry of British Sportsmen, produced five competitors for the glory, *and the coin*. Famine, with her laurels still green, was at 3 to 1 on her; 5 to 1 against Vestris; and any conceivable odds against Levity, who went to saddle accompanied, for a jock, by a little boy-monster, whose boots were as big as his whole carcase. They came together pretty well down the hill and into the straight ground. Here Vestris and Famine got in front, running so to the Stand, where little Twitchet let the filly's

head go, and won easily by two or three lengths. For the second, *Famine* was at any odds, and no takers: three only went, and the race was the young one's from beginning to end; the boy with the seven-league boots coming in second.

FRIDAY.—How grateful to the dweller in mighty cities is the absence of all restraint afforded by these rural revels! and how, in the graceful simplicity of Nature, one views with disgust the heartless pomps and empty vanities of the places "where people most do congregate."

— "O place, O form,  
How often dost thou, with thy case, thy  
habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wisest  
souls  
To thy false seeming!"

At half-past one to-day there was not so satisfactory a muster as one could have desired, but still far from a beggarly account of emptiness.

The Town Plate of 70 sovs. had a fairish field of five, at all prices—2 to 1 against *Trickery*, 2 to 1 against *Trumps*, 3 to 1 *Linda*, 3 to 1 *Datura*; *Pumpkin* the favorite at 5 to 4. The favorite at starting took the lead quietly up the hill, *Linda* next him, and *Trumps* evidently only going to save his distance. Round the turn they got into faster work, *Twitchet* bringing *Linda* well forward. Up the Flat it was a beautiful race. At the Stand *Pumpkin* gave in, *Linda* in the end beating *Trickery* rather cleverly. After the heat most copious odds were bid against *Trumps*, *Trickery* still fancied at 2 to 1. For the second *Trumps* made all the running, leading them up the hill at a very strong bat, the others well up. Opposite

the Stand *Trickery* was out of it, *Trumps* running in with *Linda*, and beating her very cleverly in the last few strides, notwithstanding the 10 to 1 against him. For the third, bent upon mischief, away went *Buckle* with *Pumpkin*, leading them up the hill and down again; *Linda*, who was evidently short of work, being drawn. At the straight ground he was dished; *Trumps* an easy conqueror at the end.

The County Plate of 50 sovs. had four only to go out of nine in the list—*Florence*, the Newmarket nag, at 5 to 2 against him; *Ellen*, at 2 to 1. *Fawn* took the lead at very moderate running; on the Flat, *Ellen* was *hors de combat*, leaving a right well-fought race between *Florence*, ridden by his owner (*Wakefield*), and *Doctor Sewell*, by his owner (*Coleman, jun.*), which the former won by half a length. The second heat was a right good one too, which the old *Doctor* won; as also the third and last, which terminated the sports at *Lewes*.

I cannot take leave of this very pretty little Meeting without one passing observation. It is miraculous, considering the manner in which the course is kept, or rather not kept at all, that no fatal accident occurred. The people all stand within the rails, forming an avenue scarce wide enough to allow two horses abreast to pass through them. In the event of a horse's bolting, which, nine times out of ten, when it *does* happen, takes place when he is pressed *at the run in*, there is nothing for it but lives being lost, and perhaps the horse and rider sharing the same fate. Awful long chasms, too, take place between heats—intervals of

an hour or two, which are serious considerations with people coming from a distance. Surely these things only want pointing out to be remedied, the interests of all Race Meetings being so vitally connected with their good arrangement. Both are vile prac-

tices, and require being reformed altogether. This effected, few country races are more likely to attract than this, situated in a highly respectable neighbourhood, as it is, and in close vicinity to the pleasure seekers of Aristocratic Brighton. CHAVEN.

### ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

SIR,

IN my last Letter I gave the particulars of the arrangements made for celebrating the Regatta of the Royal Irish Yacht Club. This festival took place in Dublin Bay on the 17th, 19th, 21st, and 22d July.

It is scarcely within our remembrance to have seen a *fête*, so admirably arranged and usually so brilliant, take place under more unfavorable auspices. The variable state of the weather, and the frequent prevalence of calms which have unfortunately marred the sports at so many Regattas this season, seem to have been equally unpropitious to the Sister Island. On Thursday, July 17th, the rain and haze made the harbour at least sad and gloomy; and more than one yacht-loving biped sighed as he repeated the well-known lines of Addison—

"The dawn is overcast, the morning  
lowers,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
The great, the important day, big with the  
fate  
Of ".....all our hopes and pleasures.

Notwithstanding all these ominous forebodings, the ardour of our spirited neighbours was not damped.....no, nor the presence of the fair sex wanting to give encouragement to the commencement of a festival, which was, in the sky and on the waters, un-

questionably *aquatic* on this day. Tents were erected on the ground for the accommodation of the Members and their friends, and the fine brig of Mr. Morgan, bearing the flag of the worthy Commodore, and dressed most gaily in her array of many-colored banners, was at her appointed station to make the necessary signals.

*First Prize.*—At half-past ten precisely the gun was fired for the first class to start for the *Kingstown Challenge Cup*, when the following five yachts started, the sailing being according to tonnage:—

| Names.          | Tons. | Owners.         |
|-----------------|-------|-----------------|
| Fanny .....     | 75    | James Melklam.  |
| Medora .....    | 47    | Colonel Cuyler. |
| Kate .....      | 43    | Colonel Lloyd.  |
| Dicky Sam ..... | 30    | J. C. Shaw.     |

This splendid Cup was won last year by the *Kate*, and considerable anxiety was entertained for the issue of the match. The wind blew steadily a stiff breeze from E. N. E. throughout the day. The distance was round the Kish Lights and back. The *Kate* led at starting in gallant style, but the heavy tonnage of the *Fanny* prevailed, and accordingly between 2 and 3 P. M. the latter yacht returned to the starting point, and was declared the winner.

**Second Prize, Dublin Cup, Time Race.**—This was a very interesting match between nine yachts, a handicap race. The starting was therefore arranged in accordance with that plan. They returned in the following order.

| Names.           | Tons. | Owners.          |
|------------------|-------|------------------|
| Clarence .....   | 15    | R. Sinclair.     |
| Fanny .....      | 75    | J. Meiklam.      |
| Medora .....     | 47    | Colonel Cuyler.  |
| Kate .....       | 42    | Colonel Lloyd.   |
| Whim .....       | 20    | Earl of Miltown. |
| Tippoo Saib..... | 14    | Robert Walker.   |
| Dicky Sam .....  | 20    | J. C. Shaw.      |
| Morning Star ... | 14    | R. Williams.     |
| Hawks .....      | 30    | John Scott.      |

These matches terminated the amusements of the first day.

#### FRIDAY, JULY 18.

The weather was so unpropitious on this day that the Committee determined to defer the matches, although there were many fine vessels entered as competitors, it being quite evident that the effect of the race would be materially diminished by the continued rain. The Members dined together at Kingstown, Captain Bushby in the chair, supported by Captain Hutchinson.

#### SATURDAY, JULY 19.

The weather was still unfavorable on this day, but the zeal of the competitors was so little cooled by that circumstance, that before one o'clock the first class were at their moorings to contend for the *Kent Cup*. The following yachts started for this prize at one o'clock, and returned in the order given:—

| Names.        | Tons. | Owners.            |
|---------------|-------|--------------------|
| Vampire ..... | 49    | Rev. Denis George. |
| Medora .....  | 47    | Colonel Cuyler.    |
| Kate .....    | 42    | Colonel Lloyd.     |

This was the only race during the day, the Regatta being again postponed to Monday following.

#### MONDAY, JULY 21.

The heart of every one was

gladdened this day by the appearance of the morning. The day was beautiful, a smart breeze sprang up about ten o'clock, and amply compensated for previous disappointments.

1. **Adelaide Cup.**—At the hour of ten the following vessels started for this prize, and arrived in the order stated. It was a time race, and excited considerable interest.

| Names.            | Tons. | Owners.           |
|-------------------|-------|-------------------|
| Clarence .....    | 15    | R. Sinclair.      |
| Hawks .....       | 30    | John Scott.       |
| Kate .....        | 42    | Colonel Lloyd.    |
| Medora .....      | 47    | Colonel Cuyler.   |
| Tippoo Saib.....  | 14    | Robert Walker.    |
| Dicky Sam .....   | 20    | J. C. Shaw.       |
| Fanny .....       | 75    | Jas. Meiklam.     |
| Morning Star ...  | 14    | Richard Williams. |
| Rattlesnake ..... | 15    | Jas. M'Ivor.      |

The Match which had principally roused the expectations of the public was the next in order, for yachts under 30 tons: the winner to win it two successive years; a time race—the *Gore Booth Challenge Cup*.—The following yachts started at two o'clock, and returned at half-past five: two only were placed.

| Names.           | Tons. | Owners.           |
|------------------|-------|-------------------|
| Clarence .....   | 15    | Robert Sinclair.  |
| Hawk .....       | 30    | John Scott.       |
| Gypsy .....      | 31    | John Cowper.      |
| Tippoo Saib ...  | 14    | Robert Walker.    |
| Dicky Sam.....   | 20    | J. C. Shaw.       |
| Stormy Petrel... | 6     | Francis Halscomb. |
| Queen Mab ...    | 8     | Henry Scovell.    |
| Morning Star ... | 14    | Richard Williams. |
| Sans Souci.....  | 14    | Robert Carey.     |
| Shamrock .....   | 18    | Hon. Robt. King.  |
| Ada .....        | 10    | A. M. Bird.       |
| Whim .....       | 20    | Earl of Miltown.  |

**Third Prize—Silver Cup.**—A rowing match for four-oared gigs.

Sally .....

Mr. Robert Walker.

Red Gig .....

Mr. Henry Kennedy.

Won by the latter after a hard and well-contested race.

#### TUESDAY, JULY 22.

The weather seemed determined to make amends on this day, for it was truly delightful. The metropolis was full of vi-

tors, and an immense number of fashionable equipages lined the pier and other places from which a view of the bay could be commanded. The first prize was for yachts not exceeding 15 tons—

*Cup given by the Royal Irish Yacht Club for Club Yachts.*—At twelve o'clock the following yachts started. At their departure there was a breeze from the S.E., but it unfortunately soon fell away, and a dead calm prevailed from that time till night. The yachts were becalmed near the Kish Light, and none returned for many hours.

| Names.           | Tons. | Owners.             |
|------------------|-------|---------------------|
| Pearl.....       | 14    | J. Patterson.       |
| Tippoo Saib ...  | 14    | Robert Walker.      |
| Sans Souci ..... | 14    | Robert Carey.       |
| Ada .....        | 10    | A. M. Bird.         |
| Queen Mab ...    | 8     | Henry Scovell.      |
| Morning Star...  | 15    | R. Williams.        |
| Shamrock .....   | 10    | Hon. H. King.       |
| Caroline .....   | 15    | Sir R.G. Booth, Bt. |
| Stormy Petrel... | 6     | Francis Halcomb.    |
| Lancer.....      | 15    | William Wright.     |

The Pearl was declared the winner of the Cup.—This beautiful yacht is considered a perfect model, and is universally extolled for her admirable construction. We understand that the Pearl was only launched on the first day of the Regatta, and could not be rigged in time to join in the contest until this day. Her sailing powers are so excellent in all points, that we entertain no doubt of her being able to beat any vessel of her tonnage. We hope, therefore, to hear much of her in the Regattas of next season.

#### ROWING MATCHES.

*First Prize.*—A sum of £1. subscribed by the inhabitants of Kingstown; the course round the harbour. Three boats, the

property of gentlemen, pulled by fishermen, started at three o'clock. Won by Mr. Ball's boat.

*Second Prize.*—*The Garrison Cup.*—At 4 p.m. the following four-oared gigs started for this prize :—

|               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| Sally .....   | Mr. Walker.  |
| Liver .....   | Mr. Gibbs.   |
| Red Gig ..... | Mr. Kennedy. |
| Swan .....    | Mr. Banks.   |

The course extended from the Western pier to a distance of more than a mile outside the harbour, round the mark boat there, and coasting along the western side of the harbour: the distance was fully six miles. The match was admirably contested by the Red Gig and the Swan; the former took the lead, and maintained it during the race, winning in good style. The Swan closely followed the Red Gig; the Sally and the Liver arriving next in succession. The Sylphide was drawn as well as the Blue-eyed Maid, which had also entered.

*Third Prize.*—*For Fishermen's Skiffs.*—This was a pretty match, well won by the Legge.

*Dejeuné.*—At five o'clock the *dejeuné* took place on a terrace in the lawn in front of the Royal Hotel. The arrangements were conducted under the direction of the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, who officiated as Stewards:—the Earls of Miltown and Portarlington; Lords Chichester and Beaclerk; Sir R. Gore Booth; Colonels Lloyd, Webber, Smith, and Cuyler; Captains Hutchinson and Bushby, R.N.; Capt. Rose, 15th Hussars; Capt. Cay, 1st Royals, &c. The marquee was capable of accommodating the numerous visitors, and the *dejeuné* was arranged and provided by Mr. Hayes in his

usual style of excellence. At five nearly two hundred persons sat down to partake of the banquet, after which they retired to marquees prepared for the purpose, and tripped it on the light fantastic toe until a late hour. The bands of the 15th Hussars and the 1st Royals were in attendance during the day. The company were much gratified with the entertainment afforded

them, and left the ground delighted that a festival which began so gloomily had terminated with a scene of interest, conviviality, and pleasure, peculiarly characteristic of the Club, for the interests of which they "one and all" expressed their best and heart-felt wishes.

I am, Sir, &c.

MOUNTAINEER.

August 1, 1834.

### TORBAY REGATTA.

SIR,  
THE Torbay Regatta took place on Friday, August 1. The assemblage of yachts was very numerous, but in consequence of the continued calms which had prevailed for many days previous, there was not as large an attendance of the Yacht Squadron as had been expected; several having been detained in the offing, and thereby prevented from arriving in time to enter for the prizes.

Among those of the first class which anchored in the Roads on the morning of the first day were, the *Menai*, 164 tons; *Petrel*, 90; *Antelope*, 80; *Merlin*, 82; and *Heron*, 45.—There was no entry for the splendid *Gold Challenge Cup*, which was therefore not contested.

1. The Regatta commenced with a match between the Torquay Fishing Boats, which started in the following order for a prize of 10 sovs. :—

| Names.          | Tons. | Owners.     |
|-----------------|-------|-------------|
| Ellen.....      | 6     | M. Bowden.  |
| Maria Louisa... | 6     | W. Stabb.   |
| Anne.....       | 6     | J. Coombes. |
| Fairy.....      | 4     | T. Lear.    |

The whole class was well matched, and a prettier race could not have been witnessed, if the

breeze had continued as favorable throughout the day as it was at starting.

2. The second prize was the *Tradesmen's Cup*. The following yachts started for this prize:

| Names.        | Tons. | Owners.            |
|---------------|-------|--------------------|
| Anne.....     | 22    | J. Hare, Esq.      |
| Red Rover.... | 12    | W. Burroughs, Esq. |
| Caroline..... | 9     | J. T. Wills, Esq.  |
| Belle Sauvage | 6     | Mr. Godfrey.       |
| Water Witch   | 6     | Mr. Trevelyan.     |

The boats started in gallant style, handicapped in the usual way; and as the powers of the respective boats were well known, the match excited considerable interest. Unfortunately, however, it soon fell calm, and as there was every appearance of a continuance, the race was deferred till the following day. The yachts were therefore recalled.

3. The *Ladies' Silver Cup* was the third prize: for this the following yachts started; a handicap race :—

| Names.      | Tons. | Owners.           |
|-------------|-------|-------------------|
| Turk.....   | 44    | Capt. Keene.      |
| Zadora..... | 31    | W. Webber, Esq.   |
| Zephyr..... | 50    | W. Bentinck, Esq. |

The calm which had prevented the termination of the preceding match also operated here: the wind had died away imme-



lately after these fine yachts started, and as it did not freshen sufficiently on the following day to give a fair chance to vessels of his tonnage, the contest was postponed, by consent, to Monday.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2.

The only Match which came off this day was the postponed contest for the *Tradesmen's Cup*. At the appointed hour the following yachts slipped their moorings:—

| Names.        | Tons. | Owners.            |
|---------------|-------|--------------------|
| Anne.....     | 22    | J. Hare, Esq.      |
| Red Rover 12  |       | W. Burroughs, Esq. |
| Caroline..... | 9     | J. T. Wills, Esq.  |

The appearance of the morning promised a capital race, although under a light breeze; but the yachts were again speedily becalmed, and the Match was not decided until evening, when the wind freshened, and caused a close contest between the Red Rover and the Anne, the former beating the Anne by only twenty-six seconds.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

The Match for the *Ladies' Silver Cup* was again repeated today; and never was a more beautiful race witnessed. There was a fine breeze throughout the day, particularly through the whole course, and after a sharp contest the *Zadora* was declared the victor.

#### THE ROWING MATCHES.

These always interesting matches afforded great sport, and excited considerable amusement. The first prize was for thirty feet gigs; the second for twenty feet gigs. There were also sculling and punt matches. The punt matches, pulled with one oar only, caused a good deal of amusement, as the rowers were

obliged to shift the oar from side to side with the utmost alacrity, and the zeal they displayed in this trial of skill was much applauded.

#### THE CUPS.

1. The *Gold Challenge Cup* has been described in a former volume of this Magazine\*; and it will here suffice to say that our opinion of it there recorded is amply justified by the continued admiration which it excites as a specimen of chaste and beautiful workmanship.

2. The Second Class Cup, the *Ladies' Cup*, was beautifully chased, and ornamented with appropriate designs, representing yachts in full sail, elegantly finished, with a wreath of raised oak leaves. On the cover is represented a sailor resting on an anchor, with cable, &c.; the chasing round the cover corresponding with the stand.

3. The Third Class, or *Tradesmen's Cup*, was also elegantly chaste. On the cover is a well-executed figure of Hope, with handsome dolphin handles: the stand is neatly chased, and the body of the Cup is supported by lions' claws.

We have, on former occasions spoken in high terms of praise in regard to the extreme beauty of the town of Torquay as the scene of their aquatic festivals, and also in regard to the superior excellence of the arrangements by which the Regattas in Torbay have been always distinguished. Torbay, with all the lake-like forms which it presents, seems, at these times, more like some magic scene called into transient being by the wand of some all-potent enchantress—like those fairy Paradises in the glowing

poetry of Oriental nations which seem too bright and beautiful for the ordinary affairs and intercourse of man. There are moments when to the passing traveller the scenery of Torquay recalls thoughts full of the charms and fascinations of poetry; and we may venture to affirm that in picturesque beauty it rises immeasurably superior to every place in the Island. On no occasion is this remark more true than during the celebration of the Regatta; and when the observer is secluded from the bustle necessarily attendant on the more active business of the race, the whole bay seems a perfect illusion.

—"All form a scene

When musing Solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;  
Where Silence undisturbed might watch  
alone,

So cold, so bright, so still."—SHELLEY.

The exertions of the Committee were deserving of the highest commendations; and it is gratifying to us to witness the unceasing interest which the Lords of the Manor, Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart. and Henry Cary, Esq. of Tor Abbey, continue to evince in

their encouragement of the Regatta.

Torquay was as usual the rendezvous, and was a scene of life and bustle from Friday till Tuesday. On the former day there was an ordinary at the Hotel, at which upwards of fifty gentlemen were present. The ball in the evening was most numerous and fashionably attended. The sports of the day terminated with a display of fire-works.

We must not omit to notice the festivities which were carried on on shore in the shape of Donkey Races, running in sacks, and climbing slippery poles, and other rural sports. These revivals of bye-gone amusements were productive of much merriment, and were rewarded with good prizes.

In conclusion, we congratulate the inhabitants of South Devon on the auspicious celebration of their Regatta, which will, we doubt not, increase annually in interest: and we think it just to express our high opinion of the zeal and energy of the Gentry and Tradesmen of Torquay in exerting themselves so effectually to amuse and gratify their visitors.

MOUNTAINEER.

#### LETTERS FROM THE WEST—BY JUAN.

##### LETTER THE THIRD—"AFLOAT:" THE COWES REGATTA.

SIR,

I Had been sojourning at Cowes for some weeks, enjoying all its attractions, but at length it began to pall. I was in contemplation of emigration, when the Regatta, with its "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of glorious yachting dawned upon our hopes, and we prepared for joy.

Surely a lovelier morn never dawned upon a fairer scene than does this propitious anniversary

of our Sailor King; nor even under circumstances more truly characteristic did ever the fancy of sea boy, when he dreamed, picture the forms of more light and fairy frigates than meet my gaze as I look upon the emerald expanse that dances in its joyousness and beauty before me: the airy and graceful outline of each tapering shallop, as she undulates upon the wave that the breath of

Zephyr has given birth to, might, to the fancy of the Poet, present a similitude of that fabled bark in which the spirits of departed mariners are seen flitting over the dark billows beneath which their bodies rest. The sun was just rising in exquisite beauty; the waters at my feet were making music on the yellow sands whereon I trod; one long and wavy line of molten silver was heaving along the far outline of the misty ocean; wild cliffs and bold headlands were being developed and coming out in glorious relief. No scene on earth could vie with that around me in peaceful and romantic beauty! Oh why, at such a moment, are ever the vulgar realities of existence present and pressing! I wandered homewards, turning my back upon this enchantment; and after a few hours I again looked back towards the shore. Here the scene of tranquillity I had so lately left was turned to one of activity and stir: the note of preparation had sounded; all was animation and life. Nothing could be more beautiful and picturesque than the appearance of the different yachts, prepared with their mainsails flapping in the lusty breeze, and ready for the fray; gaff-topsails fluttering; gib and foresail ready for a hoist by the run; and the signal for sailing alone waited for.— Oh! how at this moment did I long “to sail among the gallant crew;”

For I have loved thee, Ocean; and my  
 joy  
 Of early sports was on thy breast to be.

But it was not to be: yet in my spirit did I follow the strife of passing interest that the start of the five competitors for the Cup presented by His Ma-

jesty gave rise to. It was a trial of singular skill, as the difference of scarcely a minute and a half in accomplishing the distance sufficiently demonstrates. The Emerald, belonging to Mr. Symonds, was *hors de combat*, from carrying away her gaff; as was, much to my personal regret, the Mary, belonging to my friend General Johnston, in consequence of starting her bowsprit. The following three only saw out the contest:—

Mr. G. Heneage's Harriet, 3h. 50m. 10s.  
 Mr. Corbet's Hebe.....3h. 51m. 30s.  
 Mr. Congreve's Witch.....3h. 50m. 34s.

The loyalty of Cowes could never come under question; very assuredly not upon this occasion. A Royal Salute, in honor of the day, was fired from the R. Y. S. battery; and at 1 p. m. the same tokens of affectionate respect were repeated by the Vice-Commodore's Water Witch and the other yachts in the Roads, dressed in colours, and paying graceful tribute to the day. At sun-set the breeze freshened, and as the round moon struggled, about nine, to free herself from the heavy clouds that obscured her, we had, for the season, almost a gale of wind. But the toils of the day were past, all were snug at their moorings, and though tossed upon a billow,

“To all ye Ladies now on land  
 We lads on sea can quaff;”

for as the “cannikin” is the effect, why may it not sometimes be the cause? This was my philosophic reasoning, as boat-load after boat-load left for their home upon the deep, where, to judge from appearances, no foreign appliances were needed soon to see them

“Peaceful slumbering on the ocean.”

JUAN.

Isle of Wight, August 21, 1834.

## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

### SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

#### The Turf.

##### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**O**N the Tuesday in the Newmarket Second October Meeting 1834, Mr. Payne's Skimmer, 8st. 5lb. agst Lord Exeter's Bodice, 8st. Ab. M. 100, h. ft.

*July Meeting 1835.*—The following are the nominations for the Chesterfield Stakes (Thursday), the winner of the July Stakes to carry 9lb. and the second horse 4lb. extra:—

Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Corunna, by Skiff.  
Mr. Sowerby's b. f. Tamburini, by Skiff.  
Mr. Ridsdale's br. f. Olinda, by The Colonel.

Sir M. Wood's b. c. by Whisker or Cetus, dam by Blacklock out of Altisidora.  
Mr. Spalding's c. by Jerry out of Tippet.  
Lord Chesterfield's c. by Velocipede out of Dahlia.

Lord Chesterfield ns. b. c. by Partisan out of St. Julien's dam.

Lord Chesterfield's f. by Langer out of Emigrant's dam.

Mr. W. S. Stonehewer's b. f. by Sultan out of Emma.

Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Rotterdam.

Sir S. Graham's f. by Emilius out of Bravura.

Mr. Copeland's b. f. by The Colonel out of Ambrosio's dam.

Mr. Barrett's Zingaro, by Zingane.

Mr. Barrett's b. f. Zaara, by Camel, dam by Figaro.

Mr. Pigott's ch. c. by Bedlamite out of Eliza Leeds.

Col. Peel's c. by Bedlamite out of Electress.

Col. Peel's c. by Bedlamite out of Jason's dam.

Col. Peel's c. by Emilius out of Versatility.

Lord Exeter's Muezzin.

Lord Lichfield's Makanna.

Lord Lichfield's Ethiopian.

Lord Jersey's Odessa, Sister to Ishmael.

Gen. Grosvenor's c. by Zingane out of Bluestockings.

Mr. Greville's El Pastor, by Guerilla.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. by Zingane out of Girouette.

Mr. Greville's Brother to Stockport.

Mr. Greville's c. by Emilius out of Bupta.

Mr. Greville's c. Martello, by Defence, dam by Moses.

Mr. Blose's f. Myrtle, by Zingane out of Blaude.

Mr. Pettit's b. c. Brother to Ibrahim, by Emilius.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. Prudence, by Wiseacre.

Mr. W. Edwards's c. Counteract, by Sultan—Princess Victoria by Middleton.

Mr. C. Marson's br. c. Cottager, by Orville Junior out of Aspasia.

Mr. W. Chifney's Brother to Glancea.

*Goodwood 1835.*—There are at present 114 subscribers to the Goodwood Stakes, and 45 to the Cup. These Stakes will close in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and name on the Tuesday after Epsom.

Mr. Tattersall has just purchased of the Earl of Egremont the well-known and valuable stallion *Chateau Margaux* for his friend, John Avery, Esq., of Hicks's Ford, Virginia, at a *very large price*; also *Claret* by *Chateau*, and a *Sister* to *Scheme* covered by *Camel*: they are now on their road to Liverpool.

Mr. Tattersall has also re-purchased the well-known stallion *Logic*, by *Selim*, of His Serene Highness the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, where he has been covering the last four years. His stock are very fine and racing-like. Only four have started, and are all winners.—*Logic* will cover next year at *Dawley Farm*, near *Uxbridge*.

*Butcher Boy*, by *Catton* out of *Eleanor* by *Governor*, is sold to Mr. *Brandenburgh*.

Mr. W. Crompton has purchased a yearling colt by *Borodino*, dam by *Blacklock* out of *Physician's* dam, of Mr. *Walker*.

Mr. *Reynard* has purchased *Revolution* by *Oiseau* out of *Emma* by *Don Cossack*.

Mr. W. Edwards has sold *Intriguer* (winner of the *Shirley Stakes* at *Epsom*) to Sir T. Stanley for 600*gs*.

Mr. *Skipsey* has purchased a yearling colt by *Mulatto*, dam (*Wyndham's* dam) by *Blacklock*, of Mr. *Ettv*.

The mares purchased by the Duke of *Meiningen* at the late Mr. *Wilson's* Sale at *Bildeston* (p. 343), accompanied by the *Malcolm Arabian*, presented to His Serene Highness by His Majesty, were shipped for *Hamburgh* early in the month. Some

mares also, and The Hermit have been exported to Hanover.

The great Horncastle horse fair this year was attended by the principal London dealers, who completely outbid the foreigners, the latter being tenacious of giving the high figures readily paid by the former. There was a very large supply of horses of all descriptions, among which were some of a very superior class, as was evidenced by the avidity with which they were sought for at extraordinary prices—namely, 200gs., 250gs., and 300gs. each.—A correspondent assures us, “that on returning from the fair he never saw so many splendid horses on the road.”

#### RACES TO COME.

|                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Pontefract .....               | September 2 |
| Warwick .....                  | 2           |
| Ashford .....                  | 3           |
| Dorchester .....               | 3           |
| Western Meeting (Ayr) .....    | 3           |
| Beccles .....                  | 4           |
| Carmarthen .....               | 9           |
| Lichfield .....                | 9           |
| Morpeth .....                  | 9           |
| Abingdon .....                 | 10          |
| Leicester .....                | 10          |
| Dover .....                    | 11          |
| Doncaster .....                | 15          |
| Shrewsbury .....               | 16          |
| Oswestry .....                 | 23          |
| Upton-on-Severn .....          | 23          |
| Brecon .....                   | 24          |
| Heaton Park .....              | 24          |
| Enfield .....                  | 24          |
| Walsall .....                  | 24          |
| Newmarket First October .....  | 29          |
| Richmond .....                 | 30          |
| Wrexham .....                  | 30          |
| Carlisle .....                 | October 1   |
| Epsom October Meeting .....    | 8           |
| Nottingham .....               | 8           |
| Newmarket Second October ..... | 13          |
| Northallerton .....            | 16          |
| Dumfries .....                 | 21          |
| Newmarket Houghton .....       | 27          |

#### THE CHASE.

“The fine old English Gentleman.”

—At the late Watton Lamb Fair, which was attended by the most influential Land-owners and principal Yeomen of the county, on the toast of “The Hon. G. J. Milles and the Norfolk Fox-hounds” being proposed, Mr. Coke said he was sorry that some of the farmers were suspected of destroying foxes. He could never shake that selfish being by the hand, who not only refused to follow the hounds

himself, but also deprived his neighbour of the sport.

A Steeple Chase for a Cup, value 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for any horse, &c. carrying twelve stone, over four miles of a strong fencing country within fifty miles of London, will be run for in the first fortnight of November. To name and Stakes paid to Mr. Anderson, Piccadilly, on or before the first of October. Subscribers will be informed of the place of Meeting, contiguous to the ground, a fortnight previously to the time specified.

#### CRICKET.

On the 28th of July the annual match between eleven Gentlemen Members of the Marylebone Club, and eleven Players of England commenced, and terminated the following day in favour of the latter, who won single-handed with 21 runs to spare.—See *ante*, p. 373.

On the 30th the Harrovians and Wykehamists played their annual match at Lord's. It was admirably contested throughout, and at the *finale* the game stood thus:—

| Harrow.             | Winchester. |
|---------------------|-------------|
| First innings ..... | 48          |
| Second innings ...  | 40          |
|                     | 108         |
|                     | 100         |

Winchester winning with one wicket.

On the 31st the same Harrow eleven who contested with the Wintonians on the previous day, entered the field at Lord's against eleven of Eton, but after the fall of four wickets by the former for 32 runs, the match was put a stop to by the unfavorable state of the weather, the rain descending in torrents. It was consequently adjourned till the 2d of August, the Etonians and Wykehamists having to contest on the 1st. On resuming their bats the Harrovians made the score of their first innings 69.—Eton then went in, and marked 103.—In their second innings Harrow scored 97, leaving their antagonists 64 to win.—The Etonians calculated that they had easy work; but the old adage, “there's many a slip,” &c. was verified, their best bats falling in rapid succession, and leaving them *minus* thirteen runs, the final score being—

| <i>Eton.</i>            | <i>Harrow.</i> |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| First Innings ..... 108 | 69             |
| Second Innings..... 50  | 97             |
| 153                     | 166            |

On the 2d of August the match between Eton and Winchester was decided, after some excellent play on both sides, in favour of the former by 13 runs, as under:—

| <i>Winchester.</i>     | <i>Eton.</i> |
|------------------------|--------------|
| First Innings ..... 38 | 55           |
| Second Innings..... 71 | 61           |
| 109                    | 116          |

The return match between the County of Kent and All England was played at Chislehurst on the 12th and 13th, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. On the first day the play was most excellent. Kent in their first innings scored 127, of which E. Wenman marked 41, Mr. H. Knatchbull 18, Mills 17, Mr. H. Jenner 15, and Mr. A. Mynn, 13; but in the second they were very unfortunate, marking only 35, of which Mr. Jenner scored 12—total 162.—England in their first innings made 130, heading their opponents in the first day's play by 3; and of these F. Pilch scored 23, Mr. Kynaston 20, Cobbett 18, Box 17, and Lillywhite 11. They went in for 33 runs. Mr. W. Strahan was bowled by Mr. Jenner after scoring 1, and Mr. Kynaston and Marsden, with 2 byes, made the requisite number—England thus winning with the loss of only one wicket.

At the conclusion of the play a single-wicket match of one innings was made between three on each side—Mr. A. Mynn, E. Wenman, and R. Mills, for Kent; and F. Pilch, Lillywhite, and Marsden, for England—and after four hours terminated as follows:—Mr. Mynn, bowled by Lillywhite, 5; Wenman, bowled by Lillywhite, 0; Mills, caught by Pilch, 3; total 8:—Pilch, bowled by Mr. Mynn, 10; Marsden, bowled by Mr. Mynn, 1; Lillywhite, run out, 0; wide balls 4; no balls, 1: total 16.

*Brighton, August 19th.*—Sun.—One of the most attractive matches of the season at Lord's was certainly that between Sussex and All England, in

which the former sustained a very signal defeat. Yesterday the return match was played here at Brown's Royal Cricketing Grounds, and if the multitude assembled to witness it be a proof of the interest created by it in this neighbourhood, where that manly game so much prevails, assuredly none could say it was behind that excited in the Metropolis: two thousand seven hundred paid for admission the first day, and rather more on the second. The weather was lovely throughout, although it rained on Monday at Shoreham and other places in the vicinity, "and all went merry as a marriage bell." England having won the toss went in first, and scored 111 in the first, and 69 in the second innings—total 180; of which, Mr. Strahan, in the first, marked 22, Pilch 18 and 13, Mr. Davis 11 and 8, Mr. Kynaston 11 and 6, Marsden 3 and 20, Mr. Rice 13 and 5, Mr. Jenner 9 and 6: the other players on this side were, Mr. Snow, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Cobbett, and Adlam.—Sussex in their first innings scored 44, and in their second 78—total 122; the players and scores being, Mr. Goring 0 and 3, Morley 1 and 0, Taylor 6 and 8, Lanaway 4 and 4, Wells 8 and 13, Box 12, Brown 3 and 11, Mason 8 and 4, Vallance 12, Lillywhite 5 and 16, and Goad 0 and 3.—I should think Sussex will hardly try their strength again against such powerful opponents. The little battle they did shew is all due to the admirable bowling of Lillywhite, without whom I do not think they could have gotten one wicket. Strong partizans of course as the people here are for their own county men, I heard many declare that their defeat was simply made amends for to all the lovers of the game, in being afforded an opportunity of witnessing such play as the two days produced. The batting of Mr. Kynaston and Pilch was the most splendid ever beheld; and as for Mr. Jenner, as a wicket-keeper, his playing was positively a marvel, the ball seeming absolutely to fly to his hand: in fielding they were also far superior to the men of Sussex. I heard a farmer exclaim, "Dang it,

these Lunnuners be like a lot of cats!" and he was no bad fist at a smile, take my word for it. The whole was admirably conducted, and gave the most general satisfaction. Even the losers felt no discredit in being discomfited by such opponents.—ETONENSIS.

#### AQUATICS.

At a full meeting of the ROYAL VICTORIA AND LOYAL YACHT CLUB on the 6th of August, at their rendezvous, the York Hotel, Waterloo-road, Sir John Conroy, Equerry to the Duchess of Kent, was enrolled an Honorary Member of the Club.

On the 13th, a Silver Cup and Cover was sailed for by three of the minor-class vessels, accompanied by the *Hero* steam-boat, filled with friends of the Members of the Club, which left the Custom-house at a quarter before ten o'clock. The vessels entered were—

| Vessels.      | Tons. | Owners.               |
|---------------|-------|-----------------------|
| Wave .....    | 9     | J. S. Christian, Esq. |
| Vestris ..... | 8     | J. Weston, Esq.       |
| Water Witch 8 |       | J. Unwin, Esq.        |

The signal gun was fired at ten minutes before eleven o'clock, and the *Vestris* got first away, and kept the lead all the way to Gravesend, passing the flag-boat at 3 min. 45 sec. before 2. The *Water Witch* got away second from Greenwich, but was overtaken off Woolwich by the *Wave*, who passed the distance-post six minutes after the *Vestris*, followed by the *Witch* in two minutes afterwards. On returning, a pretty race to windward took place, the "skimmer of the seas" making rapid progress, and the *Wave* decidedly losing way, from having carried away her gaff-top, and at one time she was two miles astern. The *Witch* passed *Madame* off Greenwich, and maintained her position till the conclusion of the match, arriving at the flag-boat, after some excellent sailing, five minutes before six o'clock; the *Vestris* at ten minutes past six; and the *Wave* within half a minute after. After the accident which occurred to the latter, it was astonishing that she could recover her lost way—proving that she is a vessel of no ordinary character. This was her first trip,

and of course her trim not ascertained. The Commodore, H. Jost, Esq., in an appropriate speech, presented the Cup to Captain Unwin, who made a suitable reply; and after it had been charged with Port wine, the company drank the health of the Queen, whose natal day the Meeting was intended to celebrate, with the greatest enthusiasm. The health of the successful competitor was also duly honored. A very elegant company was on board the *Hero*, and dancing kept up with spirit to the accompaniment of a fine band of music.

On the following day the Annual Below-bridge Match of the ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB for a Silver Cup and Cover, took place, also in honor of Her Majesty's Birth-day. The Royal Sovereign steam-vessel was engaged by the Club for the accommodation of their friends. The yachts to contend for the prize were arranged in the following order:—

| Vessels.        | Tons. | Owners.             |
|-----------------|-------|---------------------|
| Ada Jane .....  | 16    | G.W. Sweating, Esq. |
| Alert .....     | 16    | J. J. Ford, Esq.    |
| Victorine ..... | 16    | Mesara. Stokes.     |
| Figaro .....    | 21    | R. T. Wells, Esq.   |
| Matchless ..... | 23    | R. Williams, Esq.   |

At twenty-one minutes past eleven the signal was given for starting, when the *Matchless* took the lead, with the *Figaro* close on her stern; the *Victorine* followed next, and in two minutes shot a-head of both. The *Alert* was the fourth at starting, and the last was the *Ada Jane*, which vessel exhibited much sluggishness in moving through the water, to the surprise of every one who witnessed the match, for she was one of the favorite boats. Between Greenwich and Blackwall the yachts passed and repassed each other so frequently that it was impossible to say that any one in particular had the advantage over the rest: but at Blackwall-point the yachts passed in the following order:—*Alert* first, *Matchless* second, *Victorine* third, *Figaro* fourth, and *Ada Jane* fifth. At *Rider's Reach* the *Ada Jane* crept up and went a-head of the *Figaro*, and the yachts rounded the flag-boat at Gravesend in the following order:—the *Alert*, at between 8 and 9 minutes to 2; the *Victorine*, at

1 minute to 2; the Matchless at 2; the Ada Jane, at 2½ minutes past 2; and the Figaro close in her wake. No variation took place in their relative positions coming home; though the closeness of the contest at times between the Ada Jane and Victorine, and between the Matchless and Figaro, excited considerable interest, which was put an end to by the vessels rounding the flag-staff moored off Greenwich Hospital as follows:—*vis.* Alert, 2 minutes past 5; Victorine, 6½ minutes past 5; Matchless, 10 minutes past 5; Ada Jane, 11 minutes past 5; and Figaro, 4 minutes after the Ada Jane.—The Cup was shortly afterwards presented to Captain Ford on board the Royal Sovereign by Mr. Harrison, the Commodore, with a suitable address. It was then charged, and the health of Mr. Ford was drunk by the company. It was often replenished, and the health of the King, Patron of the Club, the Queen, and of Admiral Sir T. M. Hardy, Vice-Patron, were severally drunk with great applause.—The day passed off without the slightest accident, and the whole company were evidently highly delighted with their entertainment.

The passion for this national sport (yachting) seems to increase everywhere, and in none more than Ireland. At Athlone, where the Shannon expands into one of its finest sheets of water, Lough Ree, a Yacht Club has been established, and is in a most prosperous state. Regular Regattas are held, for which there are various prizes, from the symmetrical yachts of the Corinthian to the turf-cot of the peasant, causing a manifest improvement in every species of craft used on the river; and some of the yachts lately built at Athlone, although inland, may vie with any of those of the sea-ports. The Members of the A. Y. C. meet and dine together every Thursday on the Yellow Island in Lough Ree; when, by the rules and regulations of the Club, they must appear in uniform—dress-coat of blue cloth, with the club buttons inscribed A. Y. C.; three buttons under the flap of the pockets, and three on the front of each cuff; waistcoat of white

kerseymere, with club buttons; black pantaloons, and blue cloth cap with gold band.

*The Silver Sculls.*—Last year, Mr. Lewis, in a contest with Mr. Julia, won the Silver Sculls, the gift of H. C. Wingfield, Esq. (annually challenged for); but having announced his intention not to enter into competition again, and Mr. Julius being the only challenger this year, this splendid trophy was delivered to him on the 10th of August without a contest.

#### ANGLING.

Mr. George Agar Hansard has just published a little work intitled "Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales." It aspires to no higher rank than that of a useful guide to the most productive fishing stations of the Principality, with some hints for the selection of flies and baits peculiar to the Welsh Rivers and Lakes. He has extracted much useful information from the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, which he has acknowledged in some few instances; and those who feel inclined to visit the Principality on a piscatorial excursion will do well to provide themselves with this unpretending little volume.

#### ARCHERY.

On the 5th of August a grand match was shot between eleven Members of the West Berks Archery Club and eleven of the Royal Toxophilites on the ground of the latter Society in Regent's Park. The targets were placed at one hundred yards distance, and both parties displayed great skill and science during the match, which was eventually won by the Berks, though by a very small majority.

#### COCKING.

A Main of Cocks was fought at the Hotel Pit, Stamford, during the race week, between the Gentlemen of Lincolnshire (Weightman feeder) and those of Northamptonshire (Shaw feeder), for 10 sovs. a battle, and 100 the odd; 19 mains and 5 byes.

| Shaw.     | M. B. | Weightman. | M. B. |
|-----------|-------|------------|-------|
| Wednesday | 3     | 2          | 3     |
| Thursday  | 3     | 1          | 3     |
| Friday    | 4     | 1          | 3     |

Total.....10 4

Total...9 1



## THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

August 21, 1834.

SIR—I should have procrastinated my notice of this important event to the last moment suited to your publishing, did I imagine such delay would enable me to present any new feature connected with it to the readers of your Magazine: of such an occurrence I do not now see the remotest probability. If the Derby, before it came off, appeared to me as already decided, and I spoke of it in such terms, how much more so may I consider this affair *safe*, seeing that the measure of every horse in it, with a few outside exceptions, has been so accurately ascertained? I have already said that the observations which I thus from time to time offer to the public through the medium of your pages are intended for such sporting men as are prevented, by absence from the different courses where the horses engaged in the great leading races appear, from forming an opinion for themselves; let me add, too, that, from individual kindness, sources of information on racing matters are open to me that perhaps no one else can boast of possessing. I say this, lest I may seem to arrogate for myself a position in speaking on them, to which in my own capacity I am not entitled; and also, that I may disclaim a credit to which I have but little personal claim for the results of the Great Races of the year which I have foretold in the former Numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*.

In your July Number I distinctly pointed out Glencoe as the winner of the Goodwood Cup. Previously to the start I asserted my conviction of it to many leading men on the ground. Some took the view of it that I attempted to explain, and, at the eleventh hour, hedged their money; others laughed at a three-year-old beating the old ones through the mud—laughed me to scorn—"and verily they had their reward." The event was as I foresaw—the results such as I anticipated.

Shilelah, the conqueror of Glencoe, has taken the position in the Leger betting which he occupied in the Derby running, next to the great wonder of the day: we find him at 6 to 1, and I do not think him entitled to a higher place, or likely to occupy one.

The quotation of the latest odds at Tattersall's is 2 to 1 agst PLENIPO. This I think eminently suited to mislead country speculators, and I must say a word or two upon it; in point of fact the highest *bona fide* betting that I have seen against him for the last month was 100 to 75, and that was snapped up as eagerly as an Alderman bolts his turtle. It may of course suit those who in the spring took 15 to 1 agst him to hedge to the tune of 2 to 1; but even these men in most instances I know have refused to bet back a guinea: such is their notion of the Leger and its *status in quo*.

All agree that WORLABY is kept up by the heavy metal the Yorkshire party fire off when he is named; for we men in the South have seen what Bubastes could do amongst us, and if he could beat Worlaby, we think *him no Nyer*, to speak respectfully of him.

If SHILELAH be in a condition to stand his work, and he has not had too much of it, he has certainly a right, from public performance, to the second place in public favour. He had not left Newmarket on the 16th; still he is undoubtedly to go, and he has time enough before him.

I now come to BRAN, a horse that has been eminently successful in the Provinces, notwithstanding the retrograde movement he took after his race with Cotillon. I look upon him, *one out of the race*, as a very dangerous horse to lay against. If he did not beat the mare cleverly, it should be had in memory that he has won all his races after the same fashion. I have it from *the best authority*, that he is naturally a sluggish animal; and who again can tell what orders his jockey had to ride him?—or, bearing in mind what his horse has before him, is a man likely to take more out of him than the

occasion required?.....not if I know the way his head is skrew'd on, trust me! In a facetious letter I received a few days ago from a turfite in the North country, I hear the notion among them is, that Bran is a good lasting horse, and they took to him to "*cheat the fat beast*," as they call Plenipo—"I wish they may get it!"—that game was played at Epsom by a better hand than they can muster, and we saw the good it did there.

As much uncertainty exists as to who is to ride Plenipo for the Leger, in consequence of Lord Sligo, the proprietor of Bran, being generally believed to be Connolly's master.....that had better be explained. The Marquis of Sligo for many years had Connolly in his service as his jockey, indeed originally introduced him to the English turf; but when his Lordship left this country for Jamaica his engagement ceased as a matter of course. Long since he was retained by Mr. Batson to ride his horses: and I for one, among the many of like opinion, cordially agree in approving the very judicious selection that gentleman has made. If Plenipo were out of the race, undoubtedly Connolly would ride Bran; as it is, Capt. Brown, who has the management of him, has determined not to engage any jockey for him, but to take the chance of events upon the day.

Some men, as they say in the Ring, "take a deal of beating;" the Chifney party are the very *beast ideal* of this expressive vulgarity. They are still confident about Shilelah, as I hear, averring that he had but *three legs* for the Derby, and what won't he do for the Leger with four! Perhaps these wicked wights are only joking with us, after all; and, without being as dead a hand at a pun as Billy Black, I must allow "*there was something wrong with THE LEGS at Epsom sure enough!*"

I have heard that lots of warning letters have been addressed to Mr. Batson, with intimations of all sorts of evil intentions against his horse. These may have been merely the benevolent shoves of his friends to keep his vigilance on the *qui vive*; but they may rest contented that all parties to whom the care of Plenipo is entrusted are wide awake to the responsibility reposed in them. The fate of Bessy Bedlam is too well known not to enlist all that unwearied attention and deep caution can suggest.

In a very few days after these brief observations meet the public eye, the result of this event of passing interest will be known. I anticipate but *one*—the triumph of this matchless horse in the North, achieved with all the brilliancy that marked his career at home. *If he be well, and meet no unfair usage*, I believe the minds of all sporting men are made up to such being the case: *if he gets foul play*, it will for ever sink North-country racing in the slough of chicane and dishonour, from which, thank Heaven, in the South we have at length succeeded in rescuing and delivering it.

CRAYEN.

#### LATEST BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

Six to 4 agst Plenipo; 4 to 1 agst Shilelah; 7 to 1 agst Worlabay Baylock; 11 to 1 agst Bran; Bubastes not mentioned.—600 to 400 Shilelah agst Worlabay.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a host of communications, and can only express our regret at our continued inability to give insertion to these, as well as to some which stood over from last month. We can but thank our Contributors generally for their favors; but "Viator's dropped paper by Figulus," and the ebullitions of Squin cannot appear in our pages.

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SIR JOHN CLARK, OF NEWARK.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY W. G. SMITH.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.  
SECOND SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1834.

No. LIV.

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Embellished with

I. VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE.

II. PORTRAIT OF MR. JOHN CLARK OF NEWMARKET, "THE JUDGE."

III. EEL-FISHING NEAR MAINTENON.

MR. JOHN CLARK, OF NEWMARKET,

"The Judge."

With a PORTRAIT, engraved by COOK from a Painting by CRANE of Newmarket.

THE subject of the present memoir, of whom we now give a characteristic portrait as he appears when performing his judicial duties "in the Chair," is too well known upon the Turf to require description; indeed we consider the accuracy of the likeness is a sufficient introduction;

and as few men are better known than Mr. JOHN CLARK, those who have ever seen him, we are fully assured, will immediately recognise the resemblance.

Mr. CLARK, who is now Judge of the greater number of the principal South-country Meetings, officiated for the first time

in the Chair at the Newmarket July Meeting 1822. He now attends and decides at the following places: viz. Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Lewes, Chelmsford, Bath, and Brighton, and occasionally also at Egham and Abingdon.

The present Judge, at the period above stated, succeeded his father, Mr. CLARK, Senior, who had filled the situation, conferred upon him by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Jockey Club, with the greatest integrity and satisfaction during a period of sixteen years, viz. from the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1806, until that of Epsom 1822. He was also many years Judge of the Bibury and Kingscote Clubs, and attended Stamford Races professionally, as well as the places above enumerated. This octogenarian arbiter still figures at the "head-quarters" of Racing as "mine host" of the Greyhound at Newmarket; a useless intimation to such as are in the habit of frequenting the place. To those, however, who are not quite so well informed upon this point, we would earnestly recommend a trial of our Old Friend's excellent larder and wines. They will find them accompanied by attention and comfort, and not least, though last, *moderate charges*, which are rarely concomitant at Race Meetings.

While other Judges assume the wig, the robe, and such paraphernalia of office, "the Judge of the Course" makes no such observances to his outer man. Enconced in his niche, his Court the open arena of nature, decked upon most occasions in her gayest attire, the scene graced by the Noble, the titled, and beautiful,

he performs the pleasing task of deciding between the exertions of the noblest animals in the world, and awarding to the successful one and his rider the palm of victory.

In the Chair he assumes the tripartite character of witness and Jury, as well as Judge: from his *fiat* there is no appeal. No after-quipbles, no *writs of certiorari*, no moves for rules for new trials, occur from his decisions; and if he enjoys the enviable and proud distinction above his learned brethren in escaping the vexation consequent upon attempts to abrogate his sentences, how infinitely happier are his decrees as to consequences! Fortunately for his feelings, he is not called upon to pronounce a doom which shall entail either loss of liberty, expatriation, or the more awful atonement of an ignominious death, spreading humiliation and disgrace upon surviving relatives and connexions.

In speaking of the subject of this brief memoir during his public career, such have been his accuracy and quickness of eye, and so great the reliance placed upon his integrity and honour, that his decisions have been rarely questioned. In private life we, who have the happiness of his acquaintance—we may add friendship—can bear testimony to his moral worth, as a kind and honorable man, while his facetious and convivial habits render him very companionable as a guest.

We take our leave by sincerely wishing Mr. CLARK health and happiness long to enjoy the office he holds with so much reputation to himself and satisfaction to others.

## SUMMER NOTES ON FOX-HOUNDS.

BY THE RAMBLER IN RED.

## LETTER THE THIRD—THE EAST SUSSEX.

SIR,

HAVING read a very animated paper by my *Verdant Brother* on Mr. Craven's hounds, I had meditated a visit for some time to that Gentleman's establishment. I was afforded an opportunity of putting this intention into effect on the 11th of this present September; but, on reaching Ringmer, I found the hounds were that morning cub-hunting at Stanmer Park, giving a rattle to the Earl of Chichester's noble woods. I left word, however, at the kennel that I should "call again to-morrow;" and, on Saturday the 12th, I was met on my reaching the trysting place by "Press," who was prepared for my coming, and testified every alacrity to oblige my curiosity: indeed, I found in him a disposition that I have ever met in the fraternity, a respectful cordiality that constitutes the masonic symbol of fox-hunting servants. He had the kennel book ready to present to me as I entered the yard, and merely awaited my order of proceeding to open the kennel doors. As my custom is, I requested the hounds might be called out of the lodging-rooms in the first instance individually, "*seniores priores*," and then, when my eye had become a little used to them, I could better judge of the pack collectively. I found the strength of the East Sussex consisted of fifty couples and a half of hunting hounds, of which thirteen couples were this year's entries. One is always prepared to find the scale of beauty preponderate in the ladies' favor:

here they had it all to themselves hollow. I did not see one plain bitch among the lot, and, I am compelled to write it, one really handsome dog hound, some of this year's entry excepted. I do not mean to say that they did not shew as hounds meant for business should: on the contrary, they all looked like workmen; but the line of beauty, the absence of that angular expression that jars upon the eye, the combination of power and symmetry that one loves to look upon, was found only in the softer sex. You do not find here the great diversity of blood either which is met with in establishments more centrally located; though I do not know that this is any disadvantage. The system now obtaining so generally of hunting the dogs and bitches together, is likewise adopted by Mr. Craven, and with perfect success. It certainly must spoil appearances, *but fox-hounds are not kept to be looked at*. They take out from eighteen to nineteen couples, though from the size of the coverts I should have imagined a stronger force necessary. As I said before, they had been on the previous day cub-hunting at Stanmer; and, as a proof of the nature of the Sussex woodlands, the state of the poor devils who were there was conclusive, each, as he hobbled out for my inspection, being amply qualified to enact the part of the worthy in *Peter Pindar's* story of the "*Pilgrims and the Peas*," who had omitted the precaution of *boiling his vegetables*. I never

saw such a lot of spayed bitches in my life; in fact, there are very few left open, scarce enough to count upon in the event of any great casualty among the litters; but doubtless Mr. Craven has taken care of such contingency.

The oldest hounds in their kennel are seven-year-olds: of these there are but two—Ranter, with a patriarchal-looking countenance, but with heels enough for the youngest among them, and Novice, a spayed bitch. There are three six-year-olds that did not catch my eye. Among the five-year-olds, Dainty, a spayed bitch, took my fancy. Press pointed out as one of their best, Lotty: she is the Master's favorite, and called after Miss Charlotte Craven. Her sister, Wonderful, however, was the chosen of my affections: these two ladies come off the stock of John Ward, and are no unworthy scions of so renowned a race. Regan too, from Mr. Ward's, was one of the right sort; and Castaway, from Colonel Wyndham's, was, though perhaps a little light, a very handsome classic. Mortimer, a very powerful dog coming of the Osbaldiston blood, Press spoke of as a singularly fleet one at a view, and, to judge from his quarters, the last of the lot I should like to have after my brush up a Sussex hill if I was a fox. The four-year-olds are but three in number, and with little merit, as it struck me. Of the three-year-olds Pastime was one of the handsomest, and Shepherdess as good as gold, as the people described her. Workman, a hound of immense power, and Grumbler, deserve notice also. Among the two-year-olds I noticed Royalist, a rare-looking fox-hound, who had unfortunately lost an eye a few days before.

Stagyrte and Singleton, two of Colonel Wyndham's blood, with Vanquisher, Venturesome, Winifred, and Warlike, were certainly a very beautiful three couple as one could desire. We now arrived at the one year's hunters: of these, four sisters, Blemish, Barbara, Benefit, and Beatrice, with a wonderful family likeness, pleased me greatly. Negative, from Mr. Amberton Smith's stock, was a swinging fine bitch, as was likewise Vanity, whom they said was one of their flyers. Wanton, too, was a lovely spayed one—the more's the pity. Warrior is a rattler too, come also of Mr. Smith's "Vanguard," a stallion whose produce is the flower of the East Sussex.

When the whelps were introduced I had another exhilarating exhibition of the promise of the present season. Thirteen couples of such youngsters may well gladden the spirit of any M. F. H. One of the handsomest Mr. Craven has honored with the abbreviation of Cissy, after Miss Cecilia Craven; and if the Lady be as comely as her namesake, Venus help all with hearts that come within range of her glance! Vulcan, Virgin, and Viceroy, of the same litter, are very superior; as are Plunder by Colonel Jolliffe's Pertinax, whose feet were models, and five brothers, Wanderer, Wrestler, Wagoner, Wilmington, and Watchman—with whom I arrive at the end of my individual notice.

Collectively as a pack, with the country they have to contend with, and a certainty of no idleness from the supply of foxes, I like them much: Mr. Craven would not thank my want of candour did I not admit that I have seen some that have taken my eye more:



there is an *unwovenness* that it requires time to reconcile one to, but their condition merits unconditional praise. I thought the lodging-rooms rather confined, and I had to regret the want of *that great essential*, running water: the cleanliness, however, was perfect. They have a good grass yard, and if there was a stream through it there was nothing left to desire.—I have heard many doubts expressed of the possibility of taming the fox: here there is an answer to the question; for Press has one at his door as domestic as an old maid's tabby: he is six years old, and as much at ease in the vicinity of his mortal foes as though he never wore a brush. I took him in my hand, and gave him a specimen of my best "tally-ho," but it had no more effect upon him than Bostwain Smith's theology has upon the amphibious impurities of Wapping and Billingsgate. The first whip is William Boorer; the second, an entry of the present season, William Press, a chip of the old block.

They follow the ancient usage at Ringmer of turning to grass during the summer, and the first of the stables that I entered consequently presented to me a well-formed horse (as well as I could guess) about as fat as a prize ox at Christmas. There were nine servants' horses in, and one out, from want of stable room: these were various sorts, as they require very different animals for their hill and vale work, useful wear-and-tear kind, without much intrinsic claim to admiration. There was one huge black skeleton, composed of most discordant points, arranged as unsymmetrically as the "stand at ease" of old Joe Grimaldi, who, though a

ram one to look at, will, I think, turn out a good one to go: he was lately purchased from a *Doctor* somebody at Brighton, and shews almost as much *blood* as he does *bone*, and that's warrantry for his being no dunghill, trust me. There were also two of Mr. Craven's own hunters at the kennel stables—one, a singularly nice nag, bought of Lord Chichester, a hunter all over, a blood bay, with black legs. On this horse Press told me his Noble Owner used to cross the country as a crow would fly: "I saw My Lord going it on this nag," said this bruiser as we stood in the loose box, "one day when I had shaken off all the rest on 'em. I tried hard to floor him too, but I couldn't catch him at the best of my game; and it shan't be a bad one, Sir."

I was very glad to hear that the subscription for the present year is considered a satisfactory one. I could not learn the amount, but as Mr. Craven writes "content," I heartily congratulate him on the result. Notwithstanding it is far from a tempting country to a fox-hunter, this same county of Sussex is hunted every inch of it from corner to corner. Within the last two years a new pack has made its appearance on the forest side of the country belonging to the East Sussex, with a gentleman of the name of Smith at its head: considering the limited scene that is permitted to his *début*, he must be of no common sort to make the attempt. For a man to brave the difficulties, and face the expense inseparable from the situation of M. F. H. on a capital of a *litter* or *two of foxes*, is a tolerably convincing proof of the ruling spirit in these degenerate days, as the

snivellers call them. Mr. Daniel's attorney's clerk, with his hunter in the cellar and his hounds in the garret, furnishes a fairish "pendent" to such devotion to the chase.

As my brother the *Rambler in Green* had spoken highly of Press's feats as a bruising rider, I looked for some developement of the propensity, and certainly Nature has fitted him for the work; and every one I have heard speak of him in the saddle bears unqualified testimony of his pluck: his weight too is all in his favour, as he goes to scale, saddle, bridle, and all, I should think under twelve stone; and with anything having a claim to the name of hunter under one, *that* in my mind is the weight best calculated to get over all sorts of countries. "Had any bad falls, Press?" said I, looking sharp to see if he went sound. "Why yes, Sir," was the reply, "rather—broke my leg very bad indeed."—"Ah!" said I, "horse came down with you, eh?"—"No such a thing, Sir—no such a thing: there was a small brook; we had some smartish running, and were at check for a moment: there was a little brook, with some deep ground at the sides; and so, to ease my horse, for the first time in my life I dismounted to lead him over, and d—d if he didn't jump smack on the top o' me, and break my leg all to pieces: that's the fashion that accidents always do happen—catch me at the like of it again."—"No," said I, "as the immortal Paul Pry, Esq., expresses himself, *'If ever you do a good-natured thing again'*"—"If ever I do, Sir, blow me, was his climax."

From their proximity to Brighton, the East Sussex are of course much attended by strangers, that watering-place being

the fashion for "*gens comme il faut*" during the winter months. In consequence of Lady Burdett having given it the preference as a winter residence, Sir Francis has hunted pretty much with them the last two or three seasons; taking the field with a tolerably strong stud, eight or ten hunters they told me. Considering the conflicting state of political feeling in Sussex, and the influence it exercises upon general society, it is but another triumphant proof of the harmonising results of fox-hunting, that this genuine English Sportsman is sought and caressed by the Ultras of Whig and Tory. Diana, ever, as thus, be thine the altars sacred to rosy health and brotherly love! and mine the grateful labour to record the cordialities of thy worshippers, and to proclaim, "Great is the Goddess of the Ephesians!"

It was drawing on for dinner-hour before we cried who-whoop! I say we, for I was not alone; and a walk from Ringmer over the hills hinted in language too plain to admit the affectation of ignorance that something must be done ere Brighton was revisited. It was accordingly voted that a slight supply should be provided, and the victualling office was chosen at the Black Horse at Lewes: the table was spread in a moment in the snug little bar (your true fox-hunters are never high-minded), and I established myself in a cozy arm-chair corner, where, as the loquacious landlord told me, going to covert and returning many a time and oft, Sir Francis Burdett had brought himself to an anchor, "aye, and gave a frank to any one that asked it into the bargain."

I don't by any means approve

of the malt in these parts; in fact I have rarely got a glass of tolerable ale in Sussex: the juniper, however, at the Black Horse was far from deficient in merit, and, flavored with a cigar and a squeeze of philosophy, enabled one to await the arrival of a Hastings coach for Brighton, without, what is termed in phrase Parliamentary, "ignorant impatience." In France exuberance of animal spirits evaporates at the heels; here, at the caput: French fellows fall a capering: Bull, as his instinct points out, a roaring. Much tuneful noise was consequent upon this "dinner at bar." I don't mean to throw out any insinuation against the respectability of the party:—the heat of

the day, and the early hour might have made things a little unsteady; as it was, snatches of old staves were got up, butt ends of antiquated glees, and Capt. Morris's "*remains*," more remarkable for their popularity than their morality, were ruthlessly perpetrated: at length a chance repetition of the two well-known lines in the old scholastic ditty,

"Appropinquat ecce felix  
Hora gaudiorum,"

produced prophetic visions of the hunting season, and I was unanimously called on for a sporting song: when in imitation of the Poet of Haidee's banquet, thus

"I might, or could, or would, or should  
have sung."

AIR—"Blue Bonnets over the Border.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the season that's here again,

Men, horses, hounds are all in prime order:

Hurrah! hurrah! welcome the cheer again,

When pink jackets meet at the covert's gay border!

Is there on earth a sight to gladden us

Like the green covert's side, where gay steeds are bounding!

Is there a sound in life to madden us

Like the sylvan halloo! and the merry horn sounding!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the season that's here again,

Men, horses, hounds are all in prime order:

Hurrah! hurrah! welcome the cheer again,

When pink jackets meet at the covert's gay border.

Who would not taste the young breath of Morn—

For where is a lip that is fresher or sweeter?

What heart but replies to the echoing horn—

Is there for manhood minstrelsy meeter?

Hail to the Season then! soon shall we meet again,

Health and good fellowship smiling before us:

And may our spirits be link'd in their harmony,

Blythe as our voices now mingle in chorus!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the season that's here again,

Men, horses, hounds are all in prime order:

Hurrah! hurrah! welcome the cheer again,

When pink jackets meet at the covert's gay border.

Any gentleman here for Brighton?—Landlord, the score—another cigar—all right—farewell!

THE RAMBLER IN RED.

## PHEASANT SHOOTING.

WHAT a beautiful bird is a pheasant !  
 How grand is the sweep of his tail !  
 How very gen-teel for a present,  
 When we wish that our suit may prevail !  
 Then, Sam, if you'll keep yourself sober  
 Like me, and as sound as a roach,  
 We'll have a fine First of October !  
 And be book'd the next day by the coach.  
 I've borrowed a dog—such a rare one  
 As never was owned by a Cit !  
 And I've promis'd, to pleasure my fair one,  
 A plump brace of birds for the spit.  
 Of " Dartford " I've got the best powder  
 That ever flared up in the sky,  
 And each morn I blaze louder and louder,  
 My hand by this practice to try.  
 My gun is a beauty, by Manton—  
 A smarter I ne'er saw before—  
 It belonged to a merchant from Canton,  
 And 'twas bought at....." My Uncle's ! " next door.  
 I've cigars, which we dandies require  
 To make us look flum, flush, and fly ;  
 So you see if my piece should miss fire  
 I shall still have a spark in my eye.  
 My game-bag I've filled with good stingo,  
 With brandy, cold chickens, and *am*,  
 For we Sportsmen need grubbing, by Jingo,  
 Or else we can't shoot worth a *dam*.  
 If birds should be shy, my dear Sammy,  
 And the devil a one be brought down,  
 I've secured a fine brace for my mammy  
 From our neighbour, the poulterer Brown.  
 And I've promised for sweet Mrs. Horner  
 A brace of cock-pheasants to kill—  
 Dear creature ! she lives round the corner,  
 I'm determined she shall have her fill !  
 The love-promise shall not be broken,  
 Nor go off like a flash in the pan ;  
 So the birds are already bespoken,  
 And she'll call me a *duck* of a man !  
 Then success to us boys of the trigger !  
 For freedom let's throw up the hat,  
 And despise ev'ry coin-raking nigger  
 Who never shot aught but a cat !

## LION HUNTING AT THE CAPE.

SIR,  
SEVERAL circumstances had combined to delay the Lion Hunt originally fixed for December 1831; but in the middle of the month of March 1832, no obstacle appearing, it was settled that the party should assemble at Fort Beaufort, the head-quarters of the Mounted Rifles, to be in readiness to start on the 20th.

On the 17th I sent my servant on half way with the horses, and the next morning I left Graham's Town at 6 A. M., and arrived at Fort Beaufort at 4: the distance is 60 miles, but the day was very hot.

On the 19th the wagons were packed and sent off, as the scene of action was far from any house, and everything was to be carried, which, when, besides your own forage, we have to transport that of the horses, tents, bedding, &c. makes a very considerable load. We found it necessary to employ four wagons, each drawn by twelve oxen. This day the party had all assembled, viz., Major Cox, Captain Aitchison, and Mr. Gardner, Mounted Rifles; Capt. Eyre, 98th Regiment; Major Fraser, Mr. Bovey, and myself. We spent a very pleasant evening at the Mess, and the next morning at 10 we left Beaufort, off-saddled at two, and took some tiffin. The horses of the country, although small, are most excellent, and capable of undergoing great exertions, provided that every three hours the saddle is taken off. The horse is, what is called, knee-haltered (the halter made fast to the knee), and suffered to go at large. You always choose (when possible) a place

where there is grass and water, so that when the animal has rolled, which is invariably the first act, he can proceed to feed, and at the end of half an hour is quite fresh. At five we reached a Hottentot location, the last habitable spot. The name of the man residing in this place is Tromp. Here we found the wagons, so we encamped and cooked our dinners.

The next morning we took in our sheep, two in each wagon, and also hired a couple of cows for the sake of the milk. These, with their calves, were driven with the wagons. We started early, and breakfasted at the foot of a mountain, to breathe the oxen before they went up, as it is so steep that frequently it is necessary to take one wagon up with the two spans, and come back again. This was our case, but we got to our place of encampment at four. This place is called Death's Valley, from its melancholy appearance, being surrounded by high mountains, and always in shade: there are, however, wood, water, and grass, the three great requisites.

On the 22d we sent the wagons on at eight, to go to the spot fixed on for our camp, while we were on the Bontebok Flat (the name of that part of the country in which the lions are found). Here our guns were all well inspected, and the caps carefully secured, as a mis-fire may cost a man his life. I have never been more astonished than I was that morning at the immense quantity of bucks that were seen in all directions, the most numerous

being the Bonteboks, which were literally in flocks of tens of thousands. Had I not seen them, I could not have believed it. The gnooks are also very numerous, and interspersed with groups of spring buck, quaggas, hartebeests, &c. In short, although we did not fall in with a lion on that day, I was still highly delighted with the wild scene, which for multitudes of game must stand unrivalled.

We did not get to our place of encampment till late in the evening, when we found our tents pitched and dinner under weigh, to which we all did the most ample justice. The glass having suffered much, we were obliged to drink out of anything we could find. A pewter pot fell to Gardner's and my share, so that when we had our Champagne we were obliged to measure by counting the goes-down. It was rather a pretty spot where we lay, being the only one where there is wood and water. There is also some grass, where the oxen and the horses not used were allowed to run by day. We all turned in early.

On the 23d we started at nine, each accompanied by a Hottentot, who also carried a gun. The Flat is quite open and free from wood, and the lion is found either by observing the hovering of vultures, or is seen by the quick eye of the Hottentots. His mode of taking his game is evidently by lying concealed in the rushes, and, when the bucks come to drink, by springing on them. We used to hear from the showmen, in the olden time, that the jackall was the lion's *provider*, but it is the reverse, as he is much too gentlemanlike to eat cold meat, and therefore the

jackals, wild dogs, and vultures are in waiting to take what the lion leaves. At eleven, by the hovering of vultures, we were induced to go to a vleey, or pond of water, where we found a gnook just killed, evidently by the lion from the lay and spoor, as he or she, as it turned out, had seen us, and was off; but some dogs we had took the scent freely, and in about twenty minutes we viewed her and ran her to bay: she did not, however, shew fight, and was killed by a ball in the spine as she was making off. We proceeded to skin her, and to *blood* the new hands, of which I was one. During this operation it was astonishing to see the quantity of vultures which were waiting for their share. Whether it is from scent or sight, I could not distinguish; but although there is not one to be seen, in five minutes after blood is drawn they may be observed hurrying from all quarters, and some apparently dropping from the clouds. We were not fortunate enough to find again on that day. We went to our tents at sunset, and had a very pleasant *afternoon*. Warden, of the Rifles, joined us this afternoon.

On the 24th, after bathing in water very near freezing point, and taking our breakfast, we started by nine in the direction of the Winvogleberg mountain, so named from a celebrated bushman who lived there. At the foot of it ten lions, young and old, were viewed, but they retreated to a kind of bush on the side of the hill, and we could not drive them out of it, although several shots were fired as we got sight of them at intervals. I afterwards thought that this was fortunate, for, from the nature of

the ground, we should have had accidents. We, however, lost them, and proceeded in search of others. We did not find any, and so had separated on our return to the camp. Aitchison, Gardner, and myself, and the three Hottentots were together, when we discovered a fine lioness, and gave chase. She unfortunately went to the opposite side of a deep ravine, just out of shot, and where we could not follow with the horses; we could not afford to lose her, so we descended, and climbed up the other side as well as we could. Luckily for us she lay still, as, had she charged while we were ascending, we must have been all floored. After getting our wind we advanced on her, and a beautiful sight she was. Her rage was tremendous, which she expressed by roars, her tail lashing about until ready to spring, when merely the end moves, like a cat's. This was the case as we came within twenty-three yards of it, when Aitchison, who had been in at the death of forty, gave the word to stop and fire, and the animal sat down, unable to move, but still far from dead. We went up and despatched her, and found that every ball had taken effect. It was plain that the lion is as tenacious of life as the cat. We skinned her, and just got home by dark, where we found the rest of the party, who had not met with equal luck.

After certain circulations of the aforesaid pewter, it was remarked that Gardner and I became very descriptive; however we all turned in before nine, for the exercise and excitement produced a strong tendency to sleep.

The 25th being Sunday, it was

agreed it should be a day of rest. After breakfast Warden left us for his post, which was a day's ride. I must say the morning was an uncommon slow one to all hands—no books, and the tents, as all know who have been in them in summer, too hot to remain in by day: we were, therefore, scattered about, seeking what shade we could, and anticipating the morrow, when we perceived a man on a white horse coming, whom we soon made out to be Warden's servant, and who had left us about two hours before. We conjectured that they had fallen in with lions, which turned out to be the case. He said that about five miles off they had discovered three, and that they were watched till we came up. A most joyful bustle took place, and in ten minutes we were mounted and off. We found the five lions as described, and they made off, as they invariably do at first. As soon as they get angry or tired, they stop and crouch: the plan is then to dismount, and walk up until the animals are ready to spring, when you fire. If they are not killed, they make a most gallant charge, and die as game as a fox. One of the three before us crouched, and we shot her, and went after the other two, who went on. No. 2 then lay, and shewed very pretty sport. While we were settling her, No. 3 stopped, and exhibited such symptoms of rage that we expected her in upon us. She, however, changed her mind, and went on. In riding after her, Captain Aitchison, being well mounted, got a-head of the rest, and rode too close to the animal, who, being already much infuriated, turned about and charged

immediately without stopping. He had just time to get off his horse and to level at her from a kneeling position, but the shot did not stop her. A scene of confusion now ensued, as every one was striving who could get to his assistance. Just as I got from my horse, I saw her take his arm in her mouth, and throw him back. I ran up, with the idea of getting close to her before I fired, as I feared to fire from any distance lest the ball might hit Aitchison; I was, however, anticipated, for Major Fraser took his chance and hit her in the back. She directly jumped off Aitchison, and was going to spring on me, who happened to be the nearest at the moment; I, however, gave her a shot which stopped her, and she was speedily despatched. I was never more delighted in my life than when Aitchison got up and walked, for a lioness is rather a rum customer to be lying under. She had bitten his arm severely, but what annoyed him most was that she had left her card under his ear, which *certainly* had not been kept in lavender. In the hurry all the horses save one had bolted, and ran a long distance, as they do not like the smell of Mr. Lion. After we had done all we could for Aitchison, caught the horses, and skinned the three lionesses, which were lying dead within a mile, we returned to our wagons. The lioness, it is to be observed, like most of the female sex, is much more *varmint* than the male when her back is once up.

On the 26th Captain Aitchison's arm was so much inflamed, and he was suffering so much pain, that it was quite out of the question his leaving his bed;

we therefore started at nine as usual without him, and fell in with three lions. Before we could collect the party, who were trying to shoot some wild dogs, they had got to a considerable distance, so that we just brought one to bay on the brow of a hill, the other two having gone over before. However, we could not get to her; she slipped over the hill also, and we never could find her again. She must have lain concealed somewhere, for the country is so open that we must have seen her had she gone on. On our returning in the evening we fell in with four lions, and killed one: it was too dark to pursue the others.

On the 27th we held a Council of War, when a report was made that the forage was nearly out, &c., so we determined to return. The wagons were packed and started, and we were to shoot our way and meet them at Death's Valley. On our way we fell in with four lions, and gave chase. We killed two of the four, which proved to be lionesses. One was killed by a single shot from Major Fraser while she was making a spring through some rushes: the ball entered the back and came out at the breast. At one moment we had in sight and on foot four lions, five or six wolves, several jackals, and surrounded by quantities of bucks. To crown the whole, as one of the party had remarked it, we flushed a large covey of partridges. We got to Death's Valley at five, having the skins of eight royal beasts, which I believe is the greatest number that have been obtained from one hunt. We all dined together for the last time, and a right merry evening we



had, as it was scarcely possible that the same party would ever meet again.

On the 28th Captain Eyre and I left at daylight; got to Warden's post to breakfast, and then down the Chumie Mountain to Beaufort, where we dined and slept.—The 29th was a very wet day. We sent our men on at six, followed ourselves at half-past nine, and got to Graham's Town at five, well ducked. Captain Aitchison's arm obliged him to

stay at Warden's, under medical care, for some time.

As there is usually a lion hunt once a year in the same country, it may not be uninteresting to your readers to hear something more of the particulars of this rough but noble style of sporting, and Captain Aitchison has kindly promised to send such particulars if you should desire it.

H. TREESDALE.

Horse Artillery Barracks, Woolwich,  
Sept. 4, 1834.

## RACING AND HUNTING ASSOCIATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

SIR,

"*EX nihilo nihil fit*," must be the excuse of those of your Correspondents who are either totally silent, or if they do take up their pen when seized with a fit of the CACOXITIES (not, however, amounting to the direful Cholera in its effects), as long as the summer solstice exerts his powerful sway. Those of your contributors whose allotment it is to report the proceedings of the Turf and the Regatta are not so placed; for they have only to give a correct statement of how "fields were won." The fancy writer is more difficultly placed: to give his "*airy nothings* a local habitation and a name" involves a task not easily accomplished. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.*

Let me see what I have to tell you has been going on among us Northerners for these four weeks past. Our Musselburgh Races, as you know, took place on the 15th of last month. The report of them, as far as the running goes, you are already in possession of. But, Mr. Editor, although as far as racing goes, the change from

Leith to Musselburgh has given success and interest to the *hippodromic* part of the festival, it has fallen off in everything else. No longer do we see an immense smiling flood of happy thoughtless creatures pouring forth in torrents down Leith Walk, as in former days.....the happy school boys—the emancipated shop lads *for the day*—the gay servant lasses—the jolly tars manning the yards in the harbour—the recruiting parties, headed by their dashing insinuating serjeants, marching down to the "spirit-stirring drum and wry-necked fife." Ah, no! as far as that part of the carnival goes, "*Othello's occupation's gone!*"—That the sport has been of a different stamp since the course was removed to Musselburgh, no one that is any judge of racing can deny. The course is a very pretty one, and its only defect is the want of room for the company—I mean the carriages and equestrians—on the south side of the ground, the London Road unluckily coming close in on that part of it. This causes great confusion at the

end of a race, from the crowd of riders galloping up to the Stand to know the decision, and as the ground is very uneven it is dangerous at the same time.

But the worst part remains yet to tell. Can you believe that in the Metropolis of Scotland, the modern Athens, there has not been on one occasion, save when the Caledonian Hunt holds here, an ordinary or a ball. No, no, the *Quadrille Stakes* don't fill; therefore the dams and sires of our *well-bred fillies* don't care to put themselves to either trouble or expense for the sake of racing alone. You cannot but admit that the grand end of all public meetings is, to bring the young and the marriageable together—aye! and in the evening too, when the *beau ideal* is lit up, the heart open, and music, lights, &c. give a charm to the whole; when dull care is scared away, and only "Love is waking!" By Heavens! when I look back at a race-week in Edinburgh some years ago—I shall not say how long—when we had six days of it, and never less than two crowded balls, and an overflowing ordinary most commonly every day.....aye, at the ordinary were the lads of gaiety and fun! and well-bred ones too.....the walls of old Mathew Fortune's Tavern echoed with their jollity and wit till the "wee hours" of the morning—Willy Maule, Sir James Baird (alas! now no more), Dewar of Vagire (ditto), with many many others with whom I could swell the list of pleasant jovial men—these have all had their day; and though they might (now and then) carry their potations rather too far, still they kept the thing up, and society

was indebted to them for the Claude Lorraine tint their libations of claret to the jolly god threw upon the festive scene! What the causes of these sad changes are I shall not pretend to inquire into—the Reform Bill, the Temperate Society, or something else, may be the cause; be that as it may, "'tis true 'tis pity—pity 'tis 'tis true!"

But again, our Fox-hunting Associations partake of the same anti-mahoganising principles. When I was a member of a well-known Hunt in the county of L——, we had regular monthly dinners at the County Town, where we met after the fatigues of the chase, "fought all our battles o'er again, and thrice did slay our slain!" But, alas! no feast of *sporting*—no flow of soul—awaits us now! Each man takes off to his home (God grant it may be a happy one!), losing, in my opinion, not the *least* pleasant part of the day's work—that delightful intercourse between man and man who have shared in the triumphs and hazards of the day; that intercourse so beautifully described by our immortal Thomson, when he says—

"Thrice happy he, beyond  
His daring peers! when the retreating  
horn  
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,  
With woodland honors decked.....  
.....He then is loudest heard!  
When the night staggers with sever  
toils,  
With feats Thessalian horsemen never  
knew,  
And their repeated wonders shake the  
dome!"

To account for this, all I say is—*tempora mutantur!* But let me add, that, in my humble opinion, a *Master of Hounds* who has the "*sineews of war*" (and none else should keep hounds) ought to

call his *daring* peers around him to a regular *blow-out* at least *once* during every hunting season, if he has the wit or the taste to know and relish the pleasures of Bachelor's Hall; *parceque* fox-hunting was never meant for a *solitary* pursuit, but to be enjoyed *en masse* before and after dinner with all the honors; and whoever *can* do it, and does *not* do it, may he enjoy his own bad taste with what appetite he may!

And now, Mr. Editor, ere I take my leave I cannot help mentioning what feelings of regret, and I am sorry to say they were a little mingled with *other feelings*, which filled me, when I was present a few weeks ago at the last day's sale of a Sporting B's effects in the county of L——. His reign has been indeed a short and an inglorious one!.....O! gifts neglected!—fortune misapplied! One would have thought that he had purchased experience (however dearly bought) that would have taught him the value of what the

will of God had chosen to deliver into his hands; it becomes not us to inquire *why*. It has, however, been otherwise. Driven from his ancestral halls, the subject of curiosity and speculation alone, he must live to lament that he had not been born a wiser and a better man. But hold!..... what could be expected from one (*on dit*) who dragged out the old entailed furniture from the hall of his fathers, and burnt them in a drunken frolic on the the green!!.....I could not.

VAGUE—O.

August 26, 1834.

P. S. I find by the last Magazine that I have a relation entered the list as a contributor. The family of the *Vagi* are very numerous; but as distinctions are necessary I suppose, in *writing* as in *heraldry*, I have subjoined an O to my title, which may be either read *Old* or *Original*—perhaps both. My *freend's* paper is well written, and I doubt not will be well received. V—O.

## POACHING AND POACHERS,

PARTICULARLY AS RELATES TO NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK—THE YOUTHFUL DAYS AND LAST HOURS OF PHILIP ARTIS.

(Continued from our August Number, p. 337.)

SIR,

THE harvest having being got in this year unusually early, and many of the men (the operative poachers) paid off, it will have required all the care and vigilance that the fair sportsman is master of to have preserved his game until this period, the time allowed by law for the killing and disposing of it. The latter end of the last month, as far as

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the nights are concerned, have been dark or cloudy, with fresh breezes—the exact description of weather that aids in the taking partridges and hares. The season before the last I walked into the shop of a large dealer in game in a market town in the county of Norfolk, and having known the man for some time, there was not that reserve on his part that

a stranger might have met with, and in the course of conversation, it being about the fourth of September, and the moon just past "the full," I inquired how the supply of game and the demand for it tallied?—"Why, Sir," said the man, "at present it comes to hand rather slowly: the Gentlemen have not quite done away with the old custom of giving it away, and at present I have received very little through any other channel.....there has been so much *moonlight* lately; but next week I expect plenty."—Keeping this in mind, about ten days afterwards another visit was made, and to the inquiry of how his prophecy had been fulfilled, he added—"No trouble to serve my customers now, Sir; I have more than a hundred birds now in my cellar that came in yesterday, and *not a shot in one of them!* These are the sort; they are worth from 6d. to 9d. a brace more than the others, they will keep so much better."—So much for the gentleman underselling the poacher, as was asserted and used as one of the strongest arguments made by the advocates for the "New Game Bill!" Or supposing two hampers of game to arrive at the same time, one from the gentleman and the other from the poacher, admitting the purchase-money demanded to be the same, and the market full or overstocked, it will in the course of things be admitted also that the poacher's will be taken and the other's rejected. Besides we know that game sold by poachers does not fetch so much as that which comes by legal tender one time in twenty.

The old method of taking partridges with nets as made use of

by our ancestors is one now in vogue amongst poachers at the first part of the season: the only difference is in substituting the night for the day, and very seldom requiring the services of the pointer or setter. On lands where regular gamekeepers are not on the look out, it is a common practice for the poachers to watch the birds to their resting places. This any one may see in the early part of September, should curiosity prompt him to do so, by sitting quietly on a hedge or gate in fields that he knows hold birds about half an hour before sun-set. From this time they will commence settling for the night. The old bird will give a signal; the covey rises and takes a short flight, the distance most probably walked over in the act of feeding, and will be seen to drop on the favorite selected spot. The old birds, should any of the young ones be missing, will then call, and this is particularly noticed by the poacher, the covey being then supposed to be still on the move: another and another call may succeed from the old bird, and then all is still. This spot whence the last call proceeded is the exact spot of roosting, or perhaps more properly of resting. The experienced poacher, with a net that spreads about thirty yards, will have no difficulty, even in a dark night, to draw over them: his companions (one or more) have been on a similar service, and it may thus be easily seen, with moderate success, how the greater proportion of the partridges on four or five hundred acres of land may in one fortnight be swept off.

The common method used to

prevent netting by night is, by placing bushes in the ground irregularly over the stubble-fields; but, where they can be procured, I should advise my brother sportsmen to use the large bramble, scattered over not only wheat stubbles, but their grass lands and latter-sown turnips. Only once let one of these get fairly into a large net of fine texture, as partridge nets are, and I will defy the most artful of the craft to disentangle it till morning. Where, however, a good supply of brambles cannot be procured, blackthorn stakes, not trimmed very neatly, driven firmly into the ground, and standing out about a foot high, will be found awkward customers.

Nothing can save hares from becoming a prey to the poacher in the early part of the season but the strictest watch, or locked-up rabbit-warren gates: for four yards of square netting, a cur dog that will hunt, and the merest bungler (without the preventives alluded to) will kill ten hares out of every twelve in an inclosed country. Excepting before a pack of hounds the hare is the most stupid, or perhaps it will be more correct to say the least cunning of all animals; but once roused by hound and horn, even the fox in point of *finesse* must yield the palm to her.

Pheasants are never met with in large quantities; but where there are regular gamekeepers it would be quite unnecessary to give any hints respecting their preservation. The method, however, by which they are often taken by those who thoroughly understand the business, to some of your readers may be novel and amusing. I also wish it to be

understood, that, when speaking of game or poachers, I confine myself to the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. The galls of other counties have no doubt their share of those adventurous lads, who have not the fear of the Game Laws before their eyes, but then the delinquent more commonly has an additional count in his indictment for "assault and battery." In fact in other shires it is more a *vi et armis* sort of business, great preserves being the object of attack, other lands not being worth the trouble of the midnight prow: but for ingenuity and cleverness in catching the wildest and wariest bird or beast of venery, on my credit I do not believe a North American Indian would have any chance with a crack Norfolk or Suffolk man. I have experienced excellent sport in the Midland and Western counties, and seen as many pheasants in a certain given number of acres of covert there as any others could hold, but the gamekeepers have nothing to dread by day in this part of the world that ever I heard of. Let the night pass over without a regular storming party to fight it out with, and a walk round about twice a week in the nutting season with a large dog, the terror of all juvenile depredators, will do the business, and they will have little else to heed, keeping a good lookout for licensed trespassers. But with this sort of ward and watch I will venture to say Norfolk poachers would not be prevented from carrying on a most destructive warfare. Only suffer two or three clever ones to spend two or three hours in the middle of the day in a covert where there is a quantity of pheasants, and at the

end of a very short space of time the work of destruction would be complete. All sportsmen know that in a wood pheasants will run with scarcely any disturbance; but it takes the shouts of men, the beating with poles, and even the barking of dogs to make them rise upon the wing; and even this discord of harsh sounds partly fails till they are driven to the verge or corner of the covert. Upon this principle the accomplished *artiste* works. The party, say three or four, prepared with dozens of what in their dialect are termed *ingles*—i. e. small snares formed of a single fine wire—enter a preserve, and from habit, which almost seems instinct, with a momentary glance know the tracks through the copse wood where the pheasants run. Their march through the wood is silent as an Indian's, and in less time than any one but he who has witnessed the performance could believe the covert is stuck with dozens upon dozens of these engines. The party then face to the right about, and arming themselves severally with a long stick, or the small branch of a tree, retrace their steps, gently beating and kicking the under-wood, and making a sort of hissing as if in the act of driving geese. In the month of October, with the breezes that generally prevail, they are in no danger of being overheard at their pastime. The pheasants run before them, and a large proportion are certain to be taken. This plan is also adopted towards the end of the season in taking partridges just before the birds begin to pair; but in this instance the *ingles* are placed in thorn fences and the ground baited with a little barley.

On perusing what I have written, I fear it may possibly be inferred that an attempt is made, *sub silentio*, to exculpate the natives of the two counties particularly alluded to from having been engaged in the bloody and ferocious midnight encounters that have of late years been prevalent in many parts of the kingdom: be assured, however, no such thing was contemplated; my idea was to rest satisfied with a description of the single-handed dexterity of these descendants of Robin Hood in catching animals *feræ naturæ*. Sanguinary have been the conflicts that have taken place in these districts, and the evidence produced in our Courts of Law have brought to light traits of courage and heroism in the combatants, that in a worthy cause would have heaped lasting honor and distinction on them, instead of banishment or an ignominious death. I am well aware that these desperate strifes have added to the number of our widows and fatherless; that the love of poaching alone has brought many a young one of fragile frame to a premature grave, and hastened the career of many a bad man to the gallows; and that its effects are to the greatest degree destructive of the little sound moral feeling that still exists amongst our peasantry in these times of peace and agricultural distress: yet with all this, poaching, like most other venial crimes that lead step by step to the worst, has had its redeeming qualities. During "war's alarms" it sent forth bands of men careless of danger, and from practice (for we all know that courage is partly mechanical) possessed of presence of mind in imminent

peril ; and who will deny that the love of poaching was not the means at least of raising Shakespeare to immortality?—*Et parvis componere magna*. One individual, part of whose history I am about to record, in all probability was indebted for the comfort and respectability that attended his latter days to being obliged to flee from evil companions and the strong arm of the law, for an offence committed in the hot blood of youth against the Game Laws, and consequent violence offered towards two of His Majesty's lieges.

Philip Artis, the hero of our story, was the son of the "ould butler" at the Manor House in the village of —, and his earliest years were passed in the companionship of the Squire's sons (his cotemporaries)—"my fine young gentlemen," as Philip always styled them ; and, by the bye, this title he commonly bestowed upon his juniors whom he respected till his dying day. His abilities were called into play, and it is but justice to add that they shone forth with particular lustre in the way in which he attended to the comforts of divers quadrupeds committed to his charge, numbering in his menagerie terriers, ferrets, a tame fox, and a badger ; and early did he acquire renown in the destruction of those predatory and multiplying vermin, rabbits and rats. Not a finger or a thumb had Philip at eight years of age but bore honorable testimony to the way in which these intrusive members had been engaged when invading the domestic sanctuary of some proscribed and secreted animal ; and the old gamekeeper, the oracle of the village alehouse,

was often heard to declare— which said declaration was sometimes even verified upon oath— that in the destruction of wasps' nests, and for overturning the highest hopes of magpies, hawks, and crows, he had never met Phil's equal on the face of the earth. I think it is a French author, who has in some of his writings compared the world to a large circular table perforated with small holes, triangular, circular, square, and indeed of every shape that fancy can suggest ; mankind are a lot of pegs thrown at random upon the surface of this table (every one of which if properly sorted would find its corresponding socket), but not above one in fifty has chance directed to its proper place : and upon this principle he accounts for the small portion of men who ever arrive at anything like pre-eminence in their several callings, in doing their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased their fathers or mothers to call them. Philip, however, thus far had nothing to complain of with regard to any cramp his genius might have sustained from parental authority, for, pursuing the Frenchman's theory, in every sense of the word he was "home to a hole."

But time and tide wait for no man, and about the year that our hero arrived at the age of puberty his "fine young gentlemen" were sent away—one to study the laws of his country, and the other to fight her battles : and Philip, who fain would "have followed to the field his warlike Lord," was turned from his patriotic intention by the interference of his father, backed by the influence of the Old Squire ; and

by indolence bearing date the day of suddenly found himself enrolled amongst the humble sons of St. Crispin. The aged operative who received young hopeful into his domicile for the purpose of instructing him in the gentle craft of a cobbler must have been by some fortuitous circumstance the original who sat for the picture of *Munden's Crack*; yes, to this man the play-house frequenting part of the community must have been indebted for that inimitable acting of Joey's, that, once seen, could never be forgotten. Under such a preceptor nothing farther was required of him than to make the new shoes and mend the old ones committed to his charge, and clear his work up by Saturday night: his morals were entirely trusted to his own keeping; he might make or mend them at his leisure; and thus at nineteen years of age we find him the cock of the walk amongst the lads of the village, a very *Don Juan* amongst the lasses, often the envy of the young, and not unfrequently the terror of the aged:

"Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
 Save given to revelling and upgodly glee;  
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight,  
 Save concubines and carnal companie,  
 And wassallers of high and low degree."

However, one and all prognosticated that Philip Artis would one day do something to be spoken of; and so he did.

The love of sporting he still cherished, and the expertness he had acquired in early life was still kept alive by occasional practice "in the season o' the year," during his leisure hours, i. e. between eight in the evening and six in the morning; and Philip

became an honorary member of a gang who loved the darkness better than the light. What might be the emolument derived from his nocturnal rambles it matters not to inquire; but during the winter half year Philip always appeared to suffer more from thirst, and have better means of quenching it, than during the summer solstice. The pitcher that goes so often to the well gets broken at last; and our hero, who had for years gone on with impunity, was at length doomed to a reverse of fortune.

It was on Saint Monday in the latter part of October, at the close of the day, that Phil and "his companions were setting out some snares," when one of the party, an old and experienced tactician, declared they had been watched (from certain marks which his practised eye detected), and their retreat was made good, and a council of war was held, in which it was decided that the snares should be left, and the warfare carried on in another part of the manor. Although Philip at the moment acceded to the proposition, still the proceeding did not sit very lightly on his mind; and being worried in dreams with legions of hares dancing in the wires before him, he awoke from his slumbers before the break of day, and hastened alone to the covert, defying all danger, heedless of all admonition. No sooner had he bagged his first hare than the gamekeeper and two attendants pounced upon him, and to such fearful odds Philip surrendered himself prisoner. As soon as the party had cleared the wood and commenced their march on the high road, the gamekeeper, armed with his double-barrelled gun,



dismissed one of his men, thinking that himself and one other would certainly be a sufficient escort for one young one, who was personally known to him; and whilst the head of the party felt satisfied with the odds of two to one in his favour, Philip, who kept making his book as he walked along, rather than not have had a shy would have laid the odds the other way. Just at the turn out of the road into a foot-path, and as the keeper was getting over the style, the prisoner was in the twinkling of an eye in possession of the "Manton." Both barrels were instantly discharged in the air, the stock shivered into fragments, and the empty barrels sent whizzing over the hedge into some high turnips. Mr. Trap-vermin would no doubt have shewn fight, but his intentions were anticipated, and, before he could even shew an attitude, two of his tusks were half way down his throat, and his head, which on the occasion had been of little use to him, suddenly changed places with his heels, which, by the Snob's manoeuvre, had been rendered even of less. This pantomimic performed, our hero's legs seemed to have exchanged powers; with the wings of the morning he was at the uttermost part of the village in a jiffy, but not at rest. What became of the keeper's army of reserve is not recorded: he was in the rear of the style during the discomfiture of the advanced guard, and no doubt was satisfied with keeping possession of the field of battle and humanely attending to the wounded. Philip lost no time in taking steps for preserving the liberty he had so lately regained. On arriving

at his master's house, "to him no more a home," he dashed into his sleeping room, collected the few shillings he was master of, one clean shirt, and a pair of new shoes, and with these worldly goods, without staying for farewell or adieu, and without casting one "lingering look behind," he commenced a journey he scarcely knew whither; but on the night of that eventful day he lay down nearly fifty miles due south distant from the spot that but a few hours previous he had intended for his resting place.

Pursuing the noiseless tenor of his way without interruption, in due course of time he arrived at that grand refuge for the destitute and desperate, the City of London; and as at that time there was no great difficulty in procuring work for those who really sought it, in a few days after his arrival we find him installed in a large back room in the vicinity of Tower Hill, with sundry brothers of the lapstone, working all day by candle-light; and instead of inhaling the pure breezes of his native heaths, he found himself with difficulty respiring in an atmosphere whose component parts (to him no chemist) appeared to be a mixture of equal parts of soot and train oil condensed into fog, and finely flavored with onions. Now, perhaps for the first time in his life, did he "chew the cud of bitter fancy," and begin to inquire "what sort of a man he was." In short he enlisted for a soldier, and in due time his awl was exchanged for a halbert.

\* \* \* \* \*

On entering the old man's room the Doctor found him labouring under inflammation of

the lungs, brought on by commemorating the anniversary of one of his hard-fought fields, and bivouacing by the road side one rainy night on his return home: he was sitting up in bed, having been just clean shaved, his white hair tied up in the regimental order of his early days, a foraging cap upon his head, and everything around him bespeaking that love of order and cleanliness which so particularly marks the old soldier of good character.—“Good morning, Philip; how do you feel to-day?”—“On the march, Doctor, on the march; my route is come to join in the other world, and if so be it's God's orders.....” Here coughing interrupted his completion of the sentence, but when he did speak it was very audibly, as was his custom.—“You have much difficulty in breathing I find—let me feel your pulse,” said the Doctor; during which interim he held up the point of his lancet to the light, and whispered the nurse to bring a basin—“but I hope soon to be able to relieve you from this by taking a little blood from you.”—“A what!” in a voice as loud as would have called his old battalion to attention: “bleed me! No, no, Doctor, never!”—“But indeed,” responded the Medico, “it is perfectly necessary to your recovery.”—“Look'ye, my fine young Gentleman; my blood has been spilled often enough in the ‘Ingees’ by swad, bagnet, and ball, and I thought no more on't nor water, till I had none left.....” (Here again he was almost choked with the effort, but after a momentary pause he waved his hand in a sort of authoritative manner to be heard out, and proceeded)—“but, hark ye;

I returned invalided to Old England as white as pipeclay and as hollow as a drum, but it pleased God on my native soil to give me back my blood again—aye, good English blood!—and after that do ye think I'll give it up again in time o' peace?—no, not a drop of it, my fine young Gentleman. Stop my rations if you please, but give away blood in peace and at home!.....no, not for one hundred sovereigns of pay laid down in advance; so put up your pricker.”

The Doctor, who well knew his man, felt assured it would have been as impossible while life remained to have turned him from his determination, as it would have been to have passed him without the watchword when standing sentinel in an enemy's territory. Therefore, with a gentle shake of his head, and an earnest look into Philip's face, he added, “Well then, it is my duty to tell you you cannot recover—in all probability you will not survive many days.”—“You do your duty like a brave young Gentleman, and I must do mine.” Again his complaint interrupted him; but he rallied and continued: “No doubt what you say, Sir, is right, no doubt—I but if I die this year I sha'n't have to do it again next.” And here succeeded a pause.—The Doctor had been foiled, and during this truce had meditated changing the point of his attack; and having requested his patient not to exert himself so much, he sat himself down by the bed-side and attempted to cover his manœuvre with this address:—“Well, Philip, since you are determined that I shall not prick you, I must see how you can stand tickling, and therefore

I shall only apply to your chest a mild blister."—"A blister! dear Lord of Heaven and Earth, a blister! Look ye, my fine young Gentleman, I know all about them blisters: I have had them here (pointing to the top of his head), and here (putting his hand to the back of his neck), and here, and here, pointing under each arm, and on my breast, and every part of my body, in the Ingees, but no more here, *bona fide* no more here, not if you were to lay gold dust on the top on't instead of ointment."—The Doctor's patience, like *Bob Acres'* courage, now began to be upon the flit, and he added, rather quickly—"Well, just as you please, but mind, you'll never get rid of that rattling in your throat unless you will consent to be either bled or blistered."—"Aye, there you are wrong though, my fine young Gentleman; them rattles is all from emptiness. Why I ha'n't had anything good to drink for this fortnight past. But I wish I had you in the Ingees, marching by my side with a knapsack on your back, and the blessed sun over your head so hot that you might cook your beef-steak on the top o' your bagnet as you walked along, and nothing to drink for three days together, and then you'd know what the rattles is. We had hundreds of our brave fellows died of the rattles, and I have had 'em myself for a month at a time. No, no; you must not tell me about the rattles: there's nothing on earth so good for the rattles as Ingee toddy."—"And pray what is

that, Philip?" inquired the Doctor; for it so happened that this gentleman had never heard of that exquisite beverage (at least by that name): and this confession of ignorance seemed in Philip's mind to settle indisputably the comparative claims to real medical knowledge between the patient and the Doctor.—"Toddy! .....what is toddy?" answered Philip; "why, Lord bless you, toddy was the first liquor that ever was found out, and the best and only cure on earth for the rattles."

Any further interference at this period would have been perfectly useless; and the Medical Gentleman departed, leaving word, that should Philip change his mind, and be willing to submit to the treatment he had suggested, to send for him, but not otherwise. But the old man's resolution once fixed, the grim King of Terrors had no power to change it; and in a few days the passing of the church bell told that Philip Artis had departed\*.

\* \* \* \* \*

He lies buried at the east corner of the burial ground in his native village, in a spot he had himself selected; and a neat headstone erected to his memory tells to the wanderer amongst the tombs his name, age, and day of his death, and serves to mark out to the present generation the spot where rest the remains of a British Soldier.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

RINGWOOD.

\* The conversation here recorded is *literally* true: I had it from the Surgeon who attended Artis in his last illness. As nearly as possible it is preserved *verbatim*.

## ANOTHER DISH OF EELS FROM J. M. LACEY.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

**P**RAY don't be in a *stew*, as if you were tired of eels; better that they should be in a *stew* than you; and though your readers may exclaim, "*Another dish of eels!*"—this is really too much of a good thing;" still let us hope that by a little seasoning, or a little sauce, we may make the dish palatable; however I must bear in mind that the *sauce* of Burgess or Kitchiner would be infinitely better relished than any *sauce* of mine, even if I could make it *piquant*.

Some light certainly has been thrown on this heavy subject by the Correspondence in your July Number; and it certainly does seem that "the Loves of the Eels," or at least of some of them, are carried on in

"The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea,"

or near thereunto. The notion of your pleasant Correspondent "P. H." that the conger was the mighty papa of the tiny eely travellers up the rivers, is amusing enough, but is sufficiently answered by your note quoted from Mr. Yarrell. The thing is indeed very improbable, though eels have been taken in our rivers that might even vie with the monstrous congers themselves: Daniel mentions one taken at Yalding in the Medway, "whose length was five feet nine inches, its girth eighteen inches, and its weight *forty pounds*." I well recollect, when a boy, that in a part of Westminster the supply of New River water failed, and for a length of time the reason

could not be discovered. After much digging and taking up of pipes—this was in the days of the old wooden pipes, the iron age had not then arrived—an eel was found whose body completely filled up a part of the pipe in which he was stopped, and had stopped the water. It was supposed at the time that he had got into the pipes when small, and had actually grown there till the circumstance mentioned took place! I do not remember either his measurement or his weight, but I well remember, that, though found in Westminster, he was a *Whopping eel*!

To return. I do not think it likely that eels return from the salt water, for I have never heard of a large eel being found ascending a river, except perhaps for a short way, near his usual haunt, and for the purpose of feeding; but when they run, they run by wholesale, and always down stream: indeed the floods they like to travel in would make it rather a heavy job to go up stream.

As it bears on this subject I will quote a passage from p. 566 of the Supplement to Daniel's *Rural Sports*, with which I was much amused lately:—

"It has been remarked by a gentleman, who has closely observed the migration of this fish (the eel) in the river Ban—(where is this river\*?)—that the eels never attempt to ascend until a flood rises, which, besides disturbing the transparency of the water, assists in forwarding the

\* In the county of Londonderry; it falls into the Ocean near Coleraine.—Ed.

motion of the fish. They never proceed whilst the moon or stars are bright, but choose a dark stormy night for their journey. One or two flashes of lightning will put a sudden stop to their advancement, when, in other respects, they are most completely arranged, and in a state of preparation. *Numbers of them often gather themselves into a very curious ball, of great magnitude, and rolling down the stream in this order, break through the nets and all other obstacles which impede their progress. The fishermen, being aware of this stratagem, seek for these balls, and after breaking them with poles, catch the eels in their nets with greater facility. (!!!) After the parent fish have escaped to the sea, they do not return; but the young eels venture back, and shew surprising sagacity in finding the rivers, and pursuing their mark."*

One part of this extract I cannot very well swallow—the ball is too much of a bolus for me; it would shew that eels are as cunning as they are slippery: though, if we are to believe that part of the extract from Mr. Jesse's *Gleanings*, mentioned by your other Correspondent, "A SUBSCRIBER," about the little eels travelling up the tree out of their "Bristol Pool," and letting themselves drop into the adjacent stream, their cunning cannot be disputed. Verily, if any birds should build their nests in that same tree, I should not wonder at some of the old eels trudging up the branches, and either sucking the eggs or bolting the young birds!

The latter part of my quotation from Daniel, however, seems to shew that the breeding of

eels in or near the sea, and the young ones coming thence up the rivers, is no new matter of discovery. Not so the quotation of "A SUBSCRIBER," from Jesse, about the Bristol Pool—that would seem to favour the breeding of eels therein: for it is distinctly said, "by means of these branches the young eels ascend into the tree, and thence let themselves drop into the stream below; thus migrating to far distant waters, where they increase in size, and become useful and beneficial to man." Truly these tricks of the Bristol slippery ones bring to my recollection a game of our three-year-olds, about which they chaunt,

"Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A halfpenny loaf will serve us all."

Daniel, at page 522 of the Supplement to his *Rural Sports*, in speaking of Ireland says, "The eels in *Lough Neagh* come up from the sea in the beginning of May, and having fattened in the *Lough* and the upper rivers, they go back to the salt water in September to breed. In these four months they increase from the size of a small packthread to the thickness of a man's wrist, and in some instances to that of his leg." Here we have the habits similar to those spoken of by Mr. Yarrell; and all I have to say about the eels as thick as a man's leg is, that I think they must have been in the *Lough* a few years, instead of a few months.

After all, I cannot imagine that eels are entirely bred in or even near the sea; for there are many streams that have plenty of eels in them, which could by no very reasonable probability be supposed to come from the ocean, and therefore must increase and

*multiply* where they are caught. Take that *ancient* stream the *New River* for example, which supplies great part of the Metropolis with water, into which, in its whole course, not a ditch is allowed to empty itself; and the only communication with any other water that I am aware of is a pipe somewhere near Hertford, which brings a supply of water from the River Lea; about which pipe by the bye there is a *slippery tale*, the gist of which is, that at, or after, a feast given by the Directors of the New River to the Directors of the Lea, when their supply of water was by a pipe four inches in diameter—(their supply of wine was by a larger pipe)—the latter gentlemen were persuaded to double the bore of the pipe, making it eight inches, which instead of only doubling the supply of water, made it four times as great. I will not be positive that I am correct as to the bore of the pipes, for it is a tale of the olden time, but I have always understood that the Lea River Gentlemen considered it a *great bore*. Now a piscatory Special Pleader might contend, that, inasmuch as the small eels can get from the Thames to the Lea, so they might get from the Lea, by the aforesaid pipe, to the New River; *ergo*, the eels in the latter stream *may* be bred in the sea. If this is admitted, still we have to account for the supply of eels in ponds, pits, meres, lakes, &c. having no communication with rivers, and in many instances being at very great distances from either sea or stream. Here we should have all the old stories of their being stocked by the boys or men of the neighbourhood from *some* stream; of the

*little grigs* being taken up in clouds by means of water-spoons, and so rained into the ponds or pools; or even of their being swallowed by some of the straight-stomached water fowl from a river, and afterwards deposited, alive and kicking, and none the worse for their ride, in the next lake or mere that the fish-devourer visited. *Certes*, if any fish could perform such a transit, the eel is the gentleman to do it, for he must be a queer customer *alive* in any stomach. Still, if we were to admit any, or even *all*, of these methods for the original stocking of ponds and other still waters, how is the supply to be kept up when so many are caught in these places? If I am answered, *in the same way*, I must beg leave to take my Lord Eldon's legal objection, and *doubt it*; for though eels are great travellers, as some assert, and think nothing of a ramble of ten or a dozen miles through the grass; and even though they have a taste for clambering trees, and, it may be, going a bird's-nesting, I must be allowed for the present to think that they have some method of *keeping the game alive*, even in the standing waters I have been speaking of, without waiting for a supply from the "vasty deep." Indeed I want to know how *the big ones* are to get from the ponds to the sea; for it is quite clear—clearer perhaps than the water—that if inclined to *run*, except the pond should *run over*, they cannot *run out*.—So *runs* my present communication, which I send to you in *running* hand, that "he who *runs* may read."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. M. LAGSY.

August 20, 1824.

## LETTERS FROM THE WEST—BY JUAN.

## LETTER THE FOURTH.

## AUTUMNAL SPORTING IN THE WILDS OF CONNAUGHT.

SIR,

**A**MONG the blooming valleys of the Isle of Wight, that "Eden of the West," or borne upon the crystal wave that laves its sunny shores, I had seen the Twelfth of August flit by me almost unconsciously. Unmarked by the fall of a grouse's feather, it had mingled with the past: "We take no note of time but by its loss." I had begun to meditate upon the dangers of procrastination, and my resolve was taken. It was but the twenty-fourth, four days only had got to start me, the twentieth being the anniversary invasion of moor and mountain in green Erin, and thither I at once prepared to emigrate. Indecision is not an item that swells the heavy catalogue of my faults and frailties: with me "once to intend is once to be resolved"—

— "Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might  
win

By fearing to attempt."

For change of place to the single blessed but little preparation is necessary. I had no house to put in order; my portmanteau was speedily packed; mine host at Cowes duly recompensed in moneys for his supplies of sustenance and civility; and early on the twenty-fifth I found myself on board the steamer, which calls, on her passage from London to Dublin, at Cowes, "weather permitting."

There is now-a-days little novelty in a steam-boat excursion;

it has been written about, painted about, and sung about till the subject is as dull as the Jeremiad. For the last few days there had been a rather fresh breeze from the westward, which had kicked up a devil of a swell for stomachs "ne'er at sea before:" though this was the second day of the voyage, no *settlement* had been effected, no alimentary sympathy accomplished. In this state of affairs did I descend the compartment of the good ship "Shannon," and, my God! what a burst of abomination assailed my senses at once! Had all the plagues of Egypt been indigenous to that fated cabin, it had still been Elysium compared with its fell developments as our bark coasted the woody shores of sylvan Hants. There was but one way for me to escape instant annihilation, and of a verity never was retreat effected with greater precipitation since the flight of Pompey, or that of Ikey Solomons. "Upon the deck I flew," where the fresh sea breeze and enchanting prospect restored me to life and joyousness. Once around the Land's-End, the southing of the wind enabled us to *run* merrily, and between steaming and sailing we put a speedy period to our nautical existence. As Dublin formed no part of my proposed campaign, I did but snatch a hasty dinner at "the Bilton," *make my will*, and forthwith commit myself to the Sligo mail.

While we journey forward for Kinnegad, where we are promised

supper, it may be as well to state the prospects with which my Irish excursion is undertaken. Years ago, from family causes, I had become a temporary sojourner in that land of contradictions, where Nature languishes in the lap of plenty, and where the very lavish luxuriance of the soil seems turned to a curse by the squalid hordes who rot upon its teeming surface! If those who have the claims of nativity to bind them disregard the obligation, and become absentees, what chance was there that I, a stranger and an Englishman, should feel disposed to tarry long where each hour was defiled by sights of unparalleled misery, and embittered by useless regrets? I left it after a short residence, but not before I had formed some friendships that will end but with my life: among the most valued of these was that of an open-handed, light-hearted Milesian, who had served for some years in the regiment of Militia appertaining to his county. Just before the Battle of Waterloo had given the *coup de grace* to Napoleon le Grand, and sealed the fate of the "Featherbeds," he had, as he used to say, the *misfortune to be made a Captain*, whereby he was cut off from even the forlorn hope of half-pay—that splendid remuneration for a life rendered unfit for any other pursuit being extended only to subalterns. When I knew him he was, like many other cadets of respectability, passing his days among the interminable ramifications of his kith and kin, where his cheerful temper and perfection in every branch of field sports made him always a welcome guest and a most valuable acquisition. On leaving Ireland I had lost sight of him for

years, till during the last Session a gentleman from the county of Donegal, visiting London upon Parliamentary business, brought me this characteristic billet from the companion of my youthful sports: "Dear C—, if ever an especial indignation of Providence should conduct you for a space to this land of poteen and potatoes, wil't visit thine ancient ally in a Leitrim cabin? Since last we met he has committed matrimony, and planted round about his table olive branches enow and to spare. You will find him located upon the margin of Lough Melville, where aboundeth fishing worthy Izaak the immortal, and grouse to shoot sufficient to glut the stomach of a Ross or an Osbaldeston. The good wife offers her best welcome, and hints that Harriet —, your old flame, is a neighbour, and a frequent visitor..... Can'st thou resist all these inducements?—surely no. Come then and taste our '*cead mille falteagh*.' Thine ever."

Here then is the explanation of my present sojourn in His Majesty's mail, and the temptation to a visit to Connaught. *Certes* never was meal under less obligation to an *artiste* than that which our supper owed to the art culinary at Kinnegad—a cold fillet of veal about half roasted and as red as the waiter's nose, together with a rascally beef steak impregnated with the essence of peat reek, was too much for my philosophy; so swearing a prayer for the ultimate repose of the cook's soul, I betook myself to the *dernier ressort* of a *crisp'd potatoe*, washed down with a tumbler of whiskey punch.

At Carrick-on-Shannon, where we breakfasted, I parted from the Sligo mail, taking the mountain



road for Manorhamilton in a post chaise, the very shadow of which had caused Bob Newman shuffle off his mortal coil. While the two wretched quadrupeds attached to it were struggling up a precipice as steep as a ladder, I took the opportunity to inquire of the post-boy the cause of its most unusual elongation of perch. "Yer honor," said he facing me, and most industriously scratching his head, "its by rason of the hearse (Arrah Buckey, bad luck to ye, is it goin to stand still ye are ye baste), by rason of the hearse its made for yer honour; little's the use we have in a chay here, barrin only now and thin: sorrow much the gentry jaunts on four wheels in these parts till after they're dead and gone, small blame to them for that same—musha isn't the road fit to scare *any* jontleman; the devil's luck to the overseer, Amin, plase Jasus." We had now entered upon a district which exhibited scarce any trace of civilisation: this range of country, which commences in the mountains of Hieven Erin and extends almost to the sea at Ballyshannon, a distance of about thirty miles, presenting as little cultivation as one is prepared to expect in Kamschatka or Terra del Fuego. There is a miserable shieling in the centre of it, 'yclept Drumkerrin, than which imagination cannot picture a human habitation of more utter desolation. It consists of about half a dozen buildings, one of them being the chapel. In its apology for a pot-house I discovered a most lugubrious Lieutenant of the Line; he told me he had been on detachment here for the last fifteen months: the headquarters of the regiment was

"Boyle," some forty miles distant. His quarters being the only *state room* in the shibeen-house, on all occasions of markets, fairs, or holidays (that is to say three days at least out of the seven), he was obliged to abandon his boudoir to all such convivial peasants, as are prone to congregate at such festivals to crown the festive bowl and adjust knotty points in rural politics. His wife—for he *had* a wife—was a pretty, lively Kentish girl; they had had one little pledge born in these wilds, which mamma told me was to be called *Robinson Crusoe* as soon as they could catch a parson to perform the baptismal ceremony. The day was far advanced as I entered the town of Manorhamilton, with some fifteen miles of unknown wilderness yet to be traversed. Here I had to evacuate my *hearse*, as all trace of MacAdam terminated; there was no alternative but to finish my pilgrimage either on horseback or afoot. I chose the latter method: so, on alighting I inquired if I could be accommodated with an individual who, for a corresponding consideration, would pilot me and transport my *kit* to Liscarberry. "Corney, you bosthoon," exclaimed the person to whom I had made my application, "don't ye hear the jontleman axing after his Honor the Captain? where's yer manners to stand forenent him there, staring like a stuck pig ye blackguard?" The personage to whom this elegant exordium was addressed was a muscular Milesian, encumbered with the least possible superfluity of costume, who was lounging against the gable of the house; a pair of corduroy smalls open at the knees, suspended over

one shoulder by a piece of *list*, was his sole nether embellishment: a nondescript which had once been a velveteen shooting jacket, but from which the skirts had been removed after the nautical fashion, supplied the place of a more elaborated garment; while a cap of wild cat skin stuck knowingly on one side of his *carrots* completed his toilet: removing this latter with his right hand, while with the sinister he smoothed his "ruffled front," Corney Costello accomplished a very orthodox obeisance, proffering his services both in capacity of guide and carrier. "If it's to Liscarberry his Honor's goin, sure its myself will be proud of his company. I'll jist slip across to Patsey Dogle's for the powther and be joggin there and thin." After pursuing for a mile the high road leading from the town to Bundoran, we turned up a "borein" direct into the mountains. Here the very *El Dorado* of the shooter met the eye: far as sight could reach spread heath and moor in all the bloom and freshness of an autumn eve: he who has been stewed during the dog-days in London's smoky cauldron can alone estimate the luxury of such a prospect, joined with the hope which it held out of future sport. I could hold my peace no longer. "Corney," said I, "do you happen to know if grouse are plenty in these hills?"—"Is it me you mane, Sir?" said he of the crimson locks; "sure I'm sportsman to his Honor the Captain, and has been ever since he got married and came to live in these parts; oh musha! if I ownly know'd manners as well as I do every bog-hole from Manorhamilton to

Bundrows, I might dance with the Lady Lieutenant in Dublin Castle: if it's grousing yer Honor comes to Leitrim for, it's the same *galore* you'll have: not a shot we've fired the year yet in regard of the spaniels that's not come from Andy Irwin's the dog-breaker at Bombog. I was over to fetch the powther from Patsey Dogle's when I met yer Honor, as we expect to begin after Monday anyhow."

It was the close of a glorious evening as, descending from the hills, I approached the dwelling of my friend, the Ex-Captain of Featherbeds; the lengthening shadows of the surrounding heights threw their gigantic outlines across the silvery surface of Lough Melville, which laved the foot of the lawn whereon it stood. The Irish have a taste for water, not objecting to it when corrected with a portion of the mountain dew and a lump or two of sugar just to afford a hint of the utility of commerce.

Harry J— received me at the door (albeit my coming was utterly unannounced) with the same smile of warm cordiality, the same warm-hearted *grip* of the hand which ten years before had bade me farewell, when so many chances were against our meeting on this side eternity. It did me good to look upon him. Time seemed to have passed his portal without even a warning knock. There he stood, in all the same as when we parted, as fair and goodly a specimen of the kind and hospitable race to which he appertained, as eye might rest on. "His heart was made of Irish oak, Yet soft as streams from sweet Killeeney; His tongue was tipp'd with a bit of the brogue, But the devil a bit at all of the blarney."

In five minutes I was as perfectly at home, as much established, as if I had only returned from a morning's walk. I had a brace of rosy-cheek'd urchins climbing up my legs to see "what was the hair growing on my chin for" (I patronize a "Henri Quatre"), and the bright-eyed Lady of the mansion was familiar with my Christian denomination. I had not dined, and pleaded a present appetite: in a space brief even to one labouring under a rebellious gastric recruited with nine hours mountain exercise, the board was replenished—trouts, that had little more than made a sunset out of the lake into the kitchen, split, salt-sprinkled, and roasted upon bog-deal skewers before a clear turf fire, and kid, whose flavour was eloquent of the wild thyme and heather-bloom which it had cropped while yet the dews of yester-morn were glittering upon them, composed my repast. I confess myself a slave to Barclay and Perkins, yet a glass of the element pure as liquid diamonds, just touched with Innishowen, was no despicable substitute. Not all the sauces that Hazenby the luscious ever compounded could have added one *iota* to the exquisite cuisine that woo'd me. I am no gastronome, nor yet a despiser of the creature comforts; still, if there be who reads my savoury sketch, and *nam suspendit adunca*, he shall go and do the mountain work I have just accomplished, and then, if he do not fall to like "a Priest, an Alderman, or pike," be good cheer out of favor, and good drink had in disrepute!

At an early hour I retired to

my room, and opened the little latticed window which overhung the sleeping waters of the Lough. I heard the cry of the sandpiper, and the challenge of the grouse-cock re-echoed from the opposite shores: all around me was wild and new, and out of the track of every-day life. My chamber was neat, well arranged, and comfortable; and, spite of romance and excitement, tired nature sought her sweet restorer. I sank to sleep as undisturbed with vision of Carder or Whitefoot, as though my couch were watched by all the cerulean guardians of May-fair!

*Friday, August 29th.*—As the spaniels are not yet arrived from "Andy Irwin's", our campaign against the grouse continues postponed. As a substitute, a day's angling in Lough Melville is proposed; for this the morning is more than usually propitious, and the gillaroo trout, with which that water abounds, presents a feature of the sport piscatory, I am told, quite as attractive as the salmon can furnish. The gillaroo runs from six to twelve pounds, and is a fish of great power and vigor.

As soon as breakfast had been done due honour to, a strong muster took place at the Lodge door. There stood my friend Carney Costello, loaded with rods, landing nets, gaffs, and a most formidable *et cetera* of the craft: Larry Bakkagh, a diminutive satyr, flanked him, carrying a portentous looking creel, the interstices disclosing sundry bottles, glasses, and other muniments against the fiercest siege to which the inner man could be exposed in these regions of eternal appetite, where constant remembrance

is had of that old homely proverb, which assures us that

"The woes of every other member  
Are founded on your belly-timber."

The *οι πολλοι* consisted of "the boys about the place;" and, as the numbers are *ad libitum*, the cavalcade was a tolerably imposing sight. As we embarked at the little pier at the foot of the lawn, it was unanimously pronounced that our voyage was begun under most favorable auspices: a soft sweet westerly wind was blowing just sufficient to fill the light canvas of our shallop, alternate cloud and shine flit athwart the blue surface of the lake, and all anticipated that we were to have a killing day. For once expectation was amply realized: we found the water in the best order, and the Captain, who knows the lay of the trout as well as any other in the Lough, placed me where in a few moments I had hooked my fish—another, and another, in rapid succession crowned my skill. Corney, with his landing net always on the alert, swore I fished "iligant," and I fear I permitted pride to get the better of my prudence. *I never lost a fish during the day*, a circumstance I am bound *hereto* to attribute, not to my knowledge of the art, but to the vast superiority of the Irish hook over any that can be procured in England: those we used were the manufacture of O'Shaughnessy of Limerick, as Harry had them direct from that excellent workman; but in the remote districts there is scarce a blacksmith who cannot fabricate a hook infinitely more killing than any outfit which London can furnish. The cast-steel abominations of Sheffield and Birmingham are the worst of all, as

they invariably snap short off at the *whipping*. The Dublin hooks bend without breaking; and I cannot say much for those I have tried. Walsh, of Westmoreland-street, certainly has the best, and his flies are the most superior article of the sort that can be *purchased*: still I would never advise an angler who contemplates a tour of the Irish waters to make provision of hook or fly for his excursion. No act is better understood by the generality of fishermen who are to be found in the neighbourhood of the lakes and rivers than that of tying a *killing fly*: the production is not such as would be considered by a London-tackle warehouseman *handsome*; "but pretty is that pretty does." With a hazel angle I will find you a red-shank on the shore of Lough Melville shall throw five-and-thirty feet of hair and gut against the proudest professor on the Dee or Severn. In fishing here, trust to circumstances to present all you may require in the article of tackle. No possible stock with which you could provide yourself would afford a supply adapted to the endless change of weather and water; and the best hour of your day would often be consumed in hunting among the interminable variety of kinds and colours for a fly suited to it. In the wilds of Connaught, where every man is thrown upon his own resources, "necessity is the mother of invention:" every boy can there produce his fly: betaking himself to the margin of the lough or stream he means to fish, his first care is to ascertain the insect most in favour, that accomplished, an imitation is prepared, his line thrown, and his basket is filled; while the posses-

sor of the best stored fishing boat that Messrs. Bond or Cheek ever furnished might *thrash* the water till doomsday in vain without such precaution. We landed a couple of dozens of superb gillaroos, and might have killed as many more, but from the water our crazy frigate was making we were obliged to make for the shore to avoid an absolute foundry. Lough Melville is far from celebrated for the *trim* of its navy: the habit is, to haul the craft high and dry as soon as she is done with, and there leave her to the vicissitude of weather till again wanted.

A melancholy result of this improvidence occurred a few years ago: a Gentleman who had become a temporary sojourner at one of the seats contiguous to this fine sheet of water, finding a boat on the shore, with the assistance of a countryman launched it for a cruise. It was, from exposure to the sun, unfit to swim. They had not been many minutes in her when her bottom fell out, and he met his death within reach almost of his distracted friends. I had this little illustration of their navigation related as he pulled for the shore, and at one time I really thought it was to be my fate to furnish a "pendent" to the tragedy.

Hospitable apologies were offered to me that there was no company to meet me at dinner to-day, and promises that to-morrow will remedy the defect, and mysterious hints that *somebody* is coming on a visit. I, however, feel no desire for other society than I have around me: all is so full of charm in this remote "quartier" for a dweller in great cities, and there is too a memory

of lang syne about all I see, and in the accent that accompanies all I hear, that the measure of my content flows over. As Harry and I "toom the stoup" and "blow the cloud" together in Siamese unity, was never potteen half as palatable, nor Woodville of flavour so exquisite. It is night, and the stars are floating double in the bright lake's transparency. I have lifted up my heart in grateful thanksgiving to the Giver of all this good; and in peace and goodwill to all mankind I abandon myself to "rosy dreams and slumbers light."

*Saturday, 30th.*—This morning, soon after breakfast, we mounted our ponies for a five-mile canter to Bundrows, to be present at the hawling of the turbot lines which had been *shot* over night. This was familiar ground to me, as I had passed a month in by-gone days at Tynte Lodge, in its immediate neighbourhood, during the life-time of its worthy and eccentric lord, the late Fitzmaurice Caldwell. Solomon has said, "there is nothing *new* under the sun;" but Solomon was never in Connaught, or he would have found reason there to change his opinion. Is there an inch of sod from Killybegs to Spike Island where the name of Fitz Caldwell is unknown, or his fame unpublished? Surely the old Archer never bagged a stronger specimen, nor hooked so odd a fish! He was a Sporting Comet, confined to no orbit, but erratic through all—in characteristic phrase he was "at all in the ring." On the Curragh he had, to the hour of his death, his racing establishment, and the name of "Tom Pipes" and others of his stud is written in well-

fought fields of Gold Cups and King's Hundreds. He had a taste for architecture, building houses at Cheltenham as well as at home, some *with* staircases and some without: he became possessor of a hearse and two mourning coaches from Commodore Irwin, at hazard, which that worthy had received in part payment of a bet won from a sporting undertaker at Ballymahon races; and he was in the custom of turning his gout to good account, *substituting the chalk of his knuckles for slate pencil!* When I knew him he had recently erected a dwelling *with a staircase* on the sea-board of Leitrim, near to Bundrows, on some property which he had there in right of his wife, Lady Tynte. Here his whole soul was devoted to the capture of the scaly prey: such boat-loads of fish had never been heard of since the miraculous draught of Simon in the Lake of Genesareth: his larder would have put all Billingsgate and Hungerford Market to open shame—all within portable distance had them for carrying. His fields were fertilized with herring fry, the very *cabbages* manured with turbot and lobster sauce. All this success, however, did not content him. On my arrival I found him troubled in spirit. Seals abounded upon the coast, and as it was then warm weather thousands were to be seen daily basking upon the little rocky islets that studded the iron-bound shore: occasionally a few were shot, yet rarely, if ever, the animals were secured—they must be hit in the head and killed outright; for though mortally wounded they can generally contrive to escape. In the horns of

this dilemma did I find my friend Fitzmaurice, posed sadly it is true, yet manfully resolved "to do or dee." One morning he came down to breakfast—no, he was *carried* down, for he had long ceased to be *locomotive*—joy danced in his eye; victory sat upon his brow. "Hannah dear," said he as the door opened, addressing Her Ladyship, "the sales—the damned *rascally* sales—can't I catch 'em, eh? *By Jassus I'll make 'em catch themselves!*" Straightway the whole establishment was in commotion; bellows were going in the forge, saws and hatchets in the carpenter's shop, and thus his plan was developed and put into operation: iron hooks, barbed, of about twelve inches in length, were inserted, at the distance of four feet between each, into strong oak planks. The islets frequented by the seals were all covered by the tide at high water. At dead low water one of these favorite haunts was approached by us like a band of Tarquins. Around it, on all sides, these timbers were attached by strong holdfasts driven into the living rock. As the tide flowed our task was finished, and we rowed ashore. Anon the waters rose, and the rock was covered. As they began to recede, as usual, we discovered the summit covered with the subject-matter of our experimental fishery. And now came the *coup d'essai*: the boat was manned; fiercely we rushed onward for the beleagured spot: at a given signal there arose  
*"Clamorque vivum stridorque rudentum."*  
 Never was such consternation of *Phocæ*—headlong did they precipitate themselves towards their semi-native element, which, alas!

they were fated never again to enter. We drew near the rock, and, Spirit of Richard Martin! the sight would have brought thy ghost again "to visit the glimpses of the moon," had'st thou not been at the time snug in Connemara. I have no simile at hand for the ghastly spectacle, save Mr. Giblett's exhibitions on Christmas Eves; but, unlike *his*, our hapless "CALVES" were all alive and kicking, *literally*. Pah! it makes me sick to think on't!

After half an hour's row from the little harbour of Bundrows we reached where buoys of inflated dog-skins pointed out the turbot lines, and forthwith began our drawing of Neptune's lottery: as custom establishes in such cases, the blanks awfully predominated. A tug at the land, and a splashing in the water, set expectation on the tip-toe, and up came a dog-fish, or an obscene skate. Now again a furious resistance to the hawler announced an arrival of consideration: lo! a conger as thick as an alligator, and as long as a boa constrictor! Still we had a prize now and then, and a sprinkling of capitals sent us ashore, at least contented with the morning's fishing.

On reaching the Lodge we found all in an uproar, poor Jemmy, the fool, being in his mortal agony. The account they gave of the disaster was this: company being expected, a considerable preparation was accordingly in progress. Now in Connaught, "jacks," the work of men's hands, are about as little understood as knee-buckles were in the Scottish Highlands during "the forty-five," a substitute, with much about Jemmy's gauge of talent appertaining to every esta-

blishment that fortune permits to dabble in roasts: the spit at Lisca berry had groaned all day with good fare, and "Thamus" sweating in the chimney nook had kept it going with the regularity of clock-work, when the cook, as a consideration for his good conduct, hinted, if he felt a present wish for "curds," an esculent in which his palate delighted, that such might be procured in the dairy. Thither sped the witless one, and sure enough there stood the pan with the curds *at the bottom*: now what was a fellow without brains to do in this dilemma? But one alternative occurred to him, *and the miserable wretch had actually drunk several gallons of whey to get at the curds beneath*, when fortunately he was discovered in his operative drainings. By applying hot oils to his abdomen, and rolling him in flannel before the fire, his life was saved, though he had a fearful jeopardy of bursting.

A less fortunate issue had the frolic of another "natural," who lived, I believe, in the family of the late Sir Neal O'Donnel. It appeared that he had had an ancient feud with the coachman; and, adopting the motto of the Campbells, "he bided his time." On the occasion of a public ball, which was to take place in the neighbourhood, the idiot was seen roaming about the grounds, and muttering to himself, unable to restrain his glee. "Aha! aha! how'll my Lady like being driven to the ball *by Dennis without his head*, I wonder, aha, aha!" A pertinacious repetition of this truculent ejaculation induced some of the servants to go to the unhappy Jehu's room, where they

found the miserable man actually decapitated, as handily as if the ceremony had been performed by "Petit André" himself. I look askance at Thamus since I heard this anecdote, and make it a point to turn the bolt of my chamber door nightly ere I trust my head upon my pillow.

A party of some dozen strangers, all males, were assembled in the dinner room, as I descended somewhat of the latest. A lady who had arrived in the morning was absent from temporary indisposition; her husband, who sat next to me, was an elderly personage of a very sinister aspect, who drank more frequently of wine during the repast than custom sanctions. We exchanged but a few sentences of conventional civility, for he was not "*à mon goût*." Our hostess withdrew immediately on the cloth being removed to her invalid guest, and portentous preparations were made for serious drinking, manifested in the coopers' of claret exhibited beneath the sideboard. We cannot at all times account for our feelings: at least I cannot; so under their guidance I noiselessly effected my escape from a scene with which, just then, I could not sympathize. A calm and misty twilight had fallen upon the lake, and abridged its compass; the baying of dogs in the distance blended harmoniously with the murmur of the ripple on the shore. I strolled forward, choosing my path along the green margin of the water. There was no moon, but myriads of stars reflected upon its surface were substitutes for pale Cynthia's lamp: no scene on earth could be more peaceful or romantic. I

was indulging a delicious reverie when the sound of music arrested my attention; it proceeded from an open window of the drawing room, which looked upon the shore where I stood. Under shelter of a shrubbery walk I reached this window unobserved; a piano-forte was open, and seated at it, her back towards the window, was a tall attenuated figure in the act of running over the keys: her dress was a robe of plain white muslin, the ample folds of which concealed even the outlines of her form; there was in her attitude a slight stoop, indicative of debility, yet was it one of striking grace and beauty. A few chords were struck, preluding the lovely air of "Eileen Aroon," and then with a voice, tremulous, but of exquisite pathos, she commenced these words, adapted to that most plaintive of melodies:—

World! who would make thee  
Home of the heart?  
Lovers forsake thee,  
Kindred depart,  
Friendship deceives thee,  
Sorrow bereaves thee,  
Even Hope leaves thee,  
Lonely thou art!  
Where is our childhood's Spring?  
Faded away!  
Did not our Summer bring  
Hope in its ray?  
Is not the Autumn here,  
Are not her blossoms scar,  
Even so Hopes appear,  
Bloom and decay!  
Father! I would not shun,  
Now, the abyss,  
Soon shall a home be won,  
Better than this.  
There shall the Spirit free,  
Hail in Eternity,  
Hope lost in certainty.  
Anguish—in bliss!

As she finished her song she rose from the instrument, and walked towards the window: she had been weeping, and her handkerchief was applied to eyes



where tears seemed to be no strangers: it needed no prolonged glance to tell me who was the minstrel to whom I had been listening; though ten years had passed away since last I saw her, and they had done the work of twenty, I recognised at once, in the wan and wasted form before me, one whom I had left in all the radiance of early bloom, and the fond promise of youth and loveliness—it was poor Harriet!

Things seem to combine strangely here to cause me make a fool of myself. Surely it is not written in my horoscope that I am to enact Werter in the wilds

of Connaught! Thank Heaven! Andy Irwin is at last arrived from Bombog, spaniels and all. Idleness is the parent of mischief. The angle never had enough of excitement to keep me out of harm's way. The next week promises better things, as we start for the mountains at peep of dawn on Monday, and most cheerfully I abandon rod and line for percussion caps and Joe Manton. "Twas for lack of more genial employment,

"Till Ponto and Don could come out,  
That I took to old Izaak's enjoyment,  
And angled immensely for trout."

For the present adieu!

JUAN.

## ROUGH SKETCHES OF HOUNDS AND COUNTRIES — No. II.

BY THE RAMBLER IN GREEN.

"Quis novus hic nostris succedit sedibus hospes."—VIRGIL.

"An Emir by his garb of green."—BYRON.

SIR,

A Summons of business took me suddenly away from Sussex, for a day or two, into the land of hops and civility (see both *Cæsar* and *Shakspeare*\*) called Kent; and it gives me pleasure to commence this letter by bearing testimony to the fact, that, if old "*veni, vidi, vici*," were again to shew his bald head, and laurel crown in it, he would find no reason to change his opinion of its inhabitants. At least I am bound to say so, as far as I can speak from personal experience; for, not even excepting those regions of proverbial hospitality, the three Ridings of my own glorious county, I can remember no district in which

during my existence I have received a heartier welcome or more disinterested kindness from persons comparatively strangers. Thanks to the polite attention of one individual, on whom I had not the most distant claim for the virtuous act of mounting me, I was enabled to see a very fair and pleasant day's sport with the Tickham fox-hounds (of which establishment I hope next season to speak more at large); and, from the sheer civility of another, on the succeeding morning had (quite as unexpectedly) some of the best and most varied shooting that I have partaken of for years; not in the tame *battue*, *benevole lector* be it understood, but in

\* "*Kent*, in the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,  
Is termed the civil<sup>st</sup> place of all this Isle."

See *Epit. of Henry the Sixth*.

the bracing and health-giving *chasse devant soi*, which, though in these days out of fashion, is in my opinion the only genuine and true way to enjoy the sport. Thus, as my visit to Kent was occasioned partly by *literary business*\*, and as there was no small allusion made in the field amongst three or four of us at times to the classical reminiscences of Cam and Cherwell, I may say that both the advice and example of the illustrious Roman was in some degree followed, and, in the words of the elegant Pliny, I experienced "*non Dianam magis montibus quàm Minervam incrare.*"

Bidding adieu to my new acquaintances with regret, I wended my way Sussex-ward; yet before I quit Kent entirely, I *must* make a brief mention of an old brother coachman there (for the RAMBLER now and then does a bit of road-work as well as hunting, and flatters himself that he can, or rather once could, brush a fly from his off-leader's ear with most of the "gemmen wot likes to drive"), whom I found still on his bench, and as fresh as a four-year-old at the end of *forty-one years* hard work on the same road (the Canterbury). I allude of course to that very beautiful performer, the veteran Watson, on the Royal Telegraph, and those who wish either to see the science of coachmanship displayed to perfection generally, or in particular to be taught how to hit a near leader (to do so with a neat and effective draw Watson challenges all England) had better lose no time in taking a ride with

this worthy and excellent workman of the Old School. Ye Gods! how unlike some of our modern *muffs*, with their cigars between their teeth, and their whips stuck up beside them! No coach need be better horsed from end to end than the Royal Telegraph, and Sir Charles Cropland himself had not a finer team of "four spanking greyst," than those which bowled us into London. The old buck has also, I understand, an equally valuable grey team of his own into Canterbury, but these I did not see (though I hope soon to see them) as I did not meet the coach until she had got some distance past her first change. In conclusion as to the "Hould Vitren," to use the orthography of one of his *confrères* about him to me the other day, it gives me great pleasure to be enabled to introduce his name into my notebook for three substantial reasons—first, because from the experience of years I know him to be as respected and respectable an individual as can be found in his profession; secondly, because he is a first-rate artist himself, belonging to a School of which we have not too many specimens remaining amongst us; and thirdly, because he has *four sons*, all nearly as good coachmen as himself, at work at this moment on the same road! the youngest of whom, almost a boy, whose age I am afraid to state, though I think he had a service on the box at *sixteen*, is reckoned quite a prodigy for his years, and has already *Dominie Sampson's* four R. R. R. R.'s (rarissimus) marked against his name in the books of

\* At some future day the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* will find, I hope, that it was not made in vain:

+ See that capital Comedy of Colman's, "*The Poor Gentleman*."

Billy Chaplin\* and most of the other London Leviathans.

On condition of finding my own spurs, I had two other chances to meet hounds thrown in my way, during my passage through the "Hamlet," by which I did not fail to profit; and had accordingly a turn both with Mr. De Burgh and good old Daniel Haigh, and saw each day *part* of a really beautiful and brilliant thing. The run with the "Old Surrey" was from a small covert on the top of the Riddleedown Hills, beyond Croydon, right down into the Vale, where at the end of something like forty minutes my gentleman gave up the ghost, after as straight and quick a burst over, latterly, a very severe fencing country, as any nag, coming like the one which I bestrode, almost immediately out of a horse-dealer's possession, and of course in true horse-dealer's condition, need wish to encounter. I am happy to say that my Bucephalus still lives

"To fight again another day,"

though for some time it was rather a doubtful question whether his saddle and bridle would not have been taken home without him; but may Equestrian Neptune (as Phidippedes has it in "The Clouds") defend me from having often the misery of riding a beaten horse in a good run with fox-hounds! Of all sensations in the world, I do positively think and believe the most *damnable* (I can use no other word) is that of feeling the powerless and helpless wretch beneath you; you of

course unwilling, for it would be useless, to push or punish, and the shoals of Macadamizing lane-riders, leaders-over, craners and tailors—in short, of every grade and description, who never dream of seeing a hound from end to end—spluttering past you, and looking their little unutterables! As to that feeling on the course, bitter enough as I admit it is, of seeing some d—d fellow, never thought of, coming Chifney over you, and winning by a length, after you had *drawn it fine* to win yourself by about a neck, and were looking at your ease *at the only horse worth looking at*, it is no more to be compared with it, than can an electric shock be likened to a fit of the gout! In two days, however, I had two tastes of it (of the hopeful *duo* I think I *saw* rather more with the fox-hounds than with the very correctly equipped Drayton flyers, although I contrived to crawl up after they had taken and lodged their deer), and most fervently do I hope and pray that this brace of pills (one is a dose at any time) will bear me harmless for at least a season. So much, my readers will say perhaps, for a man's gratitude for a couple of mounts: yet so is it! Mr. De Burgh's turn-out, I should add, is an uncommonly neat one, and I must certainly pay his hounds the compliment of stating that they are amongst the very fastest packs I ever rode to in my life.

Before quitting this part of my subject, I must hark back for a moment to the "Old Surrey," and do them the common justice

\* I may well call this very shrewd and business-like personage a *Leviathan* of a coachmaster; at this moment he has four first-rate London yards, and from twelve to fourteen hundred horses at work! Put these at 25l. a piece all round (much under the mark), and you have at least thirty thousand pounds as the market value of Chaplin's stock.

of saying, that I for one (as Lord Wharncliffe has it) was unable, in the bird's-eye view that I took of them, to discover all, or indeed any of those monstrous and farcical absurdities so ridiculously, and, as far as my experience goes, so falsely laid to their charge. I have seen more level packs of fox-hounds certainly, but neither is Mr. Codrington's most celebrated pack a very level one, nor is the opinion of the best sportsman either of the present day or the "olden time" (*vide* Meynell on this point) in favour of repudiating *power* too fastidiously, because it is condensed in a *small compass*. Carry this to the racing stable, and we shall find that good judge and weighty authority on such matters, Mr. Biggs of Stockton, holding precisely the same sentiments, or he never would have given the long price he did for that Lilliputian Giant of the Turf, the extraordinary and gallant Little Red Rover, concerning whom the old saw of "*vires acquirit eundo*" seems to come strictly and undeniably true. To my mind (and I have seen a pack or two in my life), the Old Surrey have a great air of *business* about them; and though I cannot speak so fully of them as I could wish (not having seen them in difficulties—the true test alike of hound and huntsman), I am bound to make a most favorable report as to what actually fell under my observation. They had a bad and straggling start out of covert, but when once settled to their fox, *so long as I could see them* I thought they ran as well together as most packs one meets with, and the pace was *capital* from end to end. As to what they may be on a bad

scenting day I cannot of course hazard an opinion, though from the blood which I understand they have in their veins, it must be strange indeed if they cannot work up to a good fox with their noses, as well as race him down with their heels; unless indeed, like some other packs that I could name, their huntsman has taught them the elegant accomplishment of looking *up to the clouds* in difficulties, and, like poor *Strepesides* in his distress, invoking *their* friendly counsel.

"ἀλλ', ὦ Νεφέλαι, χρηστὸν τι συμβουλευσαί!"

instead of imitating the "*μύθους*" of the caricatured "*wisest of Athens*," in a previous scene of the play ("*ὁ σφέδρ' ἐγκεινυφένος*"), and arresting and extracting the scent out of the bowels of the earth, ere it sink

"Down to the realms of Tartarus and night."

Tom Hills, however, from all that I could hear of him, is far from being a likely schoolmaster to teach them so bad a lesson. He is allowed on all hands, I believe, to be a very sensible and judicious fellow with his hounds, and most unquestionably possesses one great requisite, which should belong to every huntsman under the sun—namely, excessive quickness and undivided attention to his business in the field. From my own trifling conversation with him also, I was very favorably impressed with the civility of his demeanour, though doubtless that civility must be often put to the proof by the misdeemeanour of the immense mob who, once a week at least, *condescend* to patronise him.

And now one word as to this field with the Old Surrey, which

has been so mercilessly, but at the same time so sillily and so impotently, attacked and vituperated as being the concentrated essence of all that is cockneyfied and unsportsmanlike. On certain days there can be no doubt that a greater proportion of it than could be wished consists of persons far more conversant with hogsheads than with hounds, and that neither is their costume the most classical in the world, nor is their bearing the most Beckfordian. Such people are, beyond question, a great nuisance, and would have provoked the Man of Uz himself, had he been a master of fox-hounds; but I should be glad to hear that Hunt pointed out to me, in the neighbourhood of *any* very large and populous city, leaving London out of the question, which is exempt from the visitation. Why, two hundred miles wide of Mr. Haigh and his pack, I have seen as arrant a cluster of country cockneys—cockneys in equipment—cockneys in performance—by the side of Askham Bogs and Red House Wood, as ever bothered Tom Hills' patience at Crown Ash Hill or Warlingham Common!

Men *will* come out with hounds whether they have taken their degrees in the noble science or not, and their doing so may be termed a rotten borough appertaining to fox-hunting, that cannot by possibility be put in Schedule A, and must therefore be borne with all the resignation that God has given us. So far, however, as regards the "Old Surrey," I deny, expressly deny, from all that I have seen, and all that I have heard *from competent authority*, that (all circumstances

considered) the general character of their fields is a more unsportsmanlike one than that of their neighbours. It certainly also appeared to me that Mr. Haigh had his field in good command; and though I can easily conceive that on particular occasions, and in particular parts of his country, with a bad foil-running, dodging fox, it must be his lot but too often to have the benefit of a *Saturday* mob, charging up and down the lanes and roads, now trampling his hounds under their feet, now heading them off the line, and committing all the usual *et ceteras* of tailormaking; he has still no more reason to complain than many, many other masters of packs, who are *not* condemned to hunt a country within reach of Lincoln's Inn and Whitechapel Market. In justice too to this much calumniated Hunt I am bound to say that it contains even a *large* proportion of men who *can* and *do* ride well to their hounds over the (partly) peculiarly stiff vale they have so often to encounter, and in crossing which, with anything of a scent, there can be but little assistance derived from roads or lanes. Put Mr. Peyton (whom I consider the *best horseman in England*) himself by the side of the "Old Surrey" at the brush of a good fox over the Vale of Godstone, or the deep and more distressing country away to the right, and I will answer for it he would say at the end of forty minutes, that, though mounted on the best horse in his stable, he had had his work cut out for him. Now I am not going to say that the Surrey performers, or any one of their number, could beat Mr. Peyton even on this their own dunghill;

but thus much I *will* say, that it is notorious that there are very many good and fearless horsemen amongst them, who are not to be shaken off by their hounds, but who live well with the pack from end to end of clipping runs across this as bruising and severe a country as can be well picked; and so long as such is the case, it is surely folly, and something worse, to hold the whole Hunt up to ridicule, whether by assertion, insinuation, or caricature, as nothing better than a mob of ill-dressed tailors, who ought not to go out without their nurse-maids. I could say much more on this subject did I think proper, and shall, in all probability, again recur to it in the course of the ensuing season, when I may speak from better *personal* experience. Meantime I quit it, but can quit it not without paying a passing testimony (however humble, and in his eyes, perhaps, valueless) to the distinguished and veteran Master of the "Surrey," whose green and lusty old age, I trust, will yet carry him through many seasons of good sport. *By those who know him he is all but idolized*; and this may well be so, for he is as estimable and amiable out of the field, as he is urbane, and zealous, and indefatigable in it. He is both a polished gentleman and a sound good sportsman; and most happily blending these characters together, and discharging every duty of life and society in a most exemplary manner, he has won and well de-

serves the "golden opinions" of all classes and all ages: and were I to apostrophise the country which he has so long honored and benefited by his exertions and example, I would exclaim simply but energetically, "support and cherish him!" for when Daniel Haigh is gone, there is gone an individual

"Ὅποιον ἄλλον οὐκ ὄφει ποτέ".

The self-same sort of accident that killed Pharnaces†, namely, the hired hack I was riding suddenly rearing, and slipping over with me, in consequence of a butcher's mastiff flying at him, in mistake, I presume, for a bull, and thereby causing for an hour or two a kind of adlelement of the few brains I happen to carry about me, alone prevented my having a turn, before leaving Town, with another Metropolitan pack, which had the felicity of calling Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, its master and manager. I allude, of course, to the *establishment* commonly called "Anderson's Drag;" and as I, for one, maintain that anything is fun in London that puts one in mind of hunting, I am sorry I was not fortunate enough to witness the turn out. This very fashionable dealer, it seems, got together during the winter a few couples of hounds, and whenever the fancy struck him, or his customers wished to have a trial of a horse, turned out a fellow with a red-herring or other drag made fast to him, and having of course all the grass

\* Sophocles, Trach, l. 825.—Brunck.

† See Herodotus, book Polymnia.—Though suffering a good deal from the fall, I must say I had no inclination to imitate this barbarian General in his punishment of the unfortunate nag. History tells us he was led by his master's orders to the place where the accident happened, and had both his legs chopped off at the knee-joint, by way, I suppose, of making him keep his feet better in future!

country at his command leading to Harrow, Edgware, &c. &c., I am told he had some capital gallops; and certainly no fairer way can be imagined of treating an intending purchaser. If I mistake not, shortly after my visit to London, Anderson disposed of his *pack* to a Nobleman in the King's Household; but of their performances since changing hands this deponent ventures not to speak.

The mention of this "bit of lark" puts me in mind of rather a ludicrous anecdote which I heard related the other day, and which took place at the time when Mat Milton was in all his glory in Piccadilly, as having a better stud of hunters than any other dealer in town. He had accommodated, it seems, some good customer (no doubt) with a loose box in his yard for some five-and-twenty or thirty couples of draft fox-hounds under orders for India; but, as some delay arose in the equipment of their ship, they were much longer honest Matthew's tenants than he had at all bargained for, and at last the spirit began to move him, and suggest that they might as well do a day's work for their meat. Appointing, therefore, as his huntsman a gentleman of the name of Harris (whom, though possessing but one arm, there were few men who could beat, and who of course entered *con amore* into the plot), and mounting both him and half a dozen more, who were intended to act as whips, on the best and fittest horses to go in his yard, a fixture was made, of course as much under the rose as a prize fight, to meet soon after day-break at a certain small covert about three miles out of town, on

a farm that Mat then rented, and which he swore must hold a fox. Well, the eventful morning duly came, and by good luck the hounds were smuggled through the streets without, at that hour, attracting much observation, and, as of course those who were in the secret rode out singly and by different avenues to overtake them, all looked promising at the covert-side for a day's sport, that none but *Messieurs les entrepreneurs*, as *Gil Blas* has it, should enjoy or know of. That Mat's "sure find" drew as blank as Pinner Church, it is hardly necessary for me to state. Nothing daunted, however, he swore "*he knew where there was a fox lying at that minute*," and, acting as pilot across the country, took them on seven or eight miles at a hand canter, and plumped them smack into one of the very best coverts belonging to the Old Berkeley! The hounds were hardly in at one end of the wood, before out at the other bolted as fine a dog fox as ever wore a brush. The hounds settled themselves well to him, and went away on racing terms; the scent was brilliant; the fellows rode like madmen; and at the end of a bursting five-and-forty minutes, old Mat had the fur in his hands under the very windows of a certain Nobleman in the centre of the Berkeley Hunt, of which he was a strenuous supporter, after as quick and really beautiful a run as hounds have shewn either before or since. It is needless to say (Mat knowing well where he was) that the funeral ceremonies were very quickly despatched. *Sauve qui peut* was now the watchword of the day; and it must be allowed that Mr. Harris had no very easy task assigned him

to conduct the pack home to Piccadilly kennel without notice, and being obliged to answer certain questions, *which might be attended with inconvenience*. Most marvellous to state, however, in some way or other he contrived it, and actually ran across the messenger in effecting his entrance into Milton's yard, who had been despatched to say that the vessel was now all ready, and was waiting only for the houndsto sail that very day! Some three or four hackney coaches, therefore, were forthwith summoned; and in less than three hours after worrying their fox, the unhappy pack were under weigh for Calcutta, Mr. Harris was walking about his club as usual, Mat himself was parading Berkeley Square in a break; and, provided the parties were only true to themselves, no more trace or clue existed to detect them than if the *foray* had never been made. That they were thus true need scarcely be added; and, from the total ab-

sence of evidence, and even of conjecture as to the culprits, it was shrewdly settled at last, that it must have been Schattenman, or some other diabolical German huntsman, with his infernal and impalpable pack paying Middlesex the honour of a visit; till one gruff old yeoman demolished even this theory of the mystery, by swearing "d—n his eyes, it warn't no *spirits* that ploughed up half his field of wheat, and broke the top bars off three of his new-painted gates!" Thus ended one day's eventful history of a pack of fox-hounds on their road to India!

I now find, Mr. Editor, that I shall not have space in this letter to say what I had intended of Col. Wyndham's hounds, which were the next I paid a visit to; and, as the subject is one on which I have much to offer, must beg to defer it altogether until my next communication.

I am, meantime, Sir, &c.

THE RAMBLER IN GREEN.

### THE MELTONIANS,

A Poem,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF  
THE MELTON HUNT.

MELTONIQUE ruunt equites et odora canum vis.—VIRGIL.

GLORIOUS DIANA! guide thy Poet's strain:  
I sing thy votaries, but I sing in vain  
If thou refuse the feeling and the fire  
To wake the numbers whilst I strike the lyre.  
I sing thy Sons, Queen of the Silver Bow!  
Guide thou the plume while I their virtues show.  
Love's Mother loved her Samos, but her Court  
Was kept at Cyprus—ever-loved resort!  
Thy Court, fair Queen, is MELTON!—there are found  
Thy temple, shrine, and throne—"thy holy ground!"  
There, too, thy Sons at wonted time repair  
To pay their homage, and thou hear'st their prayer:



There, leaving Greece, thou find'st at length a place  
To show the joys, the raptures of the Chase.

Who are the votaries that haunt thy shrine?—  
First of the throng see gallant GOODRICKS shine:  
First, for on him *Elijah's* mantle fell—  
Long may it grace him, for he wears it well!  
And with the mantle came that glorious name  
Shrin'd by MELTONIA in her roll of Fame.

Next comes, an *annual pilgrim*, Father MAHER,  
A steady, shining, silvery western star,  
First at the covert side, and first to see  
Sir Reynard's likeliest course, each morn is he:  
First at the bounteous board, and first to rise,.....  
"Wine is a mocker," and VAL. MAHER'S wise.

What ever-smiling face now meets my view?  
Sure, ERRINGTON, 'tis CHESTERFIELD or you—  
The *Dromios* of our Hunt—so like each other  
That each might aptly call his friend "his brother."  
So like in head and heart, in form and face,  
In saddle glories and in ball-room grace,  
That hang me if I know which 'tis I see,  
Till *smiles* assure me, ERRINGTON, 'tis thee!  
And both are good ones.... *with* you Melton's "fall,"  
And when *without* you, oh! how dev'lish dull!

RANCLIFFE! shalt thou unarmed, unpoised be?  
I name not hunting if I name not thee.  
Pride of our "country!"—thine the lib'ral board,  
And lib'ral heart with man's best feeling stored.  
What hungry hunter ever pass'd thy hall  
And found no warder answer to his call?  
Nor is it all that heart, and cheer are good....  
*Foxes* ne'er fail us in thy *Bunny Wood*!  
And in the field no *dodger* e'er art thou—  
"Honesté audax†" is thy motto now.  
What glorious run did e'er Meltonian share  
But thou wer't "forward" or wer't foremost there?  
Oh ne'er did DIAN at her altar see  
A worthier, warmer, better devotee?

HASTINGS!—the worthy son of worthiest sire—  
To tell thy praise the Muse would *never* tire.  
He who in glory sleeps at La Valette  
Still *lives* in thee.....

Nor can we e'er forget  
Our gallant Chieftain, while our eyes still see  
His face, his form, his actions, all in thee!  
Courteous to all—to Lord and *loon* the same,  
Ennobled more by nature than by name.

\* I have never known a single instance of a fixture at Bunny Park not affording a fox in some of Lord R.'s fine coverts—and what a glorious "country!"

† Lord R.'s motto—and he lives and acts in the spirit of it, which is more than half the Aristocracy do by theirs.

One corner of our county had no shrine  
 For *Hunters' vows*, and, *HASTINGS*, it was thine !  
 But thou hast raised a *chapel* of ease,  
 Old *Melton Mother Church* to please or tease—  
 To please I ween, for thou art never loth  
 To *don canonicals* and serve them both ;  
 And when I *worship* there I ever see  
 Thee and thy shadow, "learned Brother" B——,  
 The "band sinister" of whose bridle arm  
 Has o'er a steed as o'er a brief a charm.

Lawyers—save him !—our Hunt boasts only one,  
 Low-collared CRADOCK\*, our right glorious JOHN !  
 Without whose *yellow vest* and *kerchief white*  
 Our fullest fields ne'er seem to be "all right."  
 We like him for his *own sake*, but, still more,  
 We love him for the CRADOCK "gone before."

Shall JON be all forgot ?—DIANA ! no !  
 I lose thy favor if I name not JOE.  
 I ne'er saw rasping fence or hedge-stake bare  
 That balk'd JON CRADOCK or his good grey mare.  
 I ne'er saw boaky brook or steepy linn  
 But JON would *at it, over it, or in !*

WILSON !—our Croxton champion—proudest thou  
 To ride a race and gain the laurel bough,  
 As e'er was victor at Olympic game,  
 Or Roman Conqueror when the triumph came.  
 I've seen thee, Lord ! in many a pretty pickle—  
 I saw thee win that race on "Tommy Tickle."  
 I've seen thee gallop till I could not see  
 Thy "t-ft Shaksperian," and hardly thee.  
 Thou art in saddle-seats our brightest star,  
 Our *Preux Chevalier* and our *Lookinvar*.  
 A charming sight it was one morn to see  
 Thy Countess and her sire, and son and thee :  
 Her sire the Priam of the gallant chase,  
 And she the fields' sole focus and its grace.  
 Nor less I loved to see partake the joy  
 "Thy young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Has ALVANLEY—the sire of many a joke—  
 Cross'd the dark ferry of which Virgil spoke ?  
 Gone, and not left a heavy weight behind  
 To match himself in body or in mind :  
 Gone, and not left a punster or a wit  
 To keep the light up which his genius lit ?  
 Oh, no ! he lives, he breathes, good generous soul !  
 "And wafts his fame from Indus to the Pole."  
 He charms the *Senate* now as erst the fair,  
 And list'ning Senators applaud and stare†.

\* Will John forgive an old *Hermis's* quixing his wardrobe ?—he has often quizz'd the *Hermis's*.

† Lord A. has of late "come out" in the House of Lords. His speech on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill elicited praise even from the Lord Chancellor.

"But will he not return?" MELTONIA cries,  
 "And with his presence wipe these weeping eyes?"  
 Yes! yes! Old Dame; get thoti his rooms in trim,  
 And dry thy tears, so often shed for *him*!  
 He *will* return, and be what he has been—  
 The life, the light, the joy, of many a jovial scene.

JENNER! a name to every mortal dear  
 That loves a rosy cheek from pustules clear—  
 "*O sate sanguine!*"—from noblest blood,  
 Ennobled by the *world* for doing good.  
 Thou need'st not patent, for thou bear'st a name  
 That lives, and *will* live, trumpeted by Fame.  
 Ne'er did I see thee chase the gallant fox,  
 But I have bless'd thy sire, and curs'd Small-pox:  
 Yet once I laugh'd, and with me laugh'd the rest  
 To see thy *smalls* and *vaccinated* vest!!

GILMOUR! forgettest thou that luckless day  
 When from Seg's Hill old Reynard broke away?—  
 When in the torrent of the Vale capais'd,  
 Thou and thy steed were beauteously *baptis'd*?  
 Where, like Achilles, from *his ocean dip*,  
 Thy *heel* gain'd vigour, and fresh force thy whip?  
 When not a single brute could reach thine own,  
 And thou hadst fox, hounds, chase, and death alone.

Long as MELTONIA reads what *Hermite* write,  
 Will she revere her ever-honored WHITE!  
 The farmers' favorite—who was never known  
 To *cross a clover field* except his own;  
 Who scorns, at others' cost (like wanton rakes),  
 To buy the pleasure which he nobly takes:  
 Who greets each *yeoman*, "gives the time o' day,"  
 And always finds some canny word to say;  
 Who, when sly Reynard will not leave his lair,  
 Makes hours like minutes and foul weather fair.  
 Nor are we careless of the debt we owe—  
 WHITE has ten thousand friends, and not a foe\*!

But STANLEY flitteth by—"On STANLEY! on!"  
 STANLEY, who reads and rides his "*Marmion*;"  
 An honored wight, to all Meltonians dear—  
 His are good steeds, good jokes, good wine, good cheer.

But hunting theme, like hunting days, would be  
 Dry, flat, and "blank," GEORGE MARRIOTT, wanting thee.  
 Oh, how I love to see thy Lincoln green  
 And manly form bound o'er the sylvan scene.  
 Gigantic GEORGE! thou art our "little John,"  
 Best of the breed since ..... is gone.

\* It is impossible to appreciate the good done by a little courtesy to the farmer: Mr. W. is a pattern in this; but I know one or two Aristocratic fellows who can see and know nobody unless in scarlet. If the M. H. were made up of such as they, we should soon have but little space to turn in, and might indeed "shut up shop."

Bold at a gate, bold at a bristling hedge,  
 Prince of the heavy weights, save mightier EDGE.  
 With thee for glory true another strives—  
 The Melton Miller, bravely built TIM NIVES.

SCOTIA! I love thy sons: in Court or field,  
 In arts and arms they cannot spell "to yield."  
 But ne'er hast thou for Southron pastime spared  
 A better, braver Nimrod than KINNAIRD;  
 His echoing whoop, his cheer, his rattling pace,  
 Make half the joy of many a glorious chase.  
 If ELCHO was our Ajax, what art thou?—  
 Troy's mightier Hector, as we all allow.

Another "Highland Laddie" comes across  
 "The spirit of my dream"—the gallant ROSS!  
 Not he whom Pope belauded, liberal soul!  
 Not he whose country-house is near the Pole!  
 But one 'yclept HORATIO!—one whose style  
 Is at the *Smile*\* like Nelson's at the Nile.  
 Then why should Lords and Dukes all praise engross,  
 And none be given to thee, thou "Man of ROSS?"

And RUTLAND, LONSDALE, FORESTER are names  
 That grace our annals—each some mention claims;  
 (Not to record their virtues would I stop  
 Because, forsooth, they keep a rival shop):  
 But tedious am I grown: some future day  
 They too shall sparkle in the *Hermit's* lay.

Shades of departed heroes! shall the verse  
 That lauds the *living* not the *lost* rehearse?  
 Yes! in our memories shall you treasur'd be,  
 Partners of all our toil.....of all our glee!  
 And GOODRICKE, CRADOCK, ELLA, PLYMOUTH†, all  
 Shall be remembered till we too shall fall!  
 For this we know—whatever King shall reign,  
 "We ne'er shall look upon your like again!"

\* \* \* \* \*

But can't the *Hermit* find whereon to dwell  
 On other wights who sometimes cheer his cell?  
 Yes, I have seen, all glowing with the sport,  
 Bloods from all quarters seek Dr's favor'd Court—  
 The Spaniard, Prussian, Russian, Don Cossack,  
 Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, cheer the gallant pack:  
 Yes! dear delightful Woman often deigns  
 To grace the region where DIANA reigns.  
 Then much has he to sing or rather say,  
 But most on Yorkshire's pride, JOHN LISTER KAY!  
 And all his gather'd flowers shall some day bloom  
 In freshest hues when MRS. FITTMAN'S room.

THE HERMIT IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

Hermitage, Wymeswold, Sept. 18.

(To be continued.)

\* A river in the Vale of Belvoir—a botherer even to Meltonians: ask Count Sandor.

† I ought to add Captain BURTON to this list of departed worthies.

## DONCASTER RACES.

SIR,

ON reaching the neat little town of Doncaster, and paying a few short visits to such of my Sporting Friends as fancy pointed out to afford news and information of the most important matters connected with the great mystery, I soon discovered that the greatest possible confidence pervaded the majority of the Sporting World assembled in the favour and attachment to the stupendous favorite Plenipo. Of course the first opportunity was availed by every one who had not seen him, as well as myself, to take a glance at "The Lion," the terror of the North, whose former feats, which certainly on paper *read well*, and report of home-learn't lessons with Revelry, placed him in a very prominent and terrific light. The bettings were from this circumstance trivial, and indeed insignificant in reference to what is accustomed to be witnessed. *Chaffing*, and *comparing past transactions*, formed the principal occupations of those frequenting that admirable and unparalleled place for accommodation, the Subscription Rooms. A walk in the morning brought the "great crack" in my company, and on viewing such a great strong animal (who, had he not been known to have given proofs of good public performance, I could never have for a moment fancied to be a race-horse), I must confess that, possessed as he is of such immense powers, and remembering that he, with all his heavy appearance, had gone fast enough to win the great Derby and other races without ever

having been defeated, certainly made the field look so contemptible, that they all (the field) looked in "fancy's eye" as mere yearlings to run at equal weights with a *fleet* five-year old; and the picture almost tempted me to become a partisan in his favour.

Fear is ever a bad companion, and so the conclusion of the contest has proved. Fear of his abilities frightened numbers from coming to the post to face him, and greatly destroyed the field: fear of his powers stopped all speculation, and divested the numberless betting-books of five times the number of accounts they would under other circumstances have possessed: and that contemptible quality fear, in a great measure, destroyed the race. "Oh!" say the Southern, "your Northern nags are *bad*, and no companions for ours;" and plain honest Yorkshiremen believed it: yet, after all, trial proves better than report, and trial during the week proves the lesson to be "*vice versa*." 'Tis the Southern (for so *Shillelah* tells us) that are so-so, while the Northern prads prove they can trip it to a pretty fast tune.

Everything contributed to make the Meeting a scene of enjoyment to all (save and except those who had got bad books). The weather was beautiful, and so sultry that jocks might get sweats enough without much clothing: the ground was in fine order: lots of horses were at the different stables ready for the several Stakes; and everything proved auspicious. The Managers gave an additional gaiety

to the scene, by decking the old course-clearers in new toggery "*à la militaire*," and investing them with a constable's authority. The "up-down-and-fly coves" of course kept their leisure hours pretty well employed; yet, in spite of their vigilance, they succeeded in quartering on the stores of a pretty considerable number.

MONDAY opened the *fête* with the finest of weather, the bright beams of Sol shining so resplendently that even the most cold and heartless of the assemblage must have felt a cheering glow from his congenial rays: but even this temptation, which to many is no small one, nor the charms of lovely Champagne, succeeded in drawing out so numerous an assemblage as I have witnessed in "hours now passed away."

The Fitzwilliam, the usual fore-horse of the team, took precedence, and shewed another falling off. This Stake, equal as it used to be in numbers and interest to a Newmarket Craven, now only gave us an entry of a leash; but assuredly not from any disrespect to that name, once so proudly honored and revered, that the Stake is named after! The three shewed at the scratch—Marcellina, however, boldly affirming 'twas not her will to do so, for she repeatedly, like "Paddy's grunter," attempted to go the contrary way to the right one, and was at last obliged to be led off by a man holding her head. Old Tomboy then went away, Marcellina and Goldbeater being in his company, though *no* companion for him; he therefore made his own running, and soon disposed of both, winning very

easy some lengths, steered, for he wanted no riding, by Johnson:—5 and 6 to 4 on him.

The Champagne party, a strong dozen, now *drew* together at the Red House Tavern, to enjoy the consolation of a *taste*; and in order that our absent friends may make no mistake as to who composed the muster, you have here the list of the assembly:

|                             |                    |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| Cyrus .....                 | rode by J. Spring. |
| Calista .....               | G. Nelson.         |
| Curtius .....               | W. Scott.          |
| Hostile .....               | G. Darling.        |
| Felix .....                 | W. Smith.          |
| Miss Bell .....             | T. Nicholson.      |
| Mr. Fox's Nymphalia, by     |                    |
| Langer out of Lady of       |                    |
| the Tees .....              | John Day.          |
| Mr. Rindale's ch. c. by     |                    |
| Emilius out of Linda .....  | P. Connolly.       |
| The Magnate .....           | Thos. Lye.         |
| Mr. Powlett's b. c. by Lan- |                    |
| ger out of Giovanni's       |                    |
| dam .....                   | F. Boyce.          |
| Duke of Leeds' c. by As-    |                    |
| tmon out of Gh.....         | S. Templeman.      |
| Violence .....              | R. Brinkins.       |

The point of favour as to which of the party could *do their work the fastest, and floor their friends* the soonest, ran thus: 3 to 1 agst Linda colt, 3 to 1 agst Magnate, 5 to 1 agst Nymphalia, 6 to 1 agst the Gin colt, and 6 to 1 agst Curtius. The fleet at the first attempt made a very slovenly start, ten going away, and leaving Curtius some lengths in the rear and Mr. Powlett's colt at the post. However, a start it was declared, and on they went, (Mr. Powlett's standing still a calm spectator,) Connolly taking the lead and making running; the Gin drinker being at his side, and all the others except Curtius, who had his lost ground to make up, being in a lump at hand. On reaching the distance Linda still kept command, and here Nymphalia, the

Gin colt, Hectic, Calista, Magnate, and Miss Bell were just at his heels, all striving their best to give him *his dose*, but to no effect.

On they went, and brave Linda's form Carried him stoutly through the storm; for Connolly let him have his head, and away he went from them and won very easy, never having been headed; Nymphalin going in a good second. Mr. Ridgale, after the victory, named the colt, which is a very fine animal, CONSOLANUS, a name which will perhaps be re-echoed in harmonious tune next spring on the Downs of Epsom, when the nags are steering their way down from Tattenham Corner. Curtius was placed third, the Gin colt *fourth*, and The Magnate *fifth*; but the horses behind the second were all together. When the party was near the distance, Heseltine, who was behind a group of the front horses, by persevering with Violante to get out when there was not room, got the mare's legs entangled with Curtius's, by which she was thrown down; and fortunate indeed was it that nothing was following his line, else the collision and downfall might have been awful: as it proved neither the mare nor himself was much worse.

Consol and Belshazzar now turned out to go a four-mile journey in quest of His Majesty's shiners. The old one, directed by Scott, led the way, kept his position, and won very easy without being headed. The strength of the pace and length of the distance broke down Belshazzar, and on pulling up he was so lame that Nicholson was glad to jump off to prevent his falling! his near fore leg had given way; and thus

ends the *feasts of Belshazzar* in way of *testing the sweets of a race* ..... he will never be able to come to a post again.

A Handicap Stake ended the day's fare, one mile; and, however little satisfaction it might give to many, it could not fail to gratify the handicapper, for he proved himself so good a judge in drawing the line between them, that the end was declared a dead heat between Revelry (the great Plenipo's attendant), at 6st., and Miss Wilfred, 7st. 8lb.; Omnibus, 7st., being third, and otily beat about a neck—three others behind. On going it over again Miss Wilfred proved, as she did last year, that she had no relish for *encores*, and disliked any repetition. Connolly, therefore, by strong running took the lead, was never touched, and went in an easy winner, though the judges of speed and bottom thought it good to lay 5 to 4 against her after having run the dead heat.

For the Four-year-old Produce Mr. Houldsworth, by his Fidelity walking, was suffered to receive the forfeits.

#### TUESDAY.

The morning of course presented that scene of bustle and activity which is ever the case on the Leger day; and there was a pretty fair exhibition of arrivals of carriages, carts, and all grades of vehicles pouring into the town, and not a few of the humble disciples of the pedestrian tribe. On the whole the muster, though certainly less than some years, was equal to many others. One thing, however, was decidedly increased, and that was the attendance of the Ladies on the Grand Stand. I never remember to have seen so great a display of female elegance

on the Stand before. The lovely smiles and graceful forms of the fairest flowers of the British Nobility, added to their party-colored attire, gave a beauty to the fabric which I never yet saw equalled.

The preliminary to the Leger, the Two-year-old Produce Stake, Red House in, brought out five:

The Duke of Cleveland's colt, by Velocipede out of Matilda ..... rode by Thomas Lye.  
Duke of Leeds' filly, by Malek out of Rhodacan-  
tha..... S. Templeman.  
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry out of Purity..... G. Nelson.  
Alice..... W. Scott.  
Caliph..... S. Darling.

His Grace of Leeds' filly, that had on a former occasion run second in a field of young ones, and afterwards won, was the pet, and 6 to 4 laid freely on her, and 8 to 1 agst the son of the winner of the Leger — Matilda. On starting the whole of them came together to the distance: here Lye went first, and all the efforts, exertions, and inducements which the riders of the others could offer, failed to induce them to take precedence of him, and he therefore won cleverly: he is a little pony horse, but goes very prettily. Alice afterwards changed masters for the small sum of fifty pounds.

Now came the long anticipated event—the literal *walk-over* as it had by many been long since termed!—the *no race*, as it was anticipated to prove!! for the GREAT ST. LEGER. Those who knew, had seen, and backed the Great Gollah **PLENIPO**, looked for his appearance with intense anxiety, and those who had never seen him looked the more for him with greatly excited curiosity. Perhaps no horse ever came out

to the public gaze that drew more attention. He had appeared so formidable in former feats, possessed such immense powers to appearance, and had so easily achieved his victories, that now the start came, his competitors dwindled down to the small number of eleven, the result of fear in facing such a modern Childers as most deemed he must be.—The bell rung for the start, and the following presented in parade before the Stand:

Bubastes ..... T. Nicholson.  
Beam ..... S. Darling.  
General Chasse ..... R. Johnson.  
Mr. Chisholme's b. f. by Partisan ..... Jas. Garbutt.  
Louden..... J. Mason, jun.  
Lady de Gros, out of Jenny Mills' dam ... W. Scott.  
Shilelah..... S. Chifney.  
Touchstone ..... George Caloway.  
Plenipotentiary ..... P. Connolly.  
Valparaiso ..... S. Templeman.  
Worlab Baylock ..... Geo. Nelson.

On the horses' cantering to and fro before the race, it appeared an universal opinion that "the crack," "the flyer," did not move his ponderous limbs with that ease and elasticity which was anticipated.—"O! 'tis his action in a slow pace!" cried one: "You'll see when he's put into running what he'll do!" cried another: and thus ran the remarks of speculators and spectators. On going to the post the prices were, 5 to 4 on Plenipo, 7 to 2 agst Shilelah, 7 to 1 agst Worlab Baylock, 10 to 1 agst General Chasse, 16 to 1 agst Bran, 20 to 1 agst Lady de Gros, 35 to 1 agst Louden, 50 to 1 agst Valparaiso, and 50 to 1 agst Touchstone.

The horses drew up in the corner, and Valparaiso and Louden began to fret. A start was made, Valparaiso, Louden, and Bubastes going off: a call back succeeded; and another false go



followed, Louden, Plenipo, and Bubastes going off, but they did not get far. The third trial proved the eventful start. Bubastes immediately bounced in front about a length, and went away at a tremendous speed: next to him was Lady de Gros, Worlabay Baylock, Bran, and Valparaiso: behind them, about the centre, were Plenipo and General Chasse, the others well up behind; and Chifney (his old favorite station in the early part of a race) in the rear; Mr. Chisholme's filly last, and beat from the first stride. In this order, without any change, they went to the foot of the hill, and then Bubastes went five or six lengths away from his horses at a very severe pace up the hill, leading in this manner to the Red House, before reaching which Shilelah had crept up to the middle of the group, and Bubastes had glutted the magnificent Plenipo, Connolly having tried without any benefit the use of whip and spur; and here ended his show. On turning the corner Bubastes, whose career of running savored much of destroying himself, cried "Enough!" and declined. Lady de Gros, Worlabay Baylock, and Bran, then went by him to the front, and made the running at the same severe speed to the rails end: here General Chasse, who was just behind, went up and took the lead, Touchstone following him, hard held, and when just within the distance Calloway let him loose: all that length of ground from home, when he went straight away from his horses, and won very easy by two lengths, although his jock, to make "assurance doubly sure,"

whipped him when so far a-head; Bran running by General Chasse, and defeating him for the second place by about a head. Shilelah was fourth, Chasse beating him three-quarters of a length. These were all placed. Next came Worlabay Baylock fifth, Louden sixth, Lady de Gros seventh, Bubastes eighth, Valparaiso ninth, and Plenipo (*oh! tell it not at Newmarket!*) tenth; and last, beat above a distance, Mr. Chisholme's filly, which I suppose could not be started for any other purpose than for the pride of saying, "*I have run a nag for the Leger;*" to which may be added at pleasure, "*and it was first at the wrong end.*"

At the end of the long tail of horses I observed Connolly striving very hard to gain as much credit for Plenipo as he could, by using every endeavour to go in before Valparaiso, who was aspiring to the honour of taking precedence of him. Nicholson, inspired by the same feeling, ran up to them with Bubastes, and the three made a close contest, all *for the honor of the thing*, Bubastes being the first of the leash, and Plenipo last of it; and after passing the post they were just in time to have the pleasure to meet and congratulate the front horses who were returning to the scale.

Undoubtedly it was the fastest and most severe run Leger I ever remember to have witnessed. The pace was a cutting-up one in the extreme, and the horses were tailed off at the end for a long way. After such an exhibition of fast sailing, to see a horse win very easy by two lengths, it must tell that Touchstone is a very superior nag. This victory, too,

reflects not a little credit on the Scotts, in whose hands he was placed immediately after General Chasse defeated him for the Liverpool Aintree Leger, which was a severe contest, won by half a head with great difficulty. Now they were no companions. With regard to Plenipo, the disclosure looks "*passing strange!*" Had he been near his former companion, Shilelah, we might say it is his old running, and the Derby horses are *bad*, but he never could ruin a yard in the race. Some say the Epsom Derby was a flattering race, run to Tattenham Corner at no speed, and that it was merely a fly of a short distance, which the great Colossus won by a turn of speed. If so (for I did not see the Epsom Derby), the probability is that Plenipo has got a character far above his abilities, which his future running must shew. The Newmarket short distances, and still shorter *runs-in*, is not the sort of race that the Doncaster Leger generally proves. There it is run from the first, and sustained to the end, or it will be of no use—a race that proves the speed, the stamina of the animal, as well as the fleetness of his hoofs. Yet, after all, I am disposed to think it cannot, must not be his running; for he seemed all fast together, divested of liberty in every point, and shewed not running equal to the winning of a Maiden Plate. Surmise, however, as we may, we must leave it to future conflicts to tell and prove the case. Bran fully sustained the character I entertained of him at his former exhibitions, and ran a most respectable race.

After the "tumult had dwined

dled to a calm," or rather the curiosity which is ever excited to see the winner and the others had in some measure subsided, Muley Moloch, Despot, and Zohrab came forth for the Doncaster Stake, two miles. As might be anticipated, John Day landed Muley at home safely, the others not being able to keep him in any sort of company: 5 to 2 on the winner.—Thus ended the eventful day, fraught with the thousand wonders and conjectures of the multitude as to its results.

#### WEDNESDAY.

"Now comes the reck'ning when the banquet's o'er."

The squaring of accounts did not prove either heavy or unpleasant, and I believe the result was generally of an agreeable, rather than an unpleasant nature. The sport this day is ever of an ordinary character, and only deserving of a brief notice. The Four-year-old Stake was taken by Muley Moloch with walking over.

Next, the Selling Stake tempted six owners to present one each to change hands with such customers as might feel disposed to *claim*—the distance, St. Leger Course. A good race was the result; gained by Mr. Houldsworth's David, well ridden by Darling, who was declared to win by half a head from Westport, Amurath, Stenton, Furfan, and Brunswick.

The Foal Stake, a mile and a half, brought out

|                |                      |
|----------------|----------------------|
| Amadon .....   | rede by P. Connolly. |
| Cotillon ..... | W. Nobla.            |
| Forester ..... | S. Darling.          |

Cotillon, after a little exhibition of her favorite rearing, plunging, &c., was got started, when Forester went in front, and made

running to the Red House. Here he cut it, and Amadou took it up, was not after headed, and won easy, Cotillon running in second.

The day's fun then closed with the Corporation Plate of 60 sovs. two-mile heats, which Mr. Houldsworth pocketed by the assistance of David without any difficulty, beating Mrs. Oakley, The Maid of Melrose, and Botanist.

## THURSDAY.

This being the CUP DAY, it is ever the gala holiday of the neighbouring agriculturists, and numbers kept pouring into the town during the morning, though the muster at the hour of starting was much deficient of former Cup days.

First we had the Three-Year-Old Stake, a nice sweet morsel of 200 each, h. ft. and twelve subscribers, St. Leger Course. All numbered themselves among the half forfeits except three, Worlabay Baylock, the Duke of Leeds' Lady of the Vale colt, and Darius.—Darius made the running to within the rails, where he declined, and then the Lady and Worlabay Baylock challenged, and a severe and long tug of War succeeded, which was continued to the last stride, and won by Worlabay by only half a neck, Darius also being well up. Worlabay was dreadfully tired at the end, and I think it was any one's race for the last twenty yards:—11 to 8 on Worlabay.

Bran, rode by Connolly, made a sad example of Shilelah (John Day) for the Gascoigne Stake, St. Leger Course. The chestnut took the lead, made all the work, and won very easy by several lengths.—The day after running for the Leger, Bran was purchased by Sir Edward Baker for 1300gs.,

and was his property when he ran for this race: he is at that price a very cheap horse.

And now a dozen two-year-olds, as here enumerated, shewed for the Two-Year-Old Stake; the distance one mile:

|                           |                    |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| Cyrus .....               | rode by J. Spring. |
| Sister to Bubastes.....   | T. Nicholson.      |
| Lord Kelburne's colt by   |                    |
| Jerry out of Purity ...   | Gen. Nelson.       |
| Duke of Leeds' Gin c. ... | Templeman.         |
| Duke of Leeds' Ariel ...  | John Day.          |
| Duke of Leeds' Long-      |                    |
| waist colt out of Young   |                    |
| Duchess .....             | R. Johnson.        |
| Mr. Fox's chea. colt by   |                    |
| Bustard, d. by Comus, W.  | Weatherill.        |
| The Stag .....            | Thos. Lye.         |
| Mr. Barrow's b. c. by     |                    |
| Langer out of Alecto, J.  | Garbutt.           |
| The General .....         | J. Marson, jun.    |
| Mr. Powlett's b. c. by    |                    |
| Langer out of Gio-        |                    |
| vanni's dam .....         | F. Boyce.          |
| Pilgrim .....             | W. Scott.          |

The latter was the favorite at 6 to 4 on him; 5 to 1 agst the Sister to Bubastes. After a false start, in which Mr. Fox's colt went a short way, they got tolerably well off, Mr. Fox's, Lord Kelburne's c., Sister to Bubastes, and Pilgrim, being all together in the front, the others well up to near the Red House corner, where the Young Duchess colt and Mr. Barrow's were beat some lengths. On turning the Red House bend Pilgrim ran much out of his line and lost some ground; but when he had got straight, Scott let him have his head, and he ran up to the leading horses instantaneously, and appeared as if he could run round the whole fleet. On reaching the gravel road Mr. Powlett's colt, Cyrus, and the Gin colt had joined the front rank, and they all went together into the rails, where struggling for victory soon placed Pilgrim, the Sister to Bubastes, and Mr. Powlett's colt

a-head, and clear of the rest. The three then made a pretty race home, Pilgrim winning rather clever at the end by about a neck, Sister to Bubastes (a good-like mare) second, Powlett's colt third, and Lord Kelburne's, though not placed, fourth. Pilgrim, who I have before stated to be a great fine horse, is now the property of George Walker, Esq. having been purchased before the race of Col. Hancock for 1300gs.

The Gold Cup, the gift of the Stewards, and 50 sovs. added by the Corporation, about two miles and a half, next came as the last appointment of the day. It failed to bring together that numerous start which usually contend for it. The candidates were, Consol, Muley Moloch, Tomboy, Mystery, and Polander. Muley was of course the attraction at 11 to 8 on him; 2 to 1 agst Tomboy. The race was truly a bad run one, at a very indifferent speed. Polander led to the winning turn, then Muley Moloch took it up and made very moderate play, the lot keeping with him to the rails; when Johnson went up with Tomboy, defeated him without any difficulty, and went home a very easy winner. Consol ran in second. Mystery was beat a great way.

FRIDAY—the closing scene—presented plenty of sport to tempt those who felt an inclination to be “on the move” to “stay a little longer.”

The Filly Stake, Leger Course, presented four ladies—Birdlime, Lady de Gros, Amadou, and Mr. Vansittart's Slight filly. Lye made running on Birdlime to near home, when Lady de Gros went up, and a very severe race ensued, Birdlime only winning

by half a neck: 6 to 4 agst Lady de Gros, 2 to 1 agst Amadou, and 5 to 2 agst Birdlime.

The Clarence Handicap, two miles (a fill-up race closed on the moment), was next won by Mr. Crompton's Mayflower, rode by Nicholson, beating Marcellina, Darius, Mrs. Oakley, and Amurath: 6 to 4 agst Marcellina.

The Scarbrough Stake, one mile, tempted the following four:

|                        |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| General Chase.....     | R. Johnson.   |
| Tarick .....           | J. Spring.    |
| Worlabay Baylock ..... | G. Nelson.    |
| Valparaiso.....        | S. Templeman. |

The Leger running of course made the General the favorite at 2 to 1 on him, and 5 to 1 each agst Tarick and Worlabay Baylock. After a false start they got off tolerably well, Valparaiso making running, Tarick second, Chasse third, and Worlabay last. At the distance the whole were together, but Chasse soon after went out from them and won very easy, Valparaiso and Worlabay making a good race for the second honour, which Worlabay (who shewed the Pheasant quality) was declared to obtain by half a head.

David walked over for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, three subscribers, four miles.

The “old closer,” the Hundred Pound Plate, two-mile heats, was then won easy at two goes by Count Brandenburg's Loudon, by Chateau Margaux out of Morgiana, 3 yrs, well ridden by Young Marson, beating Omnibus, Miss Wilfred, Marcellina, and Tarick—the winner the favorite at 6 to 4 on him.

“And here ends the story of my tale.”

I am, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.  
Doncaster, Sept. 19, 1834.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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From the Japanese

# FISHING NEAR MATSUYAMA.

From the Japanese

## EEL-FISHING NEAR MAINTENON.

**D**URING Mr. Newton Fielding's recent tour through France he employed his easel in various sketches, of which the plate under this title forms one of a Series. Maintenon is a considerable town in the Department

of Eure and Loire, seated between two mountains, on the river Eure, from which the stream derives its source. The scene is faithfully delineated by the artist, and is done ample justice to by Mr. Greig's burin.

## ARE WE TO HAVE ANY MORE EPSOM RACES?

**T**HE Sporting World will no doubt be anxious to learn the particulars of some proceedings taken by John Ivatt Briscoe, Esq. Lord of the Manor of Epsom, with reference to the Epsom Races, and we have therefore taken every care to procure such information as may be relied on with confidence.

The substance of the following statement has been forwarded to us by a Gentleman belonging to the Epsom Race Committee, and on the authority of whose voucher of authenticity it is given to the public.

The following notice was served on several persons at or immediately before the Races in May last:—

"Take notice that you are hereby required by the Lord and Lady of the Manor of Ebbisham otherwise Epsom, in the county of Surrey, to desist and refrain from building, erecting, or placing, or causing to be built, erected, or placed, on Epsom Downs, or other the waste lands of the said Manor, any building, booth, tent, or other erection whatsoever, without the consent of the Lord and Lady of the said Manor, or their Bailiff; and you are hereby forbid from

entering or coming upon any of the said waste lands for the purposes aforesaid: and that if, after this notice, you shall build, erect, or place, or cause to be built, erected, or placed, on the said waste lands, or any part thereof, any building, booth, tent, or other erection, without such consent as aforesaid, or commit any trespass whatsoever upon the said waste lands, or any part thereof, you will be deemed a wilful trespasser and dealt with accordingly.

"EDWARD SCOTT,

"Bailiff of the Manor."

Immediately after the Races an action was brought against a Mr. Roberts by Mr. Briscoe (who is one of the Members for the Eastern Division of the County) for an alleged trespass on Epsom Downs by erecting booths and otherwise aiding in the conduct of the Races; and it is rumoured, that in such action Mr. Briscoe has actually laid his damages at 1000l.! We understand that the proceeding technically called the "declaration" was not taken until the middle of June, and an endeavour made to force the defendant to trial at the Assizes in the following month (July): but on an application to the proper

tribunal time was at once given to Mr. Roberts until the 2nd of November to put in his answer to the action. The effect of this we believe will be that the trial cannot come on until the next March Assizes, the defendant having the *interim* to prepare for trial.

The steps which have been adopted by the Lord of the Manor have given rise to strong feelings of discontent and indignation. It appears the races were held on Epsom Downs in the time of Charles I., and have continued from that period till the present time; the previous Lords having fully sanctioned the holding of them. It is contended, that Mr. Briscoe has likewise done many acts amounting to a complete recognition and approval of the races; and that, in consequence, a heavy expense has been incurred in upholding the sport, although, certainly, Mr. Briscoe *declined to give the annual subscription of 25l.*, which is the custom for each of the Representatives of Surrey to contribute (and which is now made up by Mr. Denison, with his accustomed liberality, giving 50l.) on the ground of some religious scruples; yet it seems, that shortly afterwards he executed a lease of about an acre of the Downs for the sole purpose of building a Grand Stand; and that, although the land itself was hardly worth 20l., he received a ground-rent of no less an amount than 30l. per annum, with the reversion of this valuable structure at the expiration of the term.

The Grand Stand cost, we believe, nearly 20,000l.; but, if the races are done away with, it will of course be disposed of for the mere value of the materials. Now

it must be obvious to any man, that if those gentlemen, who were spirited, enough to embark their money in a speculation of this description, had not been led, by the acts of Mr. Briscoe, to consider the holding of the races as legal and justifiable, they would never have been unwise enough to have entertained the project for a moment; and we must think that it was the bounden duty of Mr. Briscoe honestly and fairly to have told the proprietors at the time the granting of this lease was considered, that he denied the existence of any right or privilege on the part of the public, and should consider himself at liberty at any time to bring that question to an issue.

It will be seen that it is quite impossible for Mr. Briscoe to shield himself under any pretext that racing as a sport is opposed to his religious principles or feelings. Could we believe this, Mr. Briscoe might be entitled to our respect; but in addition to the execution of a lease for the erection of a building raised for the purpose of more firmly establishing these Races, he offered, some time ago, to grant a lease of the Tolls or Collections to be gathered from the Booths for the yearly rental of one hundred pounds; and the only reason why such a proposition was not carried into effect was, that the Solicitor for the individuals for whom it was made was of opinion that Mr. Briscoe had no authority to do so.

We have as yet said nothing of the Rubbing House and Prince's Stand, from both of which it is notorious Mr. Briscoe receives a yearly income.

We have heard that Mr. Briscoe has asserted it to be far from



his intention to stop the Races, and that all he requires is, that the ground may be rented of him instead of the Racing Committee. It must, however, in the first place, be remembered, that, if such an arrangement were carried into effect, *the whole amount of every payment would go into the pocket of Mr. Briscoe*; whereas, at present, every shilling which the Committee receives is laid out with the greatest care and judgment in the maintenance and encouragement of the Races.

In the next place, such an offer of itself on the part of Mr. Briscoe savours of hypocrisy; for it at once shews that *all he desires is to derive a pecuniary benefit from those very Races to which he himself refuses to subscribe on account of their being opposed, as he professes, to his religious views and opinions*. If, however, we go so far as to give Mr. Briscoe credit in this respect for consistency, and are disposed to do so, it is clear that he is sailing under false colours to endeavour to effect his real object of putting down the Races, by making statements which are both incorrect and deceitful.

This is the fair reasoning upon such an assertion as that which we are told Mr. Briscoe has made, and we fearlessly remark, that it would be far better for Mr. Briscoe to come forward boldly and avow himself, than continue to take shelter under any misrepresentation whatever. It is clear at any rate that *if Mr. Briscoe obtained a verdict for a single farthing, HE MAY STOP THE RACES ALTOGETHER, or make any demand he pleases for the use of the ground*.

In such a state of things the

Races might be said to be virtually destroyed, subject as they would be at all times to the will and caprice of a County Member, who from circumstances of defeat at his election, or a thousand other causes, might choose to exercise tyrannically that arbitrary power with which he would then be invested. It has been urged against Mr. Briscoe, and we think with much reason, that if he had intended to have brought forward this claim at all, he should have done so immediately upon his coming into possession of the manor, and not have deferred it until the Racing Committee had laid out a considerable sum in the preparation and arrangement of the course, the very materials for which are worth several hundred pounds; and these must, in the event of Mr. Briscoe's success, be inevitably forfeited, as Mr. Briscoe well knows, to him as Lord of the Manor: and further, that Mr. Briscoe would some years back have asserted his alleged right with a better grace, when the property in the manor, which is rendered doubly valuable by the Races, had not so extensively changed hands, and had not consequently yielded, in the shape of fines and otherwise, a corresponding benefit to the Lord.

No one can regard these proceedings of Mr. Briscoe in any other light than most ungracious and destructive, not only of the interests but of the enjoyments of a large portion of the community.

We are exceedingly happy, however, in being able to assure our Readers that there is a pretty clear prospect of this Gentleman being defeated. No exertion or expense either must or will be spared. The most able Counsel

are engaged for the defence, and there is a very general feeling that the determined resistance on the part of Mr. Roberts to this most iniquitous proceeding will be attended with the most favorable result.

An attempt has been made to prevent any more Races being held on Epsom Downs till the action is tried; but this has proved unsuccessful, and THE OCTOBER MEETING WILL CONSEQUENTLY TAKE PLACE AS USUAL.

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### PARIS AUTUMN RACES.

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SIR,

I Have now the pleasure of handing you an account of the Races which have taken place in and near Paris since my last report of the 16th of May; as also a list of the new Members of the "French Jockey Club."

The progress which the love of racing has made in this country during the last two years is really wonderful; and what with the exertions of the Jockey Club, generally and individually, the great attention now paid by owners of horses to the breeding and training of their racers, and the interest which the sport appears to excite everywhere, the state of the French Turf will probably in a few years begin to rival that of the English.

I remain, Sir, &c. T. BRYON.

Tivoli, Rue Blanche, No. 51,  
Paris, 22d Sept. 1834.

The following Races took place in the park of Maisons-sur-Seine, (about ten miles from Paris), on the 3d of August.

*First Prize*—A Silver Cup, given by the Founders of the Colony of Maisons, for hunters, each carrying 150lb.—2 miles—gentlemen riders—entrance 60 fr. p. p.—was won by M. Cere-  
monie's bl. h. Savage, aged.—  
M. Cheri Salvador's b. h. Flam-  
bart, 7 yrs, bolted.—M. Leon's

br. h. Audacieux, aged, and  
M. Eugène Cremieux's b. h.  
Royal George, aged, drawn.

*Second Prize*.—450 toises of land (in the park), at the choice of the winner, for thorough-bred horses, weight for age; English horses 4lb. extra, one mile—was won by the Prince de la Moskowa's ch. h. Anglesea, by Sultan out of Mona, 5 yrs, 119lb. beating Mr. T. Hurst's gr. h. All-Fours, by Tandem, his dam by Scud, 5 yrs, 117lb.—Ch. m. Matilda, 7 yrs, was disqualified, her pedigree not being proved.

The PARIS RACES did not begin until the 7th inst. instead of the 26th ult.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 7.

Weather favorable. The first race was for the Arrondissement Prize of 2000f. for three-year-old colts and fillies, once round the Champ-de-Mars, 85lb.—won by Mr. Rieussec's b. c. Ibis, by Rainbow out of Leopoldine (rode by York), beating Mr. Cheri Salvador's b. c. Ferragus, Mr. Fasquel's b. c. Mulloc, Messrs. Cremieux's b. f. Miss Kelly, Lord Henry Seymour's b. f. Alanda, Mr. Rudault's b. f. Arlette, and the Marquis of Germigney's ch. c. Bertheville.

The Second Arrondissement Prize of 3000f. for stallions and mares of 4 yrs and upwards, once

round, heats, was won by the Duke of Orleans' ch. m. Noema, 4 yrs, 102lb., by Rowlston, dam Vittoria (rode by Wright), beating Lord H. Seymour's b. m. Miss Annette (who won the first heat), M. Lecomte's ch. m. Valentia, Messrs. Cremieux's ch. m. Taglioni, Mr. Leon Benard's b. m. Miss Tandem, the Marquis of Kergariou's ch. m. Civette, the Marquis of Germigny's gr. m. Bedouine, Mr. Desgrand's ch. m. Fragoletta, and Mr. Fasquel's b. m. Almada.

Two Matches were run—the first, 1000f. each, once round the Champ-de-Mars, between Mr. Musselman's b. h. Minister and Mr. Horiok's ch. h. Anglesea, 111lb. each, was won by the former. The second Match, 500f. each, one mile, Mr. Horlock's b. h. Spectre beat Mr. Musselman's gr. m. Biche.

#### SECOND DAY, SEPT. 9.

1200f. given by Government, added to a Sweepstakes of 150f.—Messrs. Cremieux's Miss Kelly and Lord Seymour's Atalante were entered, but drawn. The Prize was therefore contested by Mr. Fasquel's b. c. Mulloc, by Milton, his dam Darthula, and Mr. Cheri Salvador's b. c. Ferragus. Mulloc threw his rider (Mizen), who was much hurt, near the Pont d'Jena. Ferragus broke over the ropes, after having passed the Military School, but returned, cantered in, and his owner claimed the prize. It having, however, been proved that the jockey of Ferragus had forced Mulloc against the ropes, it was decided that the latter should go round the course in the time given (three minutes), which having done, the prize was awarded to Mr. Fasquel.

The second race, for the

Principal Arrondissement Prize of 5000f., twice round the course, heats, was won by Lord Seymour's br. h. Fra-Diavolo, by Filho da Puta out of Teneriffe, 4 yrs, 105lb. (rode by Robinson), beating Mr. L. Benard's b. m. Miss Tandem.—Mr. Lecomte's ch. m. Valentia, Messrs. Cremieux's ch. m. Taglioni, and Rosette were drawn after the first heat.

A Match for 5000f. each, twice round, was run between Count Demidoff's ch. h. Tim, by Midleton, 4 yrs, and Lord Seymour's bl. h. Tourist, 5 yrs, which was won by the latter.

#### THIRD DAY, SEPT. 14.

Beautiful weather, but the ground excessively dusty: an immense crowd of spectators.

*First Race.*—2000f. given by Government, with a Sweepstakes of 300f. each, for four-year-olds, twice round, heats, five subs.—won by Col. Hotton's b. m. Souvenir, by Rainbow out of a thorough-bred English mare (rode by Wilson), beating Lord Seymour's b. m. Miss Annette and Messrs. Cremieux's ch. m. Taglioni: Mr. Desgrand's ch. m. Fragoletta distanced. Count de Cambis' b. m. Thelesia was entered but did not start.

*Second Race.*—The Royal Prize of 12,000f., twice round, heats, was won by Mr. Rieussec's b. h. Felix, 6 yrs, by Rainbow out of Young Folly (rode by North), beating Count de Cambis' ch. m. Noema, Lord Seymour's br. h. Fra-Diavolo, and Mr. Fortet's b. h. Bijou.—Mr. Leon Benard's b. m. Miss Tandem was entered for this race, but did not start.

Two Matches were also run on this day—the first, for 500f. each, once round the course, between Mr. Cheri Salvador's b. h. Fleur

d'Orange, 6 yrs (rode by Leture), and Mr. Lelegard's gr. h. Kelly, 7 yrs, which was won by the former, the latter having thrown his rider, and broken over the ropes, about two hundred yards from the winning-post. The second, of 500*l.* each, one mile, weight for age, was won by Lord Seymour's Tourist beating Mr. Musselman's Minister.

#### FOURTH DAY, SHPT. 21.

Weather favorable, the Stands crowded, and the ground honored by the presence of Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours.

*First Race.*—The Duke of Orleans' Prize, a Silver Cup value 1000*l.* and 2000*l.* in money, twice round, heats, was won by M. Cheri Salvador's b. h. Bijou, 6 yrs, by Bijou out of Gabrielle (rode by Tom Webb), beating Mr. Palmer's b. m. Miss Tandem, Mr. Leconte's ch. m. Valentin, Messrs. Cremieux's b. f. Miss Kelly, and Lord Seymour's b. f. Alunda. Count de Cambis' b. f. Facilia was entered for this race, but did not start. Alunda was drawn after the first heat.

*Second Race.*—The King's Prize, consisting of a Silver Gilt Vase, value 1500*l.*, a Silver Cup of 800*l.*, and 3700*l.* in specie, twice round, heats, was won by Lord Henry Seymour's b. h. Frà-Diavolo (rode by Robinson) beating the Count de Cambis' ch. m. Noema, Messrs. Cremieux's ch. m. Taglioni, and Col. Hotton's b. m. Souvenir. Taglioni and Souvenir did not start for the second heat.

*Third Race.*—A Handicap Sweepstakes, 500*l.* each, was contested by Count Demidoff's Tim, Lord H. Seymour's Morotto, M. Auguste Lupin's h. Piccadilly, and the Count de Cambis' g. Cro-

codile.—A misunderstanding arose relative to this race. The person employed by the interested parties to measure the ground misunderstood them. When the Sweepstakes were proposed, it was mentioned that the race should be once and a half round the course: it was intimated by the gentleman who handicapped the horses that the distance was a mile and a half, which, according to the decision of the competitors, proved to be an error; consequently they ran a second time, when Crocodile won the race, once and a half round the course, as he had the first race, beating the same horses.

*Fourth Race.*—Lord H. Seymour's Morotto walked over for the Sweepstakes of 1250*l.* each, twice round, 107*lb.*, no other horse coming forward to dispute his claim.

#### NEW MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH JOCKEY CLUB.

Mr. de Fausser.  
Marquis de Belgoin.  
Mr. Ricardo.  
Mr. de Bethune Lully.  
Marquis Fernand de la Ferté.  
Marquis de Grammont.  
Prince de Wagram.  
Chevalier de Nogent.  
Mr. Henry Thuret.  
Count Edm. de Fracmontal.  
Count de Beaumont.  
Mr. Edouard Manuel.  
Mr. de Bernir.  
Mr. le Conteux.  
Mr. Phil. Hottinguer.  
Mr. Seillière.  
Earl of Pembroke.  
Major Fancourt.  
Earl of Yarmouth.  
Baron Paul Sanegon.  
Mr. Paul Perier.  
Mr. Duthell.  
Mr. Lajeuner.  
Sir Cavendish Rumbold.  
Count de Septeuil.  
Mr. Louis Pairs.  
Mr. Couret Pleville.  
Mr. de Vassy.  
Prince de Beljoyoso.  
Marquis de Liguiera.  
Marquis de Grande Maison.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

**THE** Matches between Mr. Cosby's Stradbally and Mr. Spalding's Madame de Jeck; and between Mr. Gauntlett's Barbiche and Mr. Shard's Mask, for the Houghton Meeting, are off by consent.

**Swaffham Races.**—At a recent meeting of the inhabitants of Swaffham, held at the White Hart Inn, Mr. Chas. Jeffery in the chair, a very liberal subscription was entered into for the purpose of re-establishing the Races; and by the spirited way in which it has commenced, with the assistance of the gentlemen and yeomanry in the neighbourhood, we may anticipate once more to see that delightful spot, Swaffham Race-course, crowded with fashionables from all parts of the country.

Mr. T. Bryon, Rue Blanche, 51, à Tivoli, Paris, Agent to the Society for the Encouragement of the Breed of Horses in France, who has already published a "Turf Manual" and a "Stad Book," is about to bring out a Racing Calendar from 1776 to 1833, after the manner of Wetherby's, containing correct lists of all the races that have taken place in France during that period. To which is added an Appendix, containing the Races at Brussels from their commencement, and at Aix-la-Chapelle for the present year. He purposes also to publish a second volume in December, containing the Races of 1834. The work is intended to be continued annually, and published in January in each year; and will embrace all the Laws, Regulations, and indeed every matter of importance connected with the French Turf. The volume to 1833 is published at 20 francs; complete to December 1834, will be 25f.; and each Annual Part at 5f.

Camel (sire of Touchstone, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger) will cover next season, by subscription, forty mares, besides four of the owner's, at Stockwell, Surrey, at twenty guineas each, and one guinea to the groom.

### RACES TO COME.

|                                |        |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| Carlisle .....                 | Oct. 1 |
| Chesterfield .....             | 1      |
| Beverley .....                 | 2      |
| Blandford .....                | 2      |
| Rugeley .....                  | 2      |
| Richmond .....                 | 7      |
| Epsom October Meeting .....    | 8      |
| Nottingham .....               | 8      |
| Shifnal .....                  | 10     |
| Newmarket Second October ..... | 13     |
| Holywell Hunt .....            | 14     |
| Northallerton .....            | 16     |
| Dumfries .....                 | 21     |
| Newmarket Houghton .....       | 27     |
| Worcester (Autumn) .....       | Nov. 6 |
| Tarporley Hunt .....           | 6      |

### STUD SALES.

The Annual Sale of the Underley Stud took place at Doncaster on the 17th and 18th of September, by Messrs. Tattersall, as under:—

Filly by Longwaist out of Calypso, The Dragon's dam:—80ga.

#### Engaged in the Oaks.

Filly by Longwaist, dam by Muley:—to Mr. J. Scott, 70ga.

Filly by Longwaist out of Doll Teasheet:—to Mr. Corbin (for America), 35ga.

Filly by Bustard out of Marpessa's dam (also in the Derby):—to Sir M. Wood, 180ga.

Filly by Muley out of Bequest:—to Mr. J. Scott, 180ga.

Filly by Bustard out of Camillina:—to Sir M. Wood, 150ga.

#### Engaged in the Derby.

Colt by Muley, dam by Orville or Ivanhoe:—to Mr. W. Bulkeley, 81ga.

Colt by Muley, dam by Orville or Walton:—to Mr. Beardsworth, 52ga.

Colt, Brother to Margrave:—to Mr. Greatrex, 240ga.

Colt by Muley, dam by Comus:—to Mr. W. Bulkeley, 210ga.

Colt by Muley out of Rosalie:—to Mr. Goodwin, 60ga.

Colt by Longwaist out of Stratherna's dam:—to Mr. Speed, 52ga.

Colt by Bustard, dam by Orville:—to Mr. Beardsworth, 70ga.

#### The Property of Mr. Walker.

Ross Roche, 2 yrs, by Young Phantom:—30ga.

Yearling Colt, Aurelius, by Emilius:—to Mr. J. Scott, 200ga.

Anne, Sister to Tarrare, by Catton:—to Count Hunyamy, 200ga.

Miss Conchani, by Magistrate:—to Count Hunyamy, 140ga.

Colt foal Antiphus, by Priam.—Miss Crachami :—to Mr. J. Scott, 56gs.

Alice, by Langar out of Miss Crachami, 2 yrs :—to Mr. Allen, 50gs.

*The Property of Mr. Mott.*

Yearling Colt by Memnon out of Zarina :

—to Mr. Corbin (for America), 61gs.

Yearling Colt, by Middleton out of Rarity :—to Mr. S. L. Fox, 84gs.

#### AQUATICS.

The Ladies' Cup at Cowes was won by The Pet, Captain Corry, R.N. The Regatta ball in the evening was very numerous and fashionably attended: among the company were, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl and Countess of Belfast, Viscount and Viscountess Corry, the Countesses of Listowell and Cavan, Lord and Lady Paget, the Earl and Countess Cadogan, Lady de Horsey, Admirals Hammond and Wollaston, General Johnstone, Captains G. Pechell, Fuller, and Corry.

The grand yacht match between the Earl of Belfast's Water Witch, 331 tons, and Mr. Talbot's Galatea schooner, 179 tons, was decided on the 3d of September, at 2 P.M., the Water Witch winning by 25 minutes. The course was from the Nab Light, round the Eddystone and back.—The vessels started on Monday the 1st, at 10 A.M., and at seven that evening neither of them had weathered Dunnose, but the schooner was about two miles to windward. At 7 P.M. Tuesday evening, they had reached the length of Berry Head, the schooner still two or three miles to windward, and she rounded the Eddystone first, and got a start of at least 15 miles; but in the long run of 140 miles from the Eddystone to the Nab, the wind being quarterly, or just abaft the beam, the Water Witch was enabled to set every stitch of her canvas, and it all drew; the breeze being fresh, her superior tonnage then told in her favour. Considering the distance to be worked to the westward, and the run home, the difference between the two vessels is astonishingly little.—Another account states, that in light breezes the Galatea gained ground, and when the wind freshened up the

Water Witch recovered her distance. Thus they proceeded down Channel, till about two o'clock on Wednesday morning, when they both met together in going round the Eddystone, though they had not seen each other for several hours before, at which time they were so near together that a biscuit could be thrown from one vessel to the other. They had now a fair wind to run back up Channel. Fortunately for the brig there was a good breeze nearly the whole day, which enabled her to outstrip her competitor in running up to the Nab Light, a few miles, and she reached the goal of decision about 20 minutes before the schooner, and thus decided, it is supposed, numerous bets amounting in the aggregate to 50,000l. The Galatea is a very fine vessel, and it is supposed the fastest sailing schooner in this country. Her progress was impeded by carrying away her jib-boom and topmast yard.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club closed their season on the 20th by a trip below-bridge—the Commodore hoisting his flag on board the Sabrina, 21 tons. Many new Members have been added to this distinguished Club.

#### CRICKET.

Many disputes having occurred throughout the season as regards what is termed "bowling" in contradistinction to "jerkings," and on some other points in the game, the following alterations and additions to the "Laws of Cricket" have been proposed and seconded for consideration at the Anniversary of the Marylebone Club, to be held in May 1835: and which sundry laws will appear in the words following:—

5. The popping crease must be four feet six inches from the wicket, and parallel to it.

10. The ball must be bowled. If it be thrown, or jerked, or if the hand be above the shoulder in the delivery, the umpire must call "no ball."

11. At the commencement of any four balls (but without alteration during the delivery of them) the bowler may require the striker at the wicket from which he is about to

bowl to stand on that side of it which he may direct.

12. *To be added.*—When the umpire shall have called "wide ball," one run only shall be reckoned, and the ball shall be considered dead.

22. Or if, on running, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or by the hand, or arm (with ball in hand), before his bat (in hand) or some part of his person be grounded over the popping-crease. But if the bails be off the stump must be struck out of the ground.

35. The ball having been hit, the striker may guard his wicket with his bat or with any part of his body except his hand; that the twenty-fourth law (by which he is forbidden to touch or take up the ball) may not be disobeyed.

42. If, in running, either of the strikers shall fail to ground his bat (in hand) or some part of his person over the popping-crease, the umpire for every such failure shall deduct two runs from the number intended to have been run; because such striker, not having run home in the first instance, cannot have started in the second from the proper goal.

44. *New Law.*—The umpire must take especial care to call "no ball" instantly upon delivery; "wide ball" as soon as it shall pass the striker.

45. *New Law.*—After the delivery of four balls, the umpire must call "over;" but not until the ball shall be lodged in the wicket-keeper's or bowler's hand: the ball shall then be considered dead; nevertheless, if an idea be entertained that either of the strikers is out, a question may be put previously to, but not after, the delivery of the next ball.

*Bets*—A Law to precede the others. —No bet is payable on any match unless it be played out or given up.

The return match between Marylebone and the Leeds (Maidstone) Clubs was played on the 25th and 26th of August in Leeds Park. Marylebone went in first, and though J. Dark batted beautifully, scoring 25 and not out, and Mr. Scaley made 14,

their total amounted to only 56.—Leeds marked 97, of which Mr. A. Mynn scored 15, E. Wenman 24, W. Clifford 11, and G. Wenman 7. —Marylebone in their second innings made their total score 108; leaving Leeds 12 to win. Mr. A. Mynn and J. Wenman took the bats, and the former marking 11, and the latter 1, the game was decided in favour of Leeds without losing a wicket.—The Park was well attended on both days.

On the 4th and 5th of September an extraordinary match was played at Wittersham, Isle of Oxney, Kent, Edward Wenman and R. Mills having been backed against eleven chosen players of that Isle at *double wicket*. The novelty of the match drew together upwards of 2000 spectators, with whom the two Benenden men were the favorites generally, notwithstanding the chances were so much against them, the stipulation being that every point of the game should be played as with two elevens—and of course both going out when either of their wickets was lowered. The two trumps (for such they really proved themselves) went in first, Mills scoring 84, and Wenman (bowled) 65, which with one bye made a total of 150.—In their second innings, Wenman scored 16, and Mills (caught) 29, which with 3 byes made a total of 48—gross poll 198.—The eleven in their first innings scored 55, and in the second 77; total 132—leaving their enterprising antagonists 66 a-head!

#### ARCHERY.

On the 30th of August a splendid Gold Medal, given by the Edinburgh Council to the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Body Guard for Scotland, was shot for in Hope Park, for the first time, and gained by John Nairn Foreman, Esq. W. S.

A more propitious summer for outdoor amusements has not occurred since 1808, which year was equally remarkable with the present for a long continuance of fine weather. The various Archery Societies throughout England have not been precluded from pursuing their target-exercises even for a day, and the report of their

meetings everywhere shews an advancement in the art. The "gathering" of the Members, the elegance of their costume, the competition to excel, the lightness and cheerfulness of the scene, the decorated marquees, the cold collation, and,

"When Night throws her ebony veil around,"

the merry dance—all form the most delightful association of life and joyousness, and recall recollections of the chivalrous exploits of our forefathers in by-gone ages.

#### SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Sir Richard Sutton, on Colonel Peel's manor, at Buckenham, near Thetford, in one day, commencing at ten minutes past seven, and finishing at eight minutes past three, taking half an hour for luncheon, and shooting all the time from a pony, bagged 110 brace of birds. This feat is without precedent.

#### PURCHASING HORSES.

The following anecdote fully illustrates the position taken by RINGWOOD in his article in our last February Number (p. 308), on "the fashion in purchasing horses," shewing that the higher value set upon an animal, the greater chance of disposing of him. A Gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Swindon, Wilts, had a horse, in the purchase of which he had been *bitt*, a fine showy animal, but reversing the old saw, for he was a good 'un to look at, but a rum 'un to go: in short to *persuade* him to trot above six miles an hour was impracticable. How to *sell* him was the question, as he was satisfied he should never find a customer *for such a horse* at a reasonable price. He therefore "screwed his courage to the sticking place," and *conscientiously* asked 40l. but "it was no go." He "backed" 3l. This was "worse and worse," so no one would look at it. He now determined on an opposite course, and dashed rapidly forward, first naming 30l., and on each refusal advancing 10l. till he came to 80l. A Nobleman, who had ascertained this price, was devious that his groom should ride it. "It matters little to me,"

said the Gentleman with an air of indifference, "whether I sell or not; no groom shall ride my horse;" and with this he *quietly* rode off. About a week afterwards a friend of the Nobleman called on the Gentleman for the horse, who said, "My price is one hundred guineas!" It was in vain that the friend reminded him of his former price: but fearing that this was his only chance, and having nearly worn out his *conscience*, he coolly observed, "I have a great respect for Lord ———, who I know will take care of the horse, which is a great favorite. I will therefore throw back 10l." The bargain was completed, and the horse removed. Within a fortnight it was brought back, and offered to the same Gentleman, with a new saddle and bridle, for 30l.!!

#### ILLEGAL SALE OF GROUSE.

The scandalous practice of grouse, &c. being kept for sale before the fixed period, which was lately so properly exposed by the Marquis of Queensberry, and which brought the divine Ude, king of cooks, and consequently in many a gourmand's estimation also of men, into jeopardy, is not confined to London. They were publicly on sale in Edinburgh the *whole* of July at the low price of 4s. 6d. a brace. These birds are all taken by the net, or by *hand*; one steady dog is used, and where the birds lie in short heather, or bent (a rushy coarse grass), the net is drawn; in long heath the net would not work: but the young birds, and frequently the old hen with them, lie like stones in the noon of a hot day, and will remain paralyzed under a dog's nose, so that they can be easily lifted. They also experience considerable difficulty at first in getting out of the long heather, and may be snapped by a dog, or knocked down with a stick: the old cock seldom falls either to net or hand. There is but one way of checking this—to *fine* the consumers. If the King of Cooks spoke truth, every member of Crockford's Committee who ordered "*de grouse*" ought to have been mulcted. Poaching



of all kinds is getting to such a height of deliberate audacity in Scotland, that if it be not checked, "*de grouses*" will in a few years be uncomeatable even after the 19th of August.

## ASTONISHING FEAT.

A few days since, George Motley, of North Leverton, near Retford, who is in the 92d year of his age, took a journey into Derbyshire, with his ass, the distance there and back again being 74 miles, of which he rode 26 and walked 48, being absent from home only 26 hours, and all the refreshment he had on the road was one pint of ale.

## A POETICAL GAMEKEEPER.

Richard Wheeler, gamekeeper to a Gentleman residing at Faringdon, has had a board placed at the entrance of one of his master's preserves, on which is printed in legible characters the following poetic effusion:—

The game on this estate's preserved—

Take notice all encroachers;

And be it also well observed,

Death's poaching here for poachers.

## SPORTING OBITUARY.

Recently, in his 92d year, Philip Mallet Case, Esq. of Testerton House, near Fakenham, Norfolk, of which parish he was the entire proprietor. He was Major in the Norfolk Rangers, an ardent lover of field sports, and a great supporter of the recently established hounds in that district of the country. To him is Norwich indebted for possessing the portrait of that "fine old English Gentleman," Mr. Coke of Holkham, which now decorates the Corn Exchange in that City, as he was the first to set a subscription on foot among the independent yeomanry of Norfolk for that purpose—to use his own words, "as a token of our great esteem and regard for one who has for more than half a century represented us with the ut-

most faithfulness and honour, and attention to our prosperity, as well as to the welfare of the people at large." The invitation to effect this object was characteristic of the *bonhomie* of the man:—"To come to a proper arrangement, and to appoint a Committee for the intended purpose," he says, in a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Norfolk Chronicle*, as the most eligible vehicle through which his intentions could have the greatest publicity, "I shall be most happy to see any Gentlemen that will honour me with their company at Testerton House on Friday the 29d of October next (1830); and after the pleasure of the business I shall be most highly delighted to entertain them with some Testerton plum-pudding, Devon roast beef, Mrs. Read's fine ale, and Scarlett Everard's old Port, and a true old English hearty welcome."—To shew the estimation in which this Gentleman was held, his remains were followed to the place of interment, the family vault at Dunton, by the whole of his tenantry, and no less than 3000 persons.

On the 25th of August, aged 70, Mr. Thomas Pexton. He was for many years the huntsman of the York City Harriers, and, whether in the field or the kennel, always discharged his duty in the most sportsmanlike manner. In private life, he was much respected by his relations and friends, having justly attained the character of a kind husband, an indulgent father, and a sincere friend.

At Newmarket, Mr. John Merchant, the much-respected and well-known proprietor of the White Hart Inn, and one of the founders of the Society of Benevolent Whips, established in 1807. As a coachman he may truly be said to have been in his day *nulli secundus*.

## ERRATUM.

MR. EDITOR.—In making some remarks in my paper on the sale of the Stud, &c. of a certain Sporting character in L.—shire (p. 443), I stated to you that he had in a foolish moment of revelry committed to the flames some old entailed furniture of his ancestors. I find on inquiry that my information was not correct, and I therefore hasten to *recal* this anecdote with a satisfaction that can only be equalled by the horror I felt when this occurrence was stated to me. *Fiat justitia, &c.*—VAGUUS—O.

## CHESS.

THE following is the present State of the MATCH at CHESS now pending between the WESTMINSTER and PARIS CHESS CLUBS :—

| ENGLISH GAME.   |                | FRENCH GAME.      |                |
|-----------------|----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. K P 2        | K P 1          | 1 K P 2           | K P 2          |
| 2. Q P 2        | Q P 2          | 2. K Kt to B 3    | Q Kt to B 3    |
| 3. P takes P    | P takes P      | 3. K B to Q B 4   | Same           |
| 4. K Kt to B 3  | Same           | 4. Q B P 1        | Q P 1          |
| 5. K B to Q 3   | Q B P 2        | 5. Q P 2          | P takes P      |
| 6. Q checks     | K B to K 2     | 6. Q B P takes P  | K B to Q Kt 3  |
| 7. P takes P    | K castles      | 7. K R P 1        | K Kt to B 3    |
| 8. Q B to K 3   | K R to K's Sq. | 8. Q Kt to Q B 3  | Castles        |
| 9. B attacks R  | Q Kt to B 3    | 9. Castles        | K R to K's Sq. |
| 10. K Kt to Q 4 | K B takes P    | 10. Q R P 1       | K R P 1        |
| 11. B takes Kt  | Q Kt P takes B | 11. K R to K's Sq | Q R P 1        |
| 12. Q B P 1     | K B takes Kt   | 12. Q Kt P 2      | K R to K 2     |
| 13. P takes B   |                |                   |                |

*Westminster Chess Club, 20, Bedford Street, Covent Garden,  
September 17th, 1834.*

## BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE Town settling-day for the Leger, which by a general understanding takes place on the Monday after the Races, went off very smoothly on the 22d, but the differences were of less amount than for many years past. Both on this day and on the following Thursday scarcely any business was done on the Derby or Oaks, the "talk" being chiefly on the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, which will have come off the day before our publication. The attendance on both days was very slack, from the absence of the principal men at Heaton Park.

The present figures for the DERBY are :—12 to 1 agst Coriolanus, by Emilius out of Linda; 16 to 1 agst Silenus, by Reveller out of Trampoline; 20 to 1 agst colt by Cinton out of Darioletta; 20 to 1 agst Brother to Augustus, by Sultan; 30 to 1 agst Quintus, by Emilius out of Katherine (taken); 40 to 1 agst Welcome, by Luzborough—Victoria (taken).—5 to 1 agst Mr. Riddale's lot (taken freely); 6 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's lot; and 30 to 1 agst Mr. Greatrex's two and Burden (taken).

Pilgrim, the winner of the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster, is already backed for next year's Leger at 10 to 1 (taken).

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have no doubt as to the correctness of the statement forwarded to us by X Y Z of the disgraceful transaction at Warwick in the race for the Cup: it has only added another link to the chain of infamy which has attached itself to a certain *Brummagem Hero*, who seems determined to ascertain to what length he can stretch his nefarious practices. To "shew such a fellow up"—and our Correspondent *beards* him to the teeth—is scarcely *worth* the trouble, as he appears to set public opinion at defiance. Mr. Peel's determination seems best calculated to effect the object, that Gentleman having publicly declared, that wherever he was Steward of any race-course in future he should order *that man* off.

As the Coursing Season will shortly commence, we have to request that the Secretaries to the Clubs will furnish us with the Lists as soon as they are *correctly* made out.

We have just learnt that Calloway, the rider of Touchstone, winner of the St. Leger, was thrown from the Quicksilver coach on his journey from Lichfield to Oswestry, on the 21st, and had his leg broken. He was engaged to ride at Oswestry, Wrexham, and Holywell.

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END OF VOLUME IX.—SECOND SERIES.

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## THE RACING CALENDAR, 1834.

### NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 14.**—The **CRAVEN STAKES**, a subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 8st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—A. F.—Ten subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. h. Colwick, by Filho, 6 yrs (Scott) ..... 1  
Col. Peel's b. h. Clarion, by Catton, 6 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Rutland's br. h. Hawker, by Emilius, 5 yrs; Mr. Watt's ch. c. Belshazzar, by Blacklock, 4 yrs; Duke of Grafton's br. f. Octave, by Emilius, 4 yrs; Mr. Grestex's b. c. by Lottery out of Lady Neville, 3 yrs; Mr. Forth's ch. c. Robinson Crusoe, by Helenus, 3 yrs; Mr. Mills's br. c. Old Bill, by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs; and Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. Bon Ton, 3 yrs. —Seven to 4 on Belshazzar, 6 to 1 agst Clarion, 10 to 1 agst Old Bill, and 10 to 1 agst Octave.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds.—Ab. M.  
Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, by Centaur, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Robinson) ..... 1  
Mr. John Robinson's b. c. Laud, by Zealot—Canterbury, 4 yrs, 8st. .... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, 4 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Lord Verulam's b. c. Little Casino, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Lord Egremont's b. f. Sister to Gayhurst, 4 yrs, 8st.; Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer, out of Harg, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; Mr. Webb's b. c. Sevilian, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb.; Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. Skimmer, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. (carried 6st. 13lb.); Duke of Rutland's b. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Orville, out of Lacerta, by Zodiac, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb.; Mr. Sowerby's gr. c. Malcolm, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.; and Mr. Goodwin's b. f. Sister to Nannette, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.—Mr. Forth's The Victor (late Pagan), 4 yrs, 9st. paid.—Seven to 4 agst the Camel filly, 5 to 2 agst the Duke of Rutland's colt, 7 to 1 agst Clearwell, and 7 to 1 agst Jason.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Bloss's b. m. *Water Witch*, by Whalebone, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (T. Robinson) ..... 1  
Mr. Greville's ch. h. Gondolier, aged, 8st. 9lb. .... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Yates's ch. m. Sensitive, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Sir M. Wood's ch. h. Amesbury, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Kent na. ro. f. Baleine, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Catalonian, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; and Lord Jersey's ch. m. Datura, 5 yrs, 8st. 1lb. (carried 8st. 4lb.).—Lord Lichfield's b. h. Minister, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. paid.—Two to 1 agst Baleine, 4 to 1 agst Gondolier, and 4 to 1 agst Sensitive.

**The Twentieth RIDDLESWORTH STAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1830.—Ab. M.—Twenty-three subs.

Mr. Gully's gr. c. *Viator*, by Stumps out of Katherine, 8st. 4lb. (Wheatley) ..... 1  
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Darius, by Reveller out of Fanny Davies, 8st. 4lb. .... 2  
Lord Jersey's ch. f. Nell Gwynne, by Sultan out of Cobweb, 8st. 4lb. .... 3  
Mr. Roberts's b. c. by Emilius out of the chestnut Sister to Sailor, 8st. 4lb. .... 4  
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Emilius out of The Witch, 8st. 4lb. .... 5  
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Sultan out of Prudence, 8st. 4lb. .... 6  
Seven to 4 agst Viator, 2 to 1 agst Nell Gwynne, and 6 to 1 agst Darius.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. *The Saddler*, by Waverley, 9st. 2lb. (Robinson) beat Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Glaucus, by Partisan, 8st. 5lb., D. M., 200, h. ft.—Six to 4 on Glaucus.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—D. M.  
Mr. Greville's br. f. *Pickle*, by Emilius out of Mustard, 7st. 8lb. (Nat) ..... 1  
Col. Peel's b. c. Harum Scarum, by Bedlamite, 7st. 11lb. .... 2  
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Montrose, by Reveller out of Legend, 7st. 2lb. .... 3  
Mr. Shard's b. f. Zitella, by Reveller out of Evena, 8st. 3lb. .... 4  
Five to 4 agst Harum Scarum, 2 to 1 agst Pickle, and 6 to 1 agst Montrose.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. *Circassian*, by Sultan, 7st. 12lb. rec. 50 sovs. from Sir M. Wood's Camarine, by Juniper, 8st. 4lb., D. M., 300, 100 ft.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Greville's ch. c. *Hernani*, by Mameluke out of Sycorax, 8st. 7lb. rec. 80 sovs. from Lord Tavistock's c. (dead) by Royal Oak out of Loeway, 8st. 4lb., T.Y.C., 200, 8. ft.

**TUESDAY, April 15.**—**MATCH.**—Mr. Thornhill's b. c. *Mouser*, by Merlin out of Surprise (Connolly), beat Mr. Sloane Stanley's b. c. by Little John or Whalebone out of Lamia, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M., 100, h. ft. —Three to 1 on Mouser.

The First Tuesday's RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1830.—Ab. M.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                                             |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Jersey's ch. c. <i>Glencoe</i> , by Sultan out of Trampoline, 8st. 4lb. (Robinson) ... | 1 |
| Sir S. Graham's b. f. Zulima, by Sultan out of Emma, 8st. 4lb. ....                         | 2 |
| Lord Burlington's br. f. by Bizarre out of Barossa, 8st. 4lb. ....                          | 3 |
| Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Sultan out of Advance, 8st. 4lb. ....                               | 4 |

Two to 1 on Glencoe.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:**—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.: out of mares which never produced a winner of more than 200 sovs. at any one time before the 1st of May 1832.—R. M.—Five subs.

|                                                                                                                         |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Batson's ch. c. <i>Plenipotentiary</i> , by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles (Connolly) .....                     | 1 |
| Lord Lowther's b. c. by Emilius, dam (foaled in 1824) by Wanderer, out of Caroline .....                                | 2 |
| Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Zealot's dam .....                                                 | 3 |
| Duke of Portland's br. c. by Tramp out of Manto by Tiresias, dam by Walton, out of Marmion's dam (foaled in 1824) ..... | 3 |

Five to 2 on Plenipotentiary.

The OATLANDS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. L.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir M. Wood's br. f. <i>Vespa</i> , by Muley, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (Chapple) ..... | 1 |
| Duke of Cleveland's ch. h. Trustee, by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. ....          | 2 |
| Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. ....       | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's br. m. Galata, by Sultan, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. Chantilly, by Gustavus, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Walker's b. f. Anne, by Catton, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; and Col. Peel's Malibran, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 6st. 13lb.—Four to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, 5 to 1 agst Chantilly, 5 to 1 agst Galata, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.**—D. M.—Three subs.  
Mr. Hunter's gr. c. *Morolto*, by Gustavus out of Marrowfat.....rec. forfeit.  
Mr. Greville's b. c. Zethus, by Mameluke out of Antiope, withdrew his stake.

**MATCH.**—Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Figaro, dam by Whisker, out of Jack Spigot's dam, rec. 50 sovs. from Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin out of Madelina, T.Y.C., 200, h. ft.—no weights mentioned.

**WEDNESDAY, April 16.**—**SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l.:**—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; and five, 9st.—T. Y. C.

|                                                                                              |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Ince</i> , by Bedlamite out of Emmy, 3 yrs (Pavis) .....                | 1 |
| Mr. Forth's ch. c. Robinson Crusoe, by Helennus, 3 yrs .....                                 | 2 |
| Mr. G. Edwards's ch. h. Ambrosio, 5 yrs .....                                                | 3 |
| Mr. Nevill's ch. c. Bamboozle, by Welbeck out of Lilly of the Valley by Canopus, 5 yrs ..... | 4 |
| Mr. Chifney's Sister to Marcus, 3 yrs .....                                                  | 5 |

Five to 2 agst Ince.

**MATCH.**—Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Fortunatus*, by Sultan out of Rabel, 8st. 7lb. (Scott) beat Lord Tavistock's b. f. by Rasping out of Morisca by Morisco out of Waltz, 8st. 4lb., D. M., 200, h. ft.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.**—D. M.—Six subs.  
Lord Exeter's b. f. *Mimosa*, by Sultan (Darling).....
 1 || Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Mameluke out of Varennes ..... | 2 |

Six to 4 on the loser.

First Year of a SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb.—A. F.—Eighteen subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Vansittart's br. f. by Lottery, dam by Abjer, out of Slight (Robinson) ..... | 1 |
| Col. Peel's b. f. Rosalie, by Whalebone out of Electress .....                   | 2 |



The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Pettit's b. f. Splitpost, by Mameluke, dam by Juniper, out of Selima by Selim; Mr. Goodwin's b. f. Sister to Nannette; and Mr. Grant's b. f. by Whalebone out of Fatima by Selim.—Five to 2 on Rosalie, 4 to 1 agst Fatima, and 10 to 1 agst the winner.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Untried stallions or mares allowed 8lb.—Four subs.

Lord Oxford's b. c. *Airy*, by St. Patrick out of Stays ..... rec. forfeit.  
Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Altamont*, Brother to Mounteagle, withdrew his stake.

**THURSDAY, April 17.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.—Four subs.

Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Altamont*, by Sligo out of Ina (Wheatley) ..... 1  
Duke of Portland's b. c. by Catten out of Tragedy ..... 2  
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. *Dick*, by Lamplighter out of Bluestockings ..... 3  
Six to 4 agst *Dick*, and 6 to 4 agst *Altamont*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.—Four subs.

Mr. Gully's gr. c. *Viator*, by Stumps out of Katherine (Wheatley) ..... 1  
Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Altamont*, by Sligo out of Ina ..... 2  
Three to 1 on *Viator*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—R. M.—Nine subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. *Plenipotentiary*, by Emilius out of Harriet (Connolly) ..... 1  
Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Glencoe*, by Sultan out of Trampoline ..... 2  
Six to 4 on *Glencoe*.

The Forfeit Class of the **OATLANDS STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—D. L.—Ten subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. *David*, by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Connolly) ..... 1  
Col. Peel's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. .... 2  
Mr. W. Smith's br. m. *The Witch*, by Whalebone, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb. .... 3  
Six to 4 on *David*, and 2 to 1 agst *The Witch*.

**THE CLARET STAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. L.—The owner of the second horse withdrew his stake.—Six subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Glaucus*, by Partisan (Scott) ..... 1  
Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Shylock*, by Waterloo ..... 2  
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Titus*, by Truffle ..... 3  
Lord Exeter's br. c. *Cactus*, by Sultan ..... 4  
Seven to 4 agst *Glaucus*, 2 to 1 agst *Cactus*, 7 to 2 agst *Shylock*, and 4 to 1 agst *Titus*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 40 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Three subs.

Mr. Greville's br. f. *Pickle*, by Emilius, 8st. 1lb. .... rec. forfeit.  
Mr. R. Stephenson's ch. c. *Gale Middleton*, by Middleton, dam by Tramp, 7st. 4lb. withdrew his stake.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Greville's b. c. *Zethus*, by Mameluke, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Lord Tavistock's c. (dead) by Royal Oak out of Leeway, 8st. 4lb., R. M., 200, h. ft.

**MATCH.**—Col. Peel's b. c. *Harum Scorum*, by Bedlamite, rec. ft. from Lord Tavistock's c. (dead) by Royal Oak out of Leeway, 8st. 7lb. each, R. M., 100, h. ft.

**FRIDAY, April 18.**—**THE ALE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. L.—The winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Three subs.

Col. Peel's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam (Nat) ..... 1  
Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge ..... 2  
Five to 2 on the loser.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Mr. Marson's ch. f. *Chance*, by Patron out of Ramona (Boyce) ..... 1  
Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. *Wellington*, by Cannon Ball out of Psyche ..... 2  
Seven to 4 on *Wellington*.

**SUBSCRIPTION PLATE** of 50l.:—for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six, 8st. 4lb.; and aged, 9st. 8lb.—D. M.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Mills's b. c. *Old Bill*, by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs (S. Rogers) ..... 1  
Mr. Rush's b. h. *Roadster*, by M'Adam, 6 yrs ..... 2

Mr. Gauntlett's b. f. *Barbiche*, by *Lapdog* out of *The Etching*, 3 yrs..... 1  
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Regulus*, 3 yrs..... 4  
 Six to 5 on *Old Bill*, and 2 to 1 agst *Roadster*.

THE HARE PARK STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.  
 Untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.—D. M.—Five subs.

Sir S. Graham's b. f. *Zulima*, by *Sultan* (Robinson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. *Mouser*, by *Merlin* out of *Surprise* ..... 2  
 Five to 2 on *Mouser*.

THE PORT STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—(not named in the Claret).—T. M. M.—The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.—Fifteen subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Muley Moloch*, by *Muley* (S. Chiffey) ..... 1  
 Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. *Revenge*, by *Fungus* ..... 2  
 Mr. Walker's br. c. *Mussulman*, by *Muley* ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Exeter's b. c. *Sir Robert* ; Sir S. Graham's b. c. *Jason* ; Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. *Chantilly* ; Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale* ; Mr. Batson's ch. f. *Revelry* ; and Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. *Catalonian*.—Eleven to 8 agst *Mussulman*, 5 to 2 agst *Muley Moloch*, 7 to 1 agst *Whale*, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. (foaled in 1831)—D. M.—Five subs.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Olympic*, by *Reveiler*, walked over, and received one forfeit.  
 Mr. Mills's b. c. *Brother to Kate*, by *Lapdog* out of *Effie Deans*, received the other two forfeits.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Those out of untried mares, or got by untried stallions, allowed 3lb., but only one allowance.—Six subs.

Mr. Mills's b. c. *Brother to Kate*, by *Lapdog* ..... rec. forfeit.

MATCH.—Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by *Lottery* out of *Trulla*, 8st. 6lb. rec. 200 sovs. from Sir M. Wood's ch. f. by *Reveiler* out of *Leila*, 8st. 2lb., D. M., 500, h. ft.

#### WARWICK SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, March 19.—THE TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two and three-year-olds.—Mile Course.—Seven subs.

Mr. Bristow's b. c. *Donald*, by *Cain* out of *Mary*, 2 yrs, 7st. (Chapple)..... 1  
 Lord Warwick's b. c. *Trepidation*, by *Centaur*, 3 yrs, 9st..... 2  
 Mr. West's br. c. *Smuggler*, by *Shaver* out of *Rachel Ruysch*, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb..... 3  
 Mr. B. King's ch. c. *Tanworth*, by *Outlaw* out of *Lucy's dam*, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb. .... 4

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. E. Peel's br. g. *Tuft*, by *Whisker*, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ; and Mr. Boardsworth's br. c. by *Manfred* out of *Bracelet*, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb.

THE TRADESMEN'S CUP, value 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Leigh's b. g. *The Agitator*, Brother to *Bogtrotter*, by *Alonzo*, 12st. (Captain Peyton) ..... 1

Mr. Robbins's br. h. by *York* out of *The Asp's dam*, 12st. 6lb. .... 2

Mr. Sanderson's br. g. *Kilmarnock*, by *Corelli*, 12st. .... 3

THE PILLERTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Three subs.

Mr. Osbaldeston's *Reform*, by *Don Cossack*, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Owner) ..... 1

Mr. T. Compton's b. g. *Taper*, by *Weful*, dam by *Gulliver*, out of *Waxlight's dam*, 3 yrs, 9st. 9lb. .... 2

THE DEBDALE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with a Purse added.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Eight subs.

Mr. Russell's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Williams) ..... 1

Capt. Lamb's br. g. *Vivian*, by *Fencer*, dam by *Spanker*, 11st. 7lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. J. L. Brooke's bl. g. *Gaveston*, 11st. 7lb. ; Mr. Phillipson's ch. m. *El Esmeralda*, 11st. 7lb. ; Mr. Clarke's gr. m. *Sister to The Flyer*, 11st. 12lb. ; Mr. Smith's br. g. *Sir Gore*, 11st. 7lb. ; and Mr. Russell's br. g. *Agitator*, 11st. 7lb.

The FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. with 10 added for the second horse.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                                                         |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. F. Robbins's ch. g. <i>Gustavus the Third</i> , by Rasping, dam by Sooth-sayer, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. (Mr. Sabin) ..... | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mr. Hiron's b. f. by Sir Gray out of The Flyer's dam, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. ....                                            | - | 0 | 2 |
| Mr. Whittington's br. g. Little John, by Outlaw, 4 yrs, 11st. ....                                                      | 2 | - | - |

Three others started.

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50 sovs. with 10 for the second horse.—Two miles.

|                                                                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Gibson's b. g. <i>The Miller</i> (late Citizen), 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Sabin) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Lucas's b. g. The Asps, aged, 13st. ....                                         | 2 |

Two others started.

FORCED HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                             |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. West's ch. g. <i>Crickst</i> , by Claude Lorraine, 4 yrs, 9st. ....     | 1 |
| Lord Warwick's b. f. by Filbo out of Double Entendre, 2 yrs, 7st. 6lb. .... | 2 |
| Mr. Russell's gr. m. Alice Grey, 8st. 1lb. ....                             | 4 |
| Capt. Bunney's Musket, 8st. ....                                            |   |

### BEDFORD SPRING MEETING.

THURSDAY, March 20.—The OAKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Thirteen subs.

|                                                                                     |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's br. m. <i>Milly</i> , by Milesias, aged, 12st. (Owner) .....  | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. G. Ongley's ch. f. by Bedlamite out of Stoneleigh's dam, 3 yrs, 9st. 10lb. .... | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. F. Ongley's ch. g. The Clipper, aged, 12st. ....                                | 3 | dr. |

MATCH.—Mr. Delme Radcliffe's ch. g. *Norman*, by Abjer out of Rowena, 9st. 13lb. (Owner) beat Mr. W. Lantour's gr. m. Berengaria, 9st. 9lb., two miles, 50, h. ft.

The FARMERS' PLATE of 60 sovs. given by the Oakley Club.—Heats, once round.

|                                                                           |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. W. Price's b. c. <i>Radical</i> , by Saracen, 3 yrs, 10st. 10lb. .... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Purcell's b. g. Zekiel Homespun, 4 yrs, 11st. 7lb. ....               | 4 | 2 |

Five others started.

MATCH.—Mr. Phillimore's b. c. *Puzzle*, by Reveller out of Jack Junk's dam (Wakefield) beat Mr. Lantour's ch. c. *Cœur de Lion*, by Nigel out of Berengaria, both 2 yrs, 8st. 7lb. each, one mile, 100, h. ft.

HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Three quarters of a mile.

|                                                          |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Purser's b. c. <i>Radical</i> , 3 yrs, 11st. ....    | 1 |
| Mr. G. Ongley's ch. m. Ringdove, 5 yrs, 10st. 10lb. .... | 2 |
| Col. Short's b. m. aged, 12st. 2lb. ....                 | 3 |
| Mr. Lantour's gr. m. Berengaria, aged, 12st. ....        | 4 |

### EAST SUSSEX HUNT MEETING.

#### LEWES COURSE.

MONDAY, March 31.—The PIC-NIC HURDLE STAKES of three sovs. each, with a Cup value 50 sovs., and five sovs. for the second horse.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Lake na. ch. g. <i>Pleader</i> , by Little John, 5 yrs (Mr. Hardwick) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. F. Goring na. b. g. Michelgrove, by Straitwaist, 5 yrs .....                 | 2 |
| Mr. Craven's bl. g. Chance, by Sir Harry Dimsdale, aged .....                    | 3 |
| Mr. Lee na. gr. g. Paul Shock, 5 yrs .....                                       | 4 |
| Lord Errol na. b. g. Leader, aged .....                                          | 5 |

The FARMERS' STAKES of three sovs. each, and 10 sovs. added for the second horse. Twenty-five subs.

|                                                                            |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Sir R. Wilmot na. b. h. <i>Hazard</i> , by Robin Hood (Mr. Hardwick) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Col. Wyndham na. b. h. Symmetry, by Straitwaist, 4 yrs .....               | - | 2   |
| Col. Gilbert na. b. g. Wallace, by Young Whalebone .....                   | - | 3   |
| Mr. Gratwick na. br. g. Midsummer, by Straitwaist, 4 yrs .....             | 2 | -   |
| Mr. Harrington na. gr. m. Columbine, by Harlequin, 5 yrs .....             | 3 | dr. |

Several others started.

The EAST SUSSEX HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, and 20 added, with 5 sovs. for the second horse.—Ten subs.

|                                                             |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Berkeley's b. g. <i>Pennywise</i> , 6 yrs .....         | - | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Wyatt's gr. g. Hit or Miss, by Straitwaist, 5 yrs ..... | 1 | 2 | 2 |

|                                                                            |   |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Monk's b. m. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by <i>Pendulum</i> , aged.....         | 2 | 4 | 3   |
| Lord Lake na. b. g. <i>Devil's Dyke</i> , by <i>Wanderer</i> , 6 yrs ..... | 3 | 3 | dr. |
| Lord Sheffield na. br. g. <i>Spectra</i> , by <i>Spectre</i> , 8 yrs ..... | - | 6 | dr. |

Several others started.

### CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING.

[The horses running at Catterick Bridge take their ages from the 1st of January, as at Newmarket.]

**WEDNESDAY, April 2.**—The CRAVEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 8st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st.; and aged, 8st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Craven Course, a mile and three furlongs.

Mr. W. Peirce's b. f. *Benevolence*, by *Figure* out of *Swiss*'s dam, 3 yrs (Hunter) ... 1  
Lord Kelburne's br. f. *Sister to Retainer*, 4 yrs..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Leeds's b. m. *Lady Marcia*, 5 yrs; Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by *Longwaist* out of *Lacerta*, 3 yrs; Mr. Dawson's ch. g. *Pestilence*, 5 yrs; Mr. G. Crompton's br. f. *Flight*, by *Velocipede* out of *Miss Wilks*, 3 yrs; Col. Cradock's ch. c. *Swing*, by *Wanton*, 3 yrs; Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. *Tessie*, 4 yrs; and Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. *Zohrab*, by *Lottery* out of *Elizabeth* by *Walton*, 3 yrs.

The CLARET STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by His Grace the Duke of Leeds, and 30 from the Club, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 7st. 13lb.

—The winner to give four dozen of Claret to the Club.—Two miles.—Twelve subs.  
Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. *Melherstein*, by *Corinthian* (Holmes) ..... 1  
Mr. W. Metcalfe's b. c. *Monitor*, by *Wanton* out of *Mimic*'s dam ..... 2  
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. *The Count*, by *Figure* out of *Catgut* ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Amunath*, by *Whisker*, dam by *Selim*; Lord Kelburne's br. f. *Sister to Retainer*; Mr. C. Attwood's gr. f. *Orinda*, by his Grey Arabian out of *Rosalind*; Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. *Lambkin*, by *Young Phantom*; Mr. Armitage's b. c. by *Velocipede*, dam by *Whisker*, grandam by *Cock Robin*; Col. Cradock's br. c. *Paris*, by *Whisker* out of *Homer*'s dam; and Mr. Taylor's b. c. *System*, by *Waverley*, dam by *Bartonian*.

Two-year-old PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—5lb. allowed, &c.—Y. C.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by *Acton* out of *Comedy*, 7st. 11lb. (Cartwright) ..... 1  
Mr. T. Dundas's b. c. *Weldare*, by *Langar*, dam by *Orrville* out of *Heliand*, 8st. ... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Eglinton's b. f. *Rectitude*, by *Lottery* out of *Decision*, 8st.; Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. *Actonides*, by *Acton* out of *Lady of the Vale*'s dam, 8st.; Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. by *Malek* out of *Tourist*'s dam, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. by *Waverley* out of *Britannia*, 8st.; Mr. Metcalfe's ch. f. *Miss Frill*, by *Acton* out of *Giglet*, 7st. 11lb.; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by *Acton*, dam by *Reveller*, out of *Lisette*, 8st.; and Mr. Scott's b. c. *Itinerant*, by *Tramp* out of *Frailty*.

The CATTERICK BRIDGE CLUB STAKES were declared off.

**THURSDAY, April 3.**—The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—The winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.—Straight half mile.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Armitage's ch. f. by *Velocipede* out of *Miss Garforth* by *Walton* (Garbutt)..... 1  
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by *Acton* out of *Comedy* ..... 2  
Mr. Skipsy's b. f. *Violante*, Sister to *The Saddler*..... 3  
Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. *The Stag*, by *Acton* out of *Palmflower*'s dam by Sir David ..... 4

Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. by *Bastard*, dam by *Comus*, out of *Margrave*'s dam..... 5

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Leeds's br. f. by *Waverley* out of *Young Mary*; Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by *Acton* out of *Georgiana*; Mr. C. Attwood's gr. c. *Abbasan*, by his Grey Arabian out of his Grey Arabian mare; and Mr. Chilton's b. f. by *Velocipede* out of *Fisher Lass*.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles. Seven subs.

Lord Eglinton's br. f. *Zillah*, by *Jerry* out of *Snowball*, 7st. 11lb. (T. Lye)..... 1  
Duke of Leeds's ch. f. *Medea*, by *Whisker*, dam by *Octavian*, 7st. 11lb. .... 2  
Mr. Stephenson's b. f. by *Blacklock* out of *Voltaire*'s dam, 8st..... 3

**GOLD CUP**, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Club;—three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. *Lol*, by Lottery out of Rhodacantha, 4 yrs (Templeman)... 1  
Mr. Orde's br. h. Tomboy, by Jerry, 5 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. *The Mystery*, 4 yrs; Duke of Leeds's ch. f. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Fry, 3 yrs; Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, aged; Mr. Crompton's br. f. *Flight*, 3 yrs; Mr. Jaques's ch. f. *Pantomime*, 4 yrs; Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Longwaist out of *Lacerta*, 3 yrs; Mr. C. Attwood's gr. f. *Orinda*, 3 yrs; and Col. Cradock's b. f. *Fanny*, 4 yrs.

### CHELTENHAM SPRING MEETING.

**THURSDAY, April 3.**—The **TRADESMEN'S CUP**, value 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—One mile and a half.

Colonel Gilbert's b. g. *Kilmarnock*, 11st. 4lb. (Owner) ..... 1  
Mr. L. Griffiths's br. g. *Sportsman*, 11st. 4lb. .... 2  
Mr. Ballinger's ch. g. *Sandy*, 11st. 4lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Beyer's bl. g. *The Black Knight*; Mr. R. S. Doyne's Wooden-legged Sailor; and Mr. Pearce's *Gazelle*.

The **BERKELEY HUNT STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for regular hunters not thorough-bred, the property of and ridden by Members of the Hunt.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Colonel Gilbert's ro. g. *Conrad*, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner) ..... 1  
Mr. Lucas's ch. g. *Harlequin*, aged, 11st. 11lb. .... 2

The **WHIP**, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each.—A mile and a half.

Mr. W. W. Bryer's ch. m. *Camilla*, by Tramp, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Brown) ..... 1  
Colonel Gilbert's bl. g. *Cantab*, 12st. 1lb. .... 2  
Mr. F. Craven's *Ghost*, 11st. 10lb. .... 3

**LADIES' CUP**, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred Two miles.—Three subs.

Colonel Gilbert's ro. g. *Conrad*, aged, 12st. (Owner) ..... 1  
Mr. Doyley's b. g. *Windrush*, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... 2

**FORCED HANDICAP** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. F. Craven's *Ghost*, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Dutton) ..... 0 1  
Mr. W. W. Bryer's *Camilla*, 12st. 7lb. .... 0 2  
Colonel Gilbert's *Kilmarnock*, 11st. 10lb. .... 3  
Mr. H. Thompson's c. by *Royalist*, 10st. 6lb. .... 4  
Colonel Gilbert's *Conrad*, 12st. 4lb. .... dr.

### CROXTON PARK MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 9.**—The **FARMERS' PLATE** of 50gs. and 10gs. to the second horse, given by the Gentlemen of the Belvoir and Quorndon Hunts, for horses not thorough-bred (the property of Farmers):—four-year-olds, 11st. 10lb.; five, 12st. 3lb.; six and aged, 12st. 7lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wright's ch. g. by *The Flyer* ..... 1 1  
Mr. Mackley's ch. g. .... 2 -  
Mr. Fisher's b. g. by *Mad Tom* ..... - 2

Several others started.

The **SCURRY STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, 12st. each.—A little less than the third of a mile.

Lord Chesterfield's gr. f. *Fanny Grey*, by Waterloo, 3 yrs (Lord Wilton) ..... 1  
Capt. Findall's b. m. *Columbine*, by Grimaldi, 6 yrs ..... 2

Some others started.

The **BILLESDON COPLOW STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred:—four-year-olds, 10st. 12lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—A winner of the Bosworth Stakes to carry 5lb., a winner of the Billesdon Coplow Stakes, 7lb., if both, or either twice, 14lb. extra.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Twelve subs.

Colonel Charrittle's b. c. *Swing*, by Fitzwalton, 4 yrs (Owner) ..... 1  
Mr. W. C. Hobson's br. c. *Return*, by Don Cossack, 4 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Lichfield's br. c. *Dissolution*, by *Emilia*, 4 yrs ; and Count *Bathany* na. *Anti-Reformer*, aged.

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—Once round.—To start at the Distance-post.

Lord Chesterfield's gr. f. *Fanny Grey*, 3 yrs, 10st. 12lb. (Lord Wilton) ..... 1  
Mr. Newman's b. c. *Radical*, by *Saracen*, 3 yrs, 11st. 11lb. .... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. *The Tutor*, by *Lottery*, 3 yrs, 12st. ; and Mr. Hickling's ch. h. *Loweby*, 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb.

**PLATE** of 50 sovs. given by the Inhabitants of Melton Mowbray, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred :—four-year-olds, 10st. 12lb. ; five, 11st. 9lb. ; six, 12st. 2lb. ; and aged, 12st. 6lb.—A winner to carry 6lb. extra, if of the *Coplow* or *Bosworth*, 10lb. extra.—Once round.—The second horse to receive back his stake.

Colonel Charritie's b. c. *Swing*, by *Fitz-Walton*—*Tandem*, 4 yrs (Capt. Becher) ... 1  
Mr. W. C. Moberg's br. c. *Reform*, by *Don Cosack*, 4 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Newman's b. c. *Radical*, by *Saracen*, 3 yrs ..... 3

**FORCED HANDICAP** of 10 sovs. each, for the winners of each race run on this day (the winner of the *Farmers' Plate* excepted).

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. *The Tutor*, by *Lottery*, 3 yrs, 11st. (Owner) ..... 1  
Lord Chesterfield's gr. f. *Fanny Grey*, by *Waterloo*, 3 yrs, 10st. 12lb. .... 2  
Mr. Newman's b. c. *Radical*, by *Saracen*, 3 yrs, 11st. 3lb. .... 3

#### LICHFIELD SPRING MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 2.**—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each :—two-year-olds, 6st. ; three, 8st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 13lb. ; five, 9st. 5lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 9lb.—One mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. B. King's ch. c. *Tanworth*, by *Outlaw*, 2 yrs (Arthur) ..... 1  
Mr. Beardsworth's br. f. by *Longwaist* out of *Lucinda* by *Haphazard*, 2 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Moore na. b. f. *Shelah*, by *St. Patrick*, 2 yrs ; Gen. Yates's br. f. *Pegleg*, by *Edmund* out of *Penury* ; Mr. Vyner's bl. f. *Enchantress*, by *Reveller*, 2 yrs ; and Mr. Giffard's b. c. *Scamp*, by *Lottery* out of *Mrs. Clarke* by *Marmion*, 2 yrs.

The **BOSWORTH STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for half-bred horses.—Two miles.—Three subs.

Mr. Williams's br. g. by *Woful*, dam by *Gulliver*, out of *Waxlight's* dam, 3 yrs ..... walked over.

The **FARMERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. and 10 for the second horse.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Flavell's gr. m. *Agnes*, 5 yrs, 12st. 2lb. (Mr. Cooper) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Gibson's br. h. *Asp.* by *Duplicate*, 6 yrs, 13st. .... 3 2  
Mr. Twamley's br. c. *The Daring Ranger*, 4 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... 2 3

**MATCH.**—Mr. Portway's b. m. *Aston Lass*, 6 yrs, 7st. beat Mr. Bishop's br. f. *Amiable*, 4 yrs, 9st., 50l.

#### COTTISFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 3.**—**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Forster's b. f. *Pessima*, by *Bizarre*, 3 yrs, 11st. 2lb. (Mr. Peyton) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by *Y. Phantom*, 5 yrs, 12st. .... 2 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Bennett's b. h. by *Rubens* out of a half-bred mare, 5 yrs, 11st. 12lb. ; and Mr. Sadler's *Latitat*, aged, 12st. 9lb.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Codrington's *Conservative*, by *Young Phantom*, 10st. 5lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Coleman's *Curate*, 11st., once round and a distance, 100, 25 ft.

**CUP**, value 10l., and 40l. in specie, given by the Gentlemen of the Hunt, for horses not thorough-bred, and bred within the limits of Mr. Drake's Hunt.—Two-mile heats.—Ridden by Farmers.

# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1834.

9

|                                                                  |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Wilson's b. f. 3 yrs, 9st. 8lb. ....                         | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Siret's br. c. Audley, by Fitz-Walton, 3 yrs, 9st. 8lb. .... | 2 | 2 |
| Four others started.                                             |   |   |

A HANDICAP STAKES, with 20 sovs. added, was won by Mr. Wilson's b. m. beating seven others.

## PYCHLEY HUNT MEETING.

THURSDAY, April 3.—PLATE of 50l. given by Lord Southampton, for the Tower Troop of Yeomanry.—Twice round.

|                                                                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Dickens's gr. c. by Vampyre out of The Duchess, 3 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Weasley) ... | 1 |
| Mr. Cook's b. f. by Vampyre, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ....                                 | 2 |
| Mr. Hill's b. g. 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ....                                             | 3 |

The OPEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Price's <i>Radical</i> , by Saracen, 3 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (Weasley) .... | 1 |
| Mr. Burton's Catlap, by Catton, 4 yrs, 10st. 6lb. ....                   | 2 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. The Tutor, by Lottery, 3 yrs, 9st. 7lb. ....     | 3 |
| Mr. Coleman's Andallah, by Nigel, 4 yrs, 10st. 6lb. ....                 | 4 |
| Mr. Price's Newport, by Nicolo, aged, 11st. 2lb. ....                    | 5 |

The TALLYHO STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Foster's b. f. <i>Nike</i> , by Bizarre, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. (Col. Bouverie) .... | 1 |
| Col. Charritle's Swing, by Fitz-Walton, 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ....                      | 2 |
| Mr. Lovell's Lofty, by Sir Gray, 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb. ....                             | 3 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's Reform, by Don Cossack, 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ....                    | 4 |
| Mr. Sherman's Fitzwilliam, 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb. ....                                   | 5 |
| Mr. F. Ongley's Donnington, 5 yrs, 12st. 2lb. ....                                  | 6 |

A HURDLE RACE of 10 sovs. each, for regular hunters, &c.—Two miles.—Five subs.

|                                                                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Osbaldeston's <i>Bilberry</i> , by Hedley or Manfred, 11st. 7lb. (Steevens) .... | 1 |
| Mr. Shaw's Splinterbar (late Fitzwilliam), 11st. 7lb. ....                           | 2 |
| Mr. Dickens's Vanguard, 11st. 7lb. ....                                              | 3 |
| Mr. Salloway's The Ranger, by Candidate, 11st. 7lb. ....                             | 4 |
| Mr. Harris's Turpin, 11st. 7lb. ....                                                 | 5 |

FARMERS' PLATE of 50l.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                           |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Price's <i>Radical</i> , by Saracen, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. (Weasley) .... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Wesley's Richmond, 5 yrs, 12st. ....                                  | 6 | 2   |
| Mr. Pell's ch. g. by Jujube, 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb. ....                       | 2 | dr. |
| Five others started.                                                      |   |     |

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                                                                                     |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Andallah</i> , by Nigel, dam by Juniper, out of Trimbush by Teddy the Grinder, 11st. 6lb. (Mr. Becher) .... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Pell's ch. g. by Jujube, 10st. 10lb. ....                                                                                       | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Harris's Logic, 11st. 5lb. ....                                                                                                 | 5 | 3 |
| Mr. Lovell's gr. m. by The Abbot, 9st. 10lb. ....                                                                                   | 3 | 4 |
| Mr. Iven's Liberty, 12st. ....                                                                                                      | 4 | 5 |

FORCED HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each.—One mile.—Six subs.

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Osbaldeston's <i>The Tutor</i> , by Lottery, 10st. 6lb. (Owner) .... | 1 |
| Mr. Baker's Dolly, 11st. ....                                            | 2 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's <i>Bilberry</i> , by Hedley or Manfred, 11st. ....     | 3 |
| Mr. Coleman's Andallah, by Nigel, 9st. 10lb. ....                        | 4 |

## THE HOO MEETING (HERTS).

SATURDAY, April 5.—MATCH.—Mr. Delme Radcliffe's ch. g. *Norman*, by Abjer, 10st. 6lb. (Owner), beat Mr. W. Lantour's gr. m. *Berengaria*, 9st. 12lb., two miles, 50, h. ft.

SWEPESTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

|                                                                    |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Lantour's ch. c. <i>Cœur de Lion</i> , by Nigel (Coleman) .... | 1 |
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's gr. g. Brother to Forester, ....             | 2 |

**MATCH.**—Mr. Brand's gr. g. *The Pebble* (Owner) beat Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. g. Socks, 12st. each, 100.

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's ch. g. *Norwen*, by Abjer, aged, 12st. (Mr. Boucher) ..... 1 1  
 Lord Abercorn's ch. g. *Highflown*, 11st. 4lb. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Brand's b. g. *The Post*, aged, 12st. (ran on the wrong side of a post) ..... dis.

**GOLD CUP**, value 50 sovs. given by the Ladies of the County, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Lantour's ch. c. *Cœur de Lion*, by Nigel, 3 yrs, 9st. 9lb. (Owner) ..... 1  
 Mr. Baker's Bayford, aged, 10st. 8lb. .... 2  
 Mr. T. Halsey's *The Abbot*, aged, 11st. .... 3  
 Mr. D. Radcliffe's br. m. *Wilna*, 5 yrs, 12st. 9lb. also started, and came in first, but ran on the wrong side of a post.

The **FARMERS' PURSE** of 30 sovs. given by the Gentlemen of Mr. Sebright's Hunt, 12st. each, was won, at two-mile heats, by Mr. Marks's b. g. *Touchetoe* (W. Westley) beating five others.

**MATCH.**—Mr. D. Radcliffe's br. m. *Milly*, by Milesias (Owner), beat Mr. T. Halsey's b. m. *Pascollette*, 11st. 7lb. each, two miles, 50, h. ft.

#### MIDDLEHAM MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 7.**—**SWEESTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—Five subs.

Mr. Edmundson's b. f. *Rosamond*, Sister to Richmond, by Jack Spigot, dam by Wanton (Cartwright) ..... 1  
 Lord Eglinton's b. f. *Rectitude*, by Lottery—Decision ..... 2

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Racing Fund, 12st. each.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Ten subs.

Mr. Edmundson's bl. m. *Fandango* (Owner) ..... 3 1 1  
 Mr. J. T. Wray's ch. h. *Buffer* ..... 1 2 3  
 Dr. Douthwaite's *Margaretta* ..... 2 3 2  
 Mr. Swales's gr. m. .... 4 4 4

#### MALTON MEETING.

(Ages as in May).

**THURSDAY, April 10.**—The **COTTAGE STAKES** of five sovs. each, for hunters, 12st. each.—Once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Ten subs.

Mr. J. Hall's b. g. *Liddlesdale*, by Dinmont, dam by Sir Paul (Mr. R. Jackson) ... 1  
 Mr. F. Watt's b. h. *Hussite*, by Chateau Margaux ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir T. D. Legard's bl. h. by Tancredi; Mr. G. H. Thompson's ch. g. *The Farrier*; Mr. M. Foulis's *The Hunchback*, by Dinmont; Mr. F. Worsley's ch. h. by Theodore; and Mr. Hudson's b. h. *Forester*, by Spectre.

**MAIDEN PLATE** of 50l.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Johnson's bl. c. *Louden*, by Chateau Margaux out of Morgiana, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Marson, jun.) ..... 4 0 1 1  
 Mr. Singleton's ch. f. by Blacklock out of Splendour's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. ... 1 4 2 3  
 Mr. Fox's b. c. *The Count*, by Figaro, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. .... 2 0 3 2  
 Mr. J. Mills's ch. c. by Tramp, dam by Rubens, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. .... 3 3 dr.

**FRIDAY, April 11.**—**SWEESTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.

Mr. Taylor's ch. c. *Ainderby*, by Velocipede out of Sister to Nonplus (J. Holmes) ..... 1  
 Mr. S. King's gr. f. by Falcon, dam by Don Juan ..... 2  
 Mr. Marson's b. c. *Lotto*, by Lottery out of Wagtail ..... 3

The **WELHAM SILVER CUP**, value 50 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Five subs.  
 Mr. Robinson's br. g. *Jerry*, by Amadis, aged (Mr. Bowser) ..... 1



|                                                    |   |
|----------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Jones's br. m. The Dot .....                   | 2 |
| Mr. Thompson's ch. g. Fusileer, by Grenadier ..... | 3 |
| Mr. Bower's br. g. Foxberry, by Grey Walton .....  | 4 |

MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                           |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Fox's b. c. <i>The Count</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Wimperingham) .....      | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Lacy's b. f. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by Y. Phantom out of Cottage Girl, 4 yrs, 8st. .... | 2 | 2 |

DURHAM MEETING.

(Ages as in May.)

**THURSDAY, April 17.**—The TRIAL STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 10 added, for two-year olds—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—A winner in 1834 to carry 3lb. extra.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Four subs.  
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Velocipede out of Matilda (Lye)..... 1  
 Mr. Wormald's ch. c. by Velocipede out of Sister to Bullet, by Cannon-Ball ..... 2

PLATE of 50l. given by the Members for the City, for horses, &c. that never won 50l. at any one time in Plate or Stakes before the day of running:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five and upwards, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                  |     |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|
| Mr. Harrison's br. f. <i>Miss Wilfred</i> , by Lottery, 4 yrs (Cartwright) ....  | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. D. Ross's b. c. The Pretender, by Acton out of Grecian Queen, 3 yrs ...      | 2   | 2   |
| Mr. T. Hudson's b. c. Frank, by Agricola, 3 yrs .....                            | 3   | 3   |
| Mr. Attwood's gr. f. Orinda, by his Grey Arabian, 3 yrs .....                    | 4   | 4   |
| Mr. Jackson's br. f. Nanny Wase, by Figaro out of Judy Nicholson's dam, 3 yrs, - | dr. | dr. |

**FRIDAY, April 18.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20l. added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.—Two miles.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 100l. or upwards to carry 3lb. extra.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                    |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Eglinton's br. f. <i>Zillah</i> , by Jerry out of Snowball, 3 yrs (Lye) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Claridge's b. c. by Nimrod (Son of Whalebone) out of Andelia, 3 yrs .....      | 2 |
| Mr. Lockey's b. g. Ecclefechan, by Waulaujah, 5 yrs .....                          | 3 |
| Colonel Cookson's b. m. Catalani, by Tiger out of Wilna, aged .....                | 4 |

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                                          |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Capt. Potts's b. h. <i>Sparrow Hawk</i> , by Buzzard, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Cartwright)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Lamb's b. g. Pluralist, by Ambo, aged, 8st. 7lb.....                                 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Hudson's b. c. Frank, by Agricola, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ....                            | 3 | 3 |

**SATURDAY, April 19.**—FIFTY POUNDS given by the Members for the County:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—A winner of 50l. at any one time in Plate or Stake before entry to carry 3lb.; if two or more 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three-mile heats.

|                                                                                  |   |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| Mr. Harrison's br. f. <i>Miss Wilfred</i> , by Lottery, 4 yrs (Cartwright) ..... | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Loy's br. c. Lelevo, 4 yrs.....                                              | 2 | 2    |
| Mr. Lamb's br. g. Pluralist, aged .....                                          | 3 | 3    |
| Mr. Lockey's b. g. Ecclefechan, 5 yrs .....                                      | 3 | dr.  |
| Mr. Attwood's b. c. Ariosto, by his chestnut Arabian out of Rosalind, 4 yrs .... | 4 | dis. |

CANTERBURY SPRING MEETING.

**TUESDAY, April 1.**—The KENTISH HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages, that had been regularly hunted in the County.—Old King's Plate weights.—A winner of the value of 50l. at any time to carry 10lb. extra.—Horses bred in Kent allowed 5lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Seventeen subs.

|                                                                           |   |     |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr. Hodges's ch. f. <i>Caroline</i> , by Sligo, 4 yrs (Mr. Sefford) ..... | 4 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. Carter's b. h. Methelin, 6 yrs (fell lame) .....                      | 1 | 3   | 3 |
| Mr. Back's Ipsala, aged .....                                             | 2 | 2   | 2 |
| Sir J. Fagg na. Cavenham, 5 yrs .....                                     | 5 | 4   | 4 |
| Mr. Sladden's Balloon, aged .....                                         | 3 | dr. |   |

The FARMERS' PLATE of 50l. was won, at three heats, by Mr. Tilt's br. g. by Robin Hood out of a half-bred mare, beating three others.

The HURDLE RACE was won by Mr. Mason's b. g. beating four others.

## HOLDERNESSE HUNT MEETING.

**THURSDAY, April 3.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of half-bred mares covered in 1830, 9st. each.—To be ridden by any person but a jockey.—One mile.—Six subs.

|                                                                    |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. E. Smith's b. c. <i>Fushee</i> , by Brutandorf (Bradley) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. R. W. Richardson's gr. f. by Tinker .....                      | 2 |
| Mr. R. W. Richardson's ch. f. by Tinker .....                      | 3 |
| Mr. Hopkinson's br. c. by Brutandorf out of Collins .....          | 4 |

The **GOLD CUP**, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, that have been regularly hunted with any pack of Fox-hounds in Yorkshire:—four-year-olds, 10st. 11lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, and aged, 12st., and ridden by Members or Honorary Members of the Holderness Hunt.—Once round and a distance.—Twenty-four subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. H. Thompson's ch. g. <i>The Farrier</i> , by Bellerophon, aged (Owner) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. H. Hudson's b. g. <i>Forester</i> , by Spectre, aged .....                   | 2 |
| Mr. T. Barkworth's b. g. <i>Hindoo</i> , by Polygar, 4 yrs .....                 | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr R. Jackson's br. c. *Chance*, by Lottery, 4 yrs; Mr. Hawke's b. h. by Sir Anthony, dam by Sancho, 5 yrs; Mr. Wainman's b. g. *Criterion*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs; Mr. M. Foulis's b. f. by *Mimos*, dam by Screveton, 4 yrs; Mr. J. Hall's br. f. *Brutina*, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs; Mr. Jones's br. f. by Lottery out of Musket's dam, 4 yrs; and Mr. F. Foljambe's br. m. *The Dot*, aged.

The **FARMERS' CUP**, value 50l., given by the Members of the Holderness Hunt, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, the property of farmers, and that have been regularly hunted with the Holderness Hounds:—three-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; four, 11st. 6lb.; five, 12st. 2lb.; six, and aged, 12st. 9lb.—Entire horses to carry 3lb. extra.—To be ridden by farmers.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

|                                                                |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Robinson's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , aged (Mr. H. Bowser) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Knagg's b. f. by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs .....             | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. J. Skelton's br. g. by Blacklock, 4 yrs .....              | 3 | 3 |

Three others started.

**FRIDAY, April 4.**—The **HOLDERNESSE STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st.; four, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 5lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Any horse having won a Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes before the day of running, to carry 5lb.; of two, 7lb.; and three, 10lb. extra.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                                             |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. R. Jackson's br. c. <i>Chance</i> , by Lottery out of Parthenia, 4 yrs (T. Edwards) ... | 1 |
| Mr. Hesselstine's ch. g. <i>Jerry Hawthorn</i> , 6 yrs .....                                | 2 |
| Mr. Robinson's br. g. <i>Jerry</i> , aged .....                                             | 3 |
| Mr. Hall's b. f. <i>Brutina</i> , by Brutandorf, 3 yrs .....                                | 4 |
| Mr. G. H. Thompson's ch. g. <i>Fusileer</i> , by Grenadier, 4 yrs .....                     | 5 |

The **SWELTER CUP**, by a subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted with the Holderness, Lord Middleton's, or Mr. Hill's Fox-hounds, 14st. each.—The winner to be sold if demanded, &c. for 300l.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. J. Hall's b. g. <i>Liddesdale</i> , by Dinmont, dam by Paul (Jackson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. H. Hudson's b. g. <i>Forester</i> , by Spectre .....                        | 2 |
| Mr. G. H. Thompson's ch. g. <i>The Farrier</i> , by Bellerophon .....           | 3 |
| Mr. W. C. Maxwell's b. g. <i>Barrister</i> , by <i>Mimos</i> .....              | 4 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of seven sovs. each, open to any county, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, and *bona fide* the property of subscribers:—four-year-olds, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six and aged, 12st. 4lb.—To be ridden by Members or Honorary Members of the Holderness Hunt.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. H. Thompson's b. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Doctor Syntax, aged (Owner) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Hesselstine's ch. g. <i>Jerry Hawthorn</i> , 6 yrs .....                  | 2 |
| Mr. T. Barkworth's b. g. <i>Hindoo</i> , by Polygar, 4 yrs .....              | 3 |

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.; thorough-bred horses that never won to carry 7lb. extra; a winner of 50 sovs. or upwards to carry 10lb. extra; maiden horses (not thorough-bred) allowed 3lb.—To be ridden by Members of the Holderness Hunt.—Once round and a distance.

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. F. Wyatt, junior's, b. c. <i>Hussie</i> , by Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs (Owner) ..... | 1 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|

Five others started.

## BATH SPRING MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 23.**—The **LANSDOWNE TRIAL STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses that never won (matches excepted):—two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 10lb.; four, 9st. 3lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A mile and a quarter.—Twenty subs.

Mr. W. Ley's br. c. *Lansdowne*, by Muley out of Rosanne, 2 yrs (S. Mann)..... 1  
Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Languid*, Sister to Languish, 2 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Griffith's br. c. *Rambler*, by Reveller out of Sylph, 2 yrs ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Moss's b. f. *Penance*, by Waxy Pope out of Penrose's dam, 3 yrs; Mr. Day's b. c. *Bustria*, by Burgundy out of Spree, 3 yrs; Sir L. Glyn's ch. c. *Theodoric*, by Luszborough out of Bassilla, 2 yrs; and Mr. Finch's b. c. *Blenheim*, by Lapdog, dam by Waterloo out of Caribage, 2 yrs.

The **LADIES' SILVER CUP**, value 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st. 3lb.; four, 10st. 3lb.; five, 10st. 10lb.; six, 11st. 3lb.; and aged, 11st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Any horse having won at any one time the value of 50l. (Matches excepted) to carry 10lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, a mile and a half and a distance.—Seventeen subs.

Mr. Foster's b. f. *Nike*, by Bizarre, 3 yrs (Mr. J. Bayly) ..... 1 0 1  
Mr. T. Bayley's *The Bugler* (late Trimbush), by Doctor Eady, 3 yrs..... - 0 2  
Seven others started.

**THURSDAY, April 24.**—The **BATH STAKES** (Handicap) of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 20 added.—A mile and a half and a distance.—Eighteen subs. (five of whom paid the larger and seven the smaller forfeit).

Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. *Contriver*, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (S. Mann) ..... 1  
Mr. Sadler's b. f. *Eleanor*, by Middleton, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Day's *Liston*, aged, 8st. 13lb.; Mr. Taunton's *Frederica*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. Trelawny's b. c. *Land's-end*, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb.; and Mr. Bristow's b. c. *Donald*, 2 yrs, 6st. 2lb.

The **DODINGTON PARK STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred:—four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12lb.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—A winner of the Bosworth to carry 5lb; of the Billesdon Coplow, 7lb.; of both or either twice, 10lb. extra.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Four subs.

Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. *Swing*, by Fitzwalton, 4 yrs (Owner) ..... 1  
Mr. C. W. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Y. Phantom, 5 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Ongley's b. h. *Downington*, by Champion, 5 yrs..... 3

The **YORK STAKES**, a forced Handicap of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—One-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Powell's *Jack Tar*, by Candidate, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb (S. Mann) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Burton's b. f. *Eaton Nun*, by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 2 -  
Colonel Gilbert's *Cantab*, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 9st. .... - 2  
Mr. Haddy's b. f. by Cadiz out of Emma (half-bred), 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb. .... - -  
Mr. Tyler's b. f. by Luszborough, 2 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (bolted) ..... dis.

## NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 28.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—Four subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Fortunatus*, by Sultan (Scott) ..... 1  
Lord Lowther's b. c. by Partisan out of Flounce by Clinker ..... 2  
Two to 1 on *Fortunatus*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Splitpost*, by Mameluke (Connolly) ..... 1  
Sir M. Wood's ro. f. *Sister to Baleine*, by Whalebone ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Burlington's b. f. by Bizarre out of Barossa; General Grosvenor's br. c. *Pigeon*, by Reveller; and Mr. Prince's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam.—Five to 2 agst *Splitpost*, and 3 to 1 agst *Sister to Baleine*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.—Four subs.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Nympic*, by Reveller (J. Day) ..... 1  
 Lord Lichfield's ch. c. Whitefoot, Brother to Terry Alt ..... 2  
 Eight to 1 on Olympic.

**The Dessert Stakes** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F.—Those out of untried mares or by untried stallions allowed 5lb.—only one allowance.—Ten subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Glencoe*, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Payne's b. c. Ganges, by Tigris out of Lushborough's dam, 8st. 4lb. .... 2  
 Five to 1 on Glencoe.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—A. F.—Four subs.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (Nat) ..... 1  
 Colonel Peel's ch. c. Nonsense, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. .... 2  
 Duke of Rutland's b. c. Shyllock, by Waterloo, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. .... 3  
 Seven to 4 on Nonsense, 3 to 1 agst Shyllock, and 4 to 1 agst Whale.

**FIFTY POUNDS**:—for five-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 3lb.; and aged, 8st. 7lb. Last three miles of B. C.

Mr. Biggs's ch. h. *Little Red Rover*, by Tramp, aged (J. Day) ..... 1  
 Lord Jersey's ch. m. Datura, by Reveller, 5 yrs ..... 2  
 Five to 2 on Little Red Rover.

**TUESDAY, April 29.—MATCH**—Lord Tavistock's ch. f. *Cream*, by Partisan out of Custard, 7st. 13lb. (Wright), beat General Grosvenor's br. c. Dick, by Lampsighter, 8st. 3lb., both three years, B. M., 200, h. ft.—6 to 4 on Cream.

**The King's Plate** of 100gs. for mares:—four-year-olds, 8st. 4lb.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six, 9st. 10lb.; and aged, 10st.—R. C.

Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Vespa*, by Muley, 4 yrs (Chapple) ..... 1  
 Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. Chantilly, by Gustavus, 4 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Batten's ch. f. Revelry, by Reveller, 4 yrs ..... 3  
 Seven to 4 agst Vespa, 7 to 4 agst Chantilly, and 5 to 3 agst Revelry.

**RENEWAL** of the **TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES**, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—Twenty-eight subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Glencoe*, by Sultan (Robinson) ..... 1  
 Sir M. Wood's b. c. by Muley out of Clare by Marmon ..... 2  
 Mr. Yates's ch. c. Bentley, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Mills's b. c. by Lapdog out of Effie Dennis; Lord Oxford's b. c. Paris, by Waterloo out of Postuma; Lord Leowther's b. c. by Reveller out of Tric-Trac; and Mr. Gully's gr. c. Viator by Stumps.—Eleven to 4 agst Bentley, 11 to 4 agst Viator, 7 to 2 agst Clare, 6 to 1 agst Glencoe, 7 to 1 agst Brother to Kate, and 12 to 1 agst Tric-Trac.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 200 sovs. each, 100 ft., for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—B. C.—Ten subs.

Mr. Kent's ro. f. *Baleine*, by Whalebone (Pavis) ..... 1  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan ..... 2  
 Capt. G. Bulkeley's b. f. Trickery, by Whalebone ..... 3  
 Lord Jersey's ch. g. Lucius, by Emilius ..... 4  
 Five to 4 agst Lucius, 4 to 1 agst Baleine, 4 to 1 agst Dirce, and 5 to 1 agst Trickery.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of untried mares:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.—Four subs.

Mr. Greville's br. f. *Pickle*, by Emilius out of Mustard ..... rec. ft.

**WEDNESDAY, April 30.—SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each.—Last half of Ab. M.—The winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Goodwin's b. f. *Sister to Glaucus*, by Partisan (Wright) ..... 1  
 Sir R. Dick's gr. c. Mac Arab, by the Humdanian Arabian out of Bravura ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Col. Peel's br. c. Brother to Young Rapid by Stainborough; Mr. R. Stephenson's ch. c. Gale Middleton; and Mr. Nevill's ch. c. Bamboozle.—The winner was claimed.—Six to 4 agst Mac Arab

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted).—D. M.

Lord Berners's b. c. by Lamplighter out of Tippitywitchet, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (Rogers)..... 1  
 Mr. Bloss's b. m. Water Witch, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb..... 2  
 Mr. Mills's b. m. Kate, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb..... 3  
 Col. Peel's ch. c. Nonsensae, 4 yrs, 9st..... pd.  
 Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb..... pd.  
 Even betting on Kate, 6 to 4 agst Water Witch, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 150 sovs. each, 100 ft., for filly foals of 1831, out of mares that never bred a winner prior to 1831, 8st. 5lb.—R. M.—Six subs.

Mr. Grant's b. f. *Fiddle Faddle*, by Whalebone out of Fatima by Selim (Wheatley), 1  
 Lord Jersey's ch. f. Nell Gwynne, by Sultan out of Cobweb ..... 2  
 Five to 2 on Fiddle Faddle.

**FIFTY POUNDS**:—four-year-olds, 7st. 8lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 4lb.—B. C.  
 Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. *Catalonian*, by Skiff, 4 yrs (S. Mann) ..... 1  
 Duke of Grafton's br. f. Octave, 4 yrs ..... 2  
 Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 4 yrs ..... 3  
 Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. by Camel, dam by Boothsayer out of Hare, 4 yrs..... 4  
 Col. Peel's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam, 4 yrs..... 5  
 Five and 6 to 4 agst Octave, 3 to 1 agst the Wrangler colt, and 4 to 1 agst *Catalonian*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. I.—Three subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. m. *Datura*, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....walked over.

**THURSDAY, May 1.**—The KING'S PLATE of 100gs. :—five-years-olds, 11st.; six, 11st. 9lb.; and aged, 13st.—R. C.

Mr. Biggs's ch. h. *Little Red Rover*, aged (J. Day)..... 1  
 Col. Peel's b. h. Ernest, 5 yrs ..... 2  
 Duke of Rutland's br. h. Hawker, 5 yrs ..... 3  
 Five to 4 each agst Little Red Rover and Ernest.

**RENEWAL** of the ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Thirty subs.

Lord Berners's ch. f. *May-day*, by Lamplighter out of Camarine's dam (J. Day)..... 1  
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Velocity, Sister to Velocipede, by Blacklock..... 2  
 Mr. Nevill's ch. f. Amadou, by Sultan ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Col. Peel's b. f. Rosalie; Lord Jersey's ch. f. Nell Gwynne; Lord Exeter's ro. f. by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam; and Mr. Dilly's br. f. Myrina, by Whalebone out of Panthea.—Five to 4 agst Rosalie, 5 to 2 agst Amadou, 6 to 1 agst May-day, and 8 to 1 agst Nell Gwynne.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. M. M.—Three subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Muley Maloch*, by Muley, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....walked over.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale*, by Whalebone, rec. ft. from Lord Exeter's c. Cactus, by Sultan, 8st. 4lb. each, A. F., 200, h. ft.

**FRIDAY, May 2.**—**MATCH.**—Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale*, 9st. 2lb. (Nat), beat Mr. Gully's gr. c. Vistor, 8st., A. F., 200, h. ft.—Six to 4 on Whale.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—A. F.—Five subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. *Belshazzar*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (Darling)..... 1  
 Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, by Centaur, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb..... 2  
 Duke of Rutland's b. c. Shylock, by Waterloo, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb..... 3  
 Even on Belshazzar, and 7 to 4 agst Jason.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted).—T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale*, 4 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (Nat)..... 1  
 Sir M. Wood's ch. h. Amesbury, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; Mr. Yates's ch. m. Sensitive, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Pettit's b. f. Sister to Glaucus, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; and Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick, 3 yrs, 6st.—Mr. Austin's b. g. by Lottery out of Swiss's dam, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. paid.—Two to 1 agst Whale, 3 to 1 agst Gab, 4 to 1 agst Amesbury, and 8 to 1 agst Sensitive.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M.—Eighteen subs.**

|                                                                                              |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Darius</i> , by Reveller (Connolly).....                          | 1 |
| Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Harum Scaram, by Bedlamite.....                                        | 2 |
| Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, dam of Woful out of Zealot's dam.....                        | 3 |
| Duke of Rutland's b. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Orville, out of Lacerta.....                  | 4 |
| Sir F. Johnstone's ch. f. Trinket, by Godolphin out of Filagree.....                         | 5 |
| Five to 4 agst Harum Scaram, 5 to 2 agst the Duke of Rutland's colt, and 5 to 1 agst Darius. |   |

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.**

|                                                                                                                                                            |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, dam by Woful out of Zealot's dam (Darling).....                                                                            | 1 |
| Mr. Prince's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam.....                                                                                                 | 2 |
| The following also started but were not placed:—Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick; Capt. Berkeley's b. f. Goldfringe; and Mr. Pettit's b. f. Sister to Glancus. |   |

During this Meeting the CUP was challenged for by the Duke of CLEVELAND, who delivered to the Keeper of the Match-book his nomination sealed up. The challenge not being accepted by the holder of the Cup, it was relinquished, and the nomination returned to the challenger unopened, as required by the conditions.

#### NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

**TUESDAY, May 13.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. M.**

|                                                                                                            |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. <i>Circassian</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Connolly).....                   | 1 |
| Duke of Rutland's b. c. Shyllock, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.....                                                     | 2 |
| Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, by Swap, 6 yrs, 7st. 11lb.....                                                | 3 |
| Mr. Robinson's b. c. Laud, 4 yrs, 7st., came to the post to start, but ran away, and was afterwards drawn. |   |

Col. Peel's b. h. Clarion, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb. paid.

Two to 1 agst *Circassian*, 5 to 2 agst Laud, and 3 to 1 agst Gab. When Laud was declared not to start, 6 to 4 agst *Circassian*.—It was decided that the bets on Laud were play or pay.

**FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.**

|                                                                |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Hunter's gr. c. <i>Morotto</i> , by Gustavus (Arnall)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Yates's b. c. Ince, by Bedlamite out of Emmy.....          | 2 |
| Lord Berners's b. c. by Lamplighter out of Tippetwitchet.....  | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Rush's br. c. Rebel, by Whalebone out of Romp; Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Cornelia; Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla; Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Needle; Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Charivari; and Mr. Dilly's br. f. Myrina.—Five to 2 agst the Trulla colt, 3 to 1 agst Charivari, and 3 to 1 agst Lord Berners's colt.

**WEDNESDAY, May 14.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.**

|                                                                    |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, by Swap, 6 yrs (Arnall).....          | 1 |
| M. Mills's br. f. Miss Ellen, by Whalebone out of Gift, 3 yrs..... | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Payne's ch. h. Paddy, 6 yrs; Lord Orford's b. f. by St. Patrick out of Selma, 3 yrs; and Lord Exeter's b. f. Mimosa, 3 yrs.—Two to 1 agst Mimosa, 3 to 1 agst Gab, and 5 to 1 agst Paddy.

**HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three, four, five, six-year-old, and aged horses.—A. F.**

|                                                                                                                  |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Mills's b. m. Kate, by Lapdog, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....                                                          | 1 |
| Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Sir Patrick, dam by Orville, grandam by Zodiac, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (carried 7st.)..... | 2 |

|                                                 |   |
|-------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Rush's b. h. Roadster, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb..... | 3 |
|-------------------------------------------------|---|

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Blose's b. m. Water Witch, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. by Sultan out of Arethusa, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. Prince's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; and Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Cockatoo, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.—Three to 1 agst Kate, 4 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's colt, 5 to 1 agst Roadster, and 5 to 1 agst Water Witch.

**THURSDAY, May 15.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Nine subs.**

|                                                               |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Egremont's b. f. Ethild, by Skim out of Edrid (Nat)..... | 1 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---|

Mr. R. Pettit's b. f. Kate Kearney, by Benedict out of Bravura ..... 2  
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Emilius out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Lichfield's b. c. Cajeput, by Emilius out of Sister to Spermaceti; Mr. Yates's b. f. Vagary, by Cain out of Gabrielle; Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Veronica, by Velocipede out of Charity; Mr. Pigott's ro. or ch. c. by Partisan out of Floance; and Mr. Marson's ch. f. Chance, by Patron out of Ramona.—Six to 4 agst the winner, 2 to 1 agst the Duke of Cleveland's colt, and 7 to 1 agst Kate Kearney.

FIFTY POUNDS:—three-year-olds carrying 8st. 2lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—T. M. M.—The winner to be sold for 200ga. if demanded, &c.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Orville, 3 yrs (W. Boyce) ..... 1  
 Mr. Payne's b. c. Ganges, by Tigris, 3 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Wood's ch. c. Titian, 4 yrs; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, 4 yrs; Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Festival, 3 yrs; Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Cockatoo, 3 yrs; Mr. Shepherd's b. f. Goblin, by Emilius out of The Witch, 3 yrs (fell); and Mr. Dilly's br. f. Myrina, 3 yrs.—Six to 4 agst Ganges, 4 to 1 agst the winner, 4 to 1 agst Dirce, and 8 to 1 agst Titian.

THE JOCKEY CLUB PLATE OF 50l. to be run for by horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club:—four-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six, 8st. 9lb.; and aged, 8st. 11lb.—B. C.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Vespa*, by Muley, 4 yrs ..... walked over.

† In this Meeting the WHIP was challenged for by Mr. Biggs's ch. h. *Little Red Rover*, aged. The challenge not being accepted, the Whip was resigned.

### CHESTER MEETING.

MONDAY, May 5.—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES OF 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. *The Tulip*, by Wamba, 8st. 11lb. (M. Jones) ..... 1  
 Mr. Nanney's b. c. Sir William, by Camel out of Wedlock's dam, 8st. 11lb. .... 2  
 Lord Westminster's br. c. Sheik, by Camel out of Michaelmas, 8st. 11lb. .... 3  
 Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Young Tarragon, by Tarragon, dam by Rubens, out of the Hipped Mare, 8st. 11lb. .... 4

Six to 4 agst *The Tulip*.

THE TRADESMEN'S PLATE of 100gs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse received 25 sovs. out of the Stakes.—To start at the Castle-pole, and run twice round and in.—Seventeen subs. (four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

Mr. Miles's b. h. *The Cardinal*, by Waxy Pope, aged, 8st. 7lb. (E. Wright) ..... 1  
 Lord Westminster's br. c. The Controller, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir R. Bulkeley's b. h. Birdcatcher, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, aged, 8st. 9lb.; Lord Derby's gr. h. Speculator, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; and Mr. J. Robinson's b. g. Solon, by Lottery out of Miss Patrick, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb.—Two to 1 agst Birdcatcher, 5 to 1 agst Controller, 5 to 1 agst Speculator, 6 to 1 agst Cardinal, and 10 to 1 Solon.

PLATE of 50l. the gift of the Stand Committee, for horses that never won before the day of entry:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Painter's ch. g. *Coronation*, by Champion out of Leviathan's dam, 5 yrs (W. Lear) ..... - 3 1 1  
 Mr. Massey's ch. f. by Peter Lely out of Mermaid, 3 yrs ..... 1 2 3  
 Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. by Peter Lely out of Mrs. Suggs, 3 yrs ..... - 1 2 3  
 Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery out of Primrose, 4 yrs ..... 2 - dr.  
 Sir G. Pigot's b. f. Heads-or-Tails, by Lottery, 3 yrs ..... 3 - dr.  
 Mr. Jones's b. c. Unit, by Astbury or Sir Oliver, 4 yrs ..... - - dr.  
 Mr. Armitstead's b. f. by Peter Lely out of Springs, 3 yrs (bolted) ..... - dis.

TUESDAY, May 6.—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.—Thrice round, rather more than three miles.

|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Wyatt's b. h. <i>Manchester</i> , by Whisker, 6 yrs (Darling) .....         | 1 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho or Sherwood, aged ..... | 2 |
| Lord Westminster's b. c. St. Hilary, by Camel, 3 yrs .....                      | 3 |

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 16 ft. for three and four-year-olds.—  
Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                                           |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Mishap, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (Chapple) .....             | 1 |
| Capt. Bunney's b. g. <i>Newcastle</i> , by Master Henry or Manfred, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. .... | 2 |
| Mr. Nanney's bl. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 8st. ....                   | 3 |
| Mr. W. Turner's b. e. <i>Journeyman</i> , by Stumps, 5 yrs, 6st. 13lb. ....               | 4 |

THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 60gs. for three-year-old colts, 6st. 8lb. ; fillies 6st. 6lb. ; and four-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st. 11lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                      |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Mishap, 4 yrs (Chapple) .....   | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Nanney's ch. c. <i>Ratcatcher</i> , by Langar, 4 yrs .....       | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Manfred out of Bracelet, 3 yrs .....     | 3 | dr. |
| Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Heads-or-Tails</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs ..... | 4 | dr. |

WEDNESDAY, May 7.—THE DEE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The owner of the second horse received 100l. out of the Stakes.—Once round and a distance.—Thirteen subs.

|                                                                                         |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Westminster's b. e. <i>Touchstone</i> , by Camel out of Banter (Calloway) .....    | 1 |
| Mr. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Queen Bess</i> , by Chateau Margaux out of Princess Royal .....   | 2 |
| Lord Westminster's bl. c. <i>Abbas Mirza</i> , by Camel out of Medina by Shabdeen ..... | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. *Tom Jones*, by Teniers out of Peruviana ; Mr. R. Turner's b. c. *Fearnhurst*, by Peter Lely out of Clinton's dam ; and Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. *Miss Chester*, by Whisker out of Sunflower (who bolted).—Six to 5 on *Queen Bess*.

THE STAND CUP, value 100 sovs, the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—The owner of the second horse received 25 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Twice round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Mostyn's br. c. <i>Jack Faucet</i> , by Jack Spigot, 4 yrs (Lye) .....      | 1 |
| Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>The Controller</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs ..... | 2 |

THE CORPORATION PLATE of 60gs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                         |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Wyatt's b. h. <i>Manchester</i> , by Whisker, 6 yrs (Darling) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Nanney's br. h. <i>Captain Wattle</i> , 5 yrs .....                 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery, 4 yrs .....                           | 3 | 3 |

THURSDAY, May 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Eight subs.

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Mostyn's br. c. <i>The Magnate</i> , by Battledore out of Archduchess (Lye) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Nanney's b. c. <i>Friar Tuck</i> , by Emilius out of Signorina .....              | 2 |
| Lord Derby's ch. f. <i>Verbena</i> , by Velocipede out of Rosalba .....               | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Westminster's b. c. by Peter Lely out of Larissa ; Mr. A. Bower's br. c. *Tom Basford*, by Timour out of The Countess by Catton ; Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Velocipede out of Rose by Rubens ; and Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Wildfire*, by Cain out of Squib.—Even on *Magnate*.

PLATE of 70l. the gift of the Marquis of Westminster :—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                          |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Nanney's ch. c. <i>Ratcatcher</i> , by Langar, 4 yrs (Darling) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Miles's b. h. <i>The Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Pope, aged .....         | 2 | dr. |
| Six to 1 on <i>Cardinal</i> .                                            |   |     |

FRIDAY, May 9.—THE PALATINE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—To start at the Castle-pole, once round and in.—The owner of the second horse received 100 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Westminster's b. c. <i>Touchstone</i> , by Camel, 8st. 4lb. (Calloway) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Queen Bess</i> , by Chateau Margaux, 8st. 2lb. ....         | 2 |
| Mr. Clifton's b. c. by Peter Lely out of La Danseuse, 8st. 4lb. ....              | 3 |
| Lord Westminster's bl. c. <i>Abbas Mirza</i> , by Camel, 8st. 4lb. ....           | 4 |
| Five to 2 on <i>Touchstone</i> .                                                  |   |



**THE ROODEE HANDICAP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added by the Stand Committee, for three-year-olds that had run during the week.—To start at the Two-year-old post, once round and in.—Four subs.

|                                                                             |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Nanney's br. c. <i>Sir William</i> , by Camel, 8st. 7lb. (Darling)..... | 1 |
| Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Young Tarragon, 7st. 10lb. ....                      | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Manfred out of Bracelet, 8st.....               | 3 |

**THE CHESHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two miles.—Eight subs. (two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. <i>Caliban</i> , by Camel, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (M. Jones) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Massey's b. g. Abelard, by Master Henry, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....                     | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Westminster's b. c. Bridegroom, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Harriet, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.; and Lord Derby's gr. c. Schemer, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.

**THE LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. for the beaten horses:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; 5vs, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—A winner of one 50l. clear to carry 2lb., of two 5lb., of three or more 8lb. extra.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                          |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Capt. Bunney's b. g. <i>Newcastle</i> , by Manfred, 4 yrs (Spring) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Gerard's br. h. Captain Wattle, 5 yrs .....                          | 2 | 2 |

#### BRISTOL AND CLIFTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 7.**—The **WESTBURY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Stewards, for two-year-olds.—Half a mile.

|                                                                                                           |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Harrison's b. f. by Rossini, dam by Cannon-ball out of Mishap by Shuttle, 7st. 7lb. (Wakefield) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Tauntonian, by Lambtonian out of Deposit, 7st. 10lb.....                          | 2 |
| Mr. E. Allier's gr. f. Miss Witney, by Swap out of Harriet by Wokingham, 7st. 7lb. ....                   | 3 |
| Mr. Williams's b. c. Speck, by Swap out of a half-bred mare, 7st. 8lb.....                                | 4 |

**THE CLIFTON STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 20 added.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—About two miles.—Twenty subs. (nine of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

|                                                                                                 |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Scott's b. c. <i>Barney Bodkin</i> , by Cain, dam by Bourbon, 4 yrs, 7st. (Wakefield) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Reeves's b. m. Harlot, by Fitz-Orville, aged, 8st. 2lb.....                                 | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Peyton's Don Juan, aged, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Patrick's b. g. Jeroboam, by Wamba out of Mervina, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Fuller's Nell Gwynne, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; and Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Partridge, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—Clifton Stakes Course.—Gentlemen riders.—Four subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Col. Gilbert's bl. g. <i>Cantab</i> , by Wrangler, 5 yrs, 11st. (Owner) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Codrington's Conservative, 6 yrs, 12st. 8lb. ....                         | 2 |
| Mr. Codrington's Dodington, 5 yrs, 10st. ....                                 | 3 |

**THURSDAY, May 8.**—The **MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                        |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Scott's <i>Barney Bodkin</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Wakefield) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. J. H. Peel's b. m. Little Charlotte, 5 yrs, 8st. 11b. ....         | 2 | 2 |

Four others started.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 20 added.—Heats, about a mile and a quarter.—Gentlemen riders.

|                                                                        |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Col. Gilbert's <i>Cantab</i> , by Wrangler, 5 yrs, 11st. (Owner) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Codrington's Conservative, 6 yrs, 11st. 12lb. ....                 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Wither's Cyrus, aged, 9st. 12lb.....                               | 3 | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Tradesmen, for horses that never won a clear 50l. at one time.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, about a mile and a quarter.—Six subs.

|                                                                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Patrick's <i>Jeroboam</i> , by Wamba, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Hardy) .....          | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Leigh's b. g. Fleader, by Solicitor, dam by Lisamahago, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb..... | - | - |

Mr. Haddy's b. f. by Cadiz out of Emma, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 2 -  
 Mr. Tyler's b. f. by Luzborough, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... - 3

The HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft. with 20 added, 12st. each, eight subs., was won by Mr. Graham's ch. g. *Paddy*, beating four others.

## LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.

(MAGHULL COURSE.)

**WEDNESDAY, May 14.**—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Battledore out of General Mina's dam .....walked over.

The DERBY STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. *The High Sheriff*, Brother to La Grace, by Battledore (Templeman) ..... 1

Lord Westminster's b. c. St. Hilary, by Camel out of Ambuscade..... 2

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Manfred out of Bracelet ..... 3

The TRADESMEN'S CUP, value 100 sovs. with 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse received 50 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Twice round and a distance.—Twenty-one subs. (seven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Miss Hap by Shuttle, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb.

(Nicholson) ..... 1

Mr. J. Robinson's b. g. Solon, by Lottery—Miss Patrick, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb..... 2

Mr. Peirse's br. f. Benevolence, by Figaro out of Swiss's dam, 3 yrs, 6st..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Thompson's ch. c. Fitzdickor, 4 yrs, 8st.; and Mr. Marley's b. f. Palmflower, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.—Six to 4 agst the winner.

PLATE of 80l. for horses that never won the value of 50l. before the day of entry:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round.—The owner of the second horse received 10 sovs. out of the Plate.

Mr. T. O. Powllett's b. c. *Lambkin*, by Y. Phantom out of Jeanne d'Arc, 3 yrs

(Cartwright) ..... 1 1

Mr. Bloss's b. c. Pretender, 3 yrs ..... - 2

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Tom Jones, 3 yrs ..... 2 3

Four others started.

**THURSDAY, May 15.**—The Liverpool Spring ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—One mile and three quarters.—Eight subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. *General Chasse*, by Actæon out of Hambletonia (Johnson).. 1

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Birdlime, by Comus out of Birdcatcher's dam ..... 2

Mr. C. Attwood's br. c. Polander, by Lottery out of Gin ..... 3

The MAGHULL STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Three quarters of a mile.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. *The Stag*, by Actæon out of Palmflower's dam (Templeman) ..... 1

Mr. J. Robinson's b. c. Stockport, by Langar out of Olympia..... 2

Col. Craufurd's ch. c. Freckle, by Swiss out of Maid-of-all-Work..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Camteen out of White Cockade; Mr. Thompson's b. c. by Predictor out of Fenella; and Mr. A. Bower's ro. c. Bucephalus, by Timour out of Warwick's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added, for all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner in 1834 to carry 3lb. extra.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Actæon, 3 yrs (T. Lye)..... 1

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, by Battledore, 4 yrs..... 2

Mr. Peirse's b. f. Benevolence, 3 yrs ..... 3

**THE INNKEEPERS' PLATE**, value 80l. of which the owner of the second horse received 10l.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, by Oiseau, aged, 9st. (Shepherd) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Dawson's ch. g. *Pestilence*, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 2

**FRIDAY, May 16.**—The KIRKDALE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for three and four-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Three subs.

Sir J. Boswell's *Miss Margaret*, by Actæon, 3 yrs.....walked over.

**THE STAND CUP**, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—The owner of the second horse received 20 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Twice round and a distance.—Five subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. h. *Birdcatcher*, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs, 9st. 11b. (Darling)..... 1  
Mr. Thompson's ch. c. *Fitzdictor*, by Predictor, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... bolted.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—A mile and a half.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. *La Grace*, by Battledore, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Templeman) ..... 1  
Mr. Ross's b. c. Pretender, by Actæon, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. .... 2  
Lord Westminster's b. c. St. Hilary, by Camel, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 3

**THE ORMSKIRK PLATE**, value 100 sovs., out of which the owner of the second horse received 20l.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Shepherd's *Revolution*, by Oiseau, aged, 9st. 3lb. (Shepherd) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Powlett's b. c. Lambkin, by Y. Phantom, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb..... 2 2  
Mr. Dawson's ch. g. *Pestilence*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 3 3

#### KELSO SPRING MEETING.

**TUESDAY, May 13.**—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for hunters.—Four subscribers.

Mr. W. Boag's br. g. *The Pilot*, by Dr. Syntax, aged (Owner)..... 1 1  
Mr. Pott's gr. g. *The Cornet*, by Contest, 5 yrs..... 2 2

#### YORK SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 19.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1831:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—

—T. Y. C.—Three subs.  
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Actæon, dam by Reveller, out of *Lisette*, by Hambletonian (3lb.)—(Templeman) ..... 1  
Mr. Smith's b. c. by Memnon out of Chorister's dam by Chorus (3lb.)—(Cartwright) ..... 2  
Eleven to 8 on the Memnon colt.

**THE FIRST YEAR OF A RENEWAL OF THE YORK DERBY STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a half.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Twenty-two subs.

Mr. Skipsy's b. c. *Warlaby Baylock*, by Blacklock out of Eliza's dam by Vermin (Heseltine)..... 1  
Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Mellerstein, by Corinthian (Iye) ..... 2  
Mr. Hebden's ch. c. Rifleman, by Whisker (Scott)..... 3  
Duke of Leeds's br. c. by Blacklock out of Lady of the Vale (Johnson) ..... 4  
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye (Templeman) ..... 5  
Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Warlaby Baylock.

**THE WENTWORTH STAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1830:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. *Valparaiso*, by Velocipede (3lb.)—(Templeman) ..... 1  
Major Yarbrough's br. f. Omnibus by Velocipede (3lb.) ..... 2  
Mr. Armitage's ch. f. by Velocipede out of Nonplus's dam (3lb.) ..... 3

**TUESDAY, May 20.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Twenty-two subs.

Mr. Ridsdale's gr. c. *Luok's-all*, by Tramp out of Flora by Camillus (Scott) ..... 1

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. by Malek out of Rhodacantha by Comus..... 2  
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. by Langer out of Lady of the Tees by Octavian ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by Actæon out of Comedy; Mr. Edmondson's b. f. Rosewood, by Jack Spigot; Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Langer out of Giovanni's dam; Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Actæon out of Gin by Juniper; and Mr. Wilson's b. c. Winkley, by Velocipede, dam by Coronation. —Three to 1 agst the Comedy filly, 4 to 1 agst Luck's-all, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's colt.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Last mile and half.  
Six subs.

Mr. W. Crompton's b. f. *Mayflower*, Sister to *Palmflower*, by Jerry (Holmes) ..... 1  
Mr. Bowes's ch. f. *Maid of Luna*, by Whisker out of *Gibside Fairy* ..... 2  
Lord Sligo's b. f. Ellen, by Starch out of Cairass..... 3  
Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Myrrha, by Malek out of Perlet's dam..... 4  
Mr. Salvin's b. f. Isabella, by Lottery out of Princess by Comus..... 5  
Two to 1 agst *Maid of Luna*, and 7 to 2 agst *Mayflower*.

**THE SPRING ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three quarters.—Six subs.

Lord Sligo's ch. c. *Bran*, by Humphrey Clinker out of *Velvet* (Connolly) ..... 1  
Mr. Maxwell's ch. g. *Buccaneer*, by Blacklock out of *Minna* ..... 2  
Mr. R. Bower's b. c. Mr. Merryman, by Comus out of *The Chancellor's dam*..... 3  
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. *Currency*, by Velocipede out of *Ypsiland's dam* by *Trafalgar* ..... 4  
Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. by Comus, dam by *Blucher*..... 5  
Two to 1 on *Bran*.

**THE SHORTS**, a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Skipsey's b. c. *Wariaby Baylock*, by Blacklock (*Mcsettine*) ..... 1  
Lord Sligo's b. c. *Spume*, by Roller out of *Foam*..... 2  
Lord Kelburne's br. f. Sister to *Retainer*, by Jerry ..... 3  
Five to 1 on *Wariaby Baylock*.

**THE FIRST YEAR OF THE OAKS STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A mile and a half.—Seven subs.

Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. f. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Fry (Nelson) ..... 0 1  
Mr. Skipsey's gr. f. Nell, by Blacklock, dam by Comus, out of *Lisette* ..... 0 2  
Mr. Smith's b. f. *The Window Shut*, by Jerry out of *Decision*..... 3  
Duke of Leeds's ch. *Medea*, by Whisker, dam by Octavian..... 4  
Nell bolted in the second heat.

**WEDNESDAY, May 21.**—The **STAND PLATE** of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed 5lb.—A winner of 50l. to carry 5lb. extra.—Heats, a mile and three quarters.

Mr. Hetherington's b. c. *Wyndham*, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs (Wintingham) ..... 5 1 1  
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. *Zohrab*, by Lottery, 3 yrs ..... 1 3 3  
Lord Sligo's ch. h. *Daxon*, by Langer, 5 yrs ..... 2 5 2 1  
Mr. Hebden's ch. c. *Rifleman*, by Whisker, 3 yrs..... 4 2 2 dr.  
Mr. Marson's b. f. *Miss Potter*, by Lottery out of *Tetotum's dam*, 3 yrs ... 3 4 dr.

The Match between *Prossody* and *Edie Ochiltree* was off by consent.

#### KENDAL MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 19.**—**MAIDEN PLATE** of 50 sovs.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Wornald's ch. g. by Velocipede out of *Shoehorn* by Teddy, 3 yrs, 7st. (Dodgson) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Charlot's b. g. *Kendal*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 3 2  
Col. Cradock's br. c. by Comus, dam by *Blucher*, 3 yrs, 7st. .... - -  
Mr. Watkins's ch. c. by *Royalist*—*Remembrancer*, 5 yrs, 7st. .... - -

**TUESDAY, May 20.**—The **CUP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two miles and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Harrison's br. f. *Miss Wilfred*, by Lottery, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 1  
Col. Cradock's ch. h. *The Barber*, by Figure, aged, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. *Charmer*, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 3

THE TOWN PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                    |   |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Jaques's b. f. <i>Jemima</i> , by Cleveland, 4 yrs, 8st. ....  | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mr. Marley's br. f. <i>Palmflower</i> , by Jerry, 4 yrs, 8st. .... | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Mr. Charlot's b. g. <i>Kendal</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....          | 3 | 0 | 0 |

ST. ALBAN'S MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 21.**—The LADIES' PLATE of 50l. for maiden horses:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                                                          |   |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| Mr. Wood's ch. c. <i>Titan</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards) .....                                   | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. W. Smith's b. c. by Little John or Whalebone, out of <i>Lamia</i> , 3 yrs (bolt.) ..                 | 2 | dis. |
| Mr. Coleman's br. g. <i>Turf-cutter</i> , by Lottery out of Sarah, Sister to Swiss, 4 yrs (bolted) ..... | 3 | dis. |
| Mr. Webb's b. f. <i>Eclat</i> , 4 yrs (bolted) .....                                                     | 7 | dis. |

Four others started.

The MANOR STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added by the Lord of the Manor:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                                    |   |   |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|------|
| Mr. Bach's b. m. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, aged (Weston) .....                    | 1 | 4 | 1    |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, 6 yrs .....                                    | 3 | 1 | 2    |
| Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 5 yrs .....                                          | 4 | 2 | 3    |
| Mr. Edwards's b. f. by Camel, dam by Sootheayer, 4 yrs .....                       | 2 | 3 | dr.  |
| Lord Warwick's b. f. by Filbo da Puta out of Double Entendre, 3 yrs (bolted) ..... |   |   | dis. |

The SANDRIDGE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for regular hunters:—four-year-olds, 10st. 8lb.; five, 11st. 5lb.; six, 11st. 11lb.; and aged, 12st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.; half-bred horses, 5lb.; maiden horses, 4lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                        |   |   |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---|---|------|
| Mr. Westley's b. f. <i>Vespa</i> , 4 yrs (Owner) ..... | 0 | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Lovell's b. g. <i>Lofly</i> , 5 yrs .....          | 0 | 2 | 2    |
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's ch. g. Norman, aged .....        | 3 | 3 | dis. |

**THURSDAY, May 22.**—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                                |   |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| Mr. Wood's ch. c. <i>Titan</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards) .....         | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Messer's b. g. <i>Punctua</i> , by Troy, aged .....                        | 5 | 2    |
| Mr. Bach's b. m. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, aged .....                         | 4 | 0    |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Andallah, by Nigel, 5 yrs .....                           | 3 | 4    |
| Mr. D. Radcliffe's gr. g. Cecil, Brother to Forester, by Gustavus, 3 yrs ..... | 2 | 5    |
| Mr. Bartlett's ch. g. Hazard, 5 yrs .....                                      |   | dis. |

The winner was claimed.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Archer's br. h. *Corporal* beat Mr. Baker's b. g. Mountebank, once round, 50.

The VERULAM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Little Cassino</i> , by Sultan, 4 yrs (Connolly) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Mills's b. m. Kate, by Lapdog, 5 yrs .....                                 | 2 |
| Lord Warwick's b. f. by Filbo da Puta out of Double Entendre, 3 yrs .....      | 3 |
| Mr. Lantour's ch. g. <i>Cœur de Lion</i> , 3 yrs .....                         | 4 |

The TALLYHO STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund; 11st. each. Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance, and two leaps to be taken in each heat over hurdles.

|                                                                                        |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Coleman's b. m. <i>Figurante</i> (late Dolly), by Figaro, aged (Mr. Beecher) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Deakins's b. g. <i>Latitat</i> , aged .....                                        | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. Tilbury's b. g. <i>Panpey</i> , 5 yrs .....                                        | 6 | 3 |

|                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Mr. Grimston's b. g. Deceiver (late Touchtoe), aged ..... | 5 4 |
| Mr. Hawkins's b. c. by Thesis, 4 yrs .....                | 3 6 |
| Mr. D. Radcliffe's ch. g. Norman, aged .....              | 2 6 |
| Mr. Shaw's b. g. Splinter-bar, aged .....                 | dn. |

## MANCHESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 21.**—The WILTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added;—three-year-olds, 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A mile and a quarter.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Traveller</i> , by Tramp, 6 yrs (Lear) .....           | 1 |
| Mr. Lacey's ch. f. <i>Francie</i> , by Bedlamite out of Catherine, 3 yrs ..... | 2 |
| Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Miss Margaret, by Actæon, 3 yrs .....                   | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. T. Richardson's gr. f. *Augusta*, 4 yrs; and Mr. Tomes's b. g. by Bedlamite out of *Mischance*, 3 yrs.—Six to 4 agst Miss Margaret, and 2 to 1 agst *Traveller*.

The PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A mile and a quarter.—Nine subs.

|                                                                                           |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Wilton's br. c. by Camel out of <i>Arachne</i> , 8st. 3lb. (Templeman) .....         | 1 |
| Mr. R. Turner's b. c. <i>Fearnhurst</i> , by Lely—Clinton's dam, 8st. 6lb. ....           | 2 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. <i>Vulpes</i> , by Velocipede out of Simon's dam, 8st. 3lb. .... | 3 |

Six to 4 on *Vulpes*.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for four-year-olds.—A mile and a quarter.—Nine subs.

|                                                                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Orde's ch. c. <i>The Dancing Master</i> , by Felton, 8st. 11lb. (Johnson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Miss Hap, 7st. 4lb. ....                       | 2 |
| Capt. Bunnay's b. c. <i>Newcastle</i> , by Manfred or Master Henry, 6st. 12lb. .... | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Moss's br. f. *Eagle*, by Lottery, 7st. 6lb.; and Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery out of *Primrose*, 6st. 12lb.—Six to 4 on the Sir Gray colt, and 5 to 2 agst the winner.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by the owners of the Race Course, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners of one Cup to carry 3lb., of two 6lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                              |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. B. King's ch. c. <i>Tenworth</i> , by Outlaw, 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.) ..... | 1 |
| Lord Chastenfield's ch. c. <i>Theodore</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs .....           | 2 |
| Mr. Nanney's bl. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs .....           | 3 |

Three to 1 on *Theodore*.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.—Three miles and a distance.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. <i>Revolution</i> , by Oiseau, aged (Shepherd) .....     | 1 |
| Mr. Moss's ch. f. <i>Tiara</i> , by Waxy Pope out of Ticket's dam, 4 yrs ..... | 2 |

Five to 1 on *Revolution*.

**THURSDAY, May 22.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—About three quarters of a mile.—Seven subs.

|                                                                              |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. T. Johnson's b. f. <i>Venus</i> , by Langer out of Vesta (Johnson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. <i>Turban</i> , by Sultan out of <i>Tiara</i> ..... | 2 |
| Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. <i>Fury</i> , Sister to Silly Billy, by Bedlamite ..... | 3 |
| Lord Westminster's b. c. by Peter Lely out of Larissa .....                  | 4 |

Six to 4 agst *Fury*, 3 to 1 agst *Venus*, and 3 to 1 agst *Turban*.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A mile and three quarters.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Eleven subs.

|                                                                           |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. <i>General Chasse</i> , by Actæon (Johnson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Skipsy's bl. c. <i>Inheritor</i> , by Lottery out of Handmaiden ..... | 2 |
| Mr. E. Peel's b. c. <i>Tarick</i> , by Muley out of Young Sweetpea .....  | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Wilton's b. f. by Figaro out of Jenny Sutton; Mr. Foulis's br. c. *Furban*, by Figaro out of *Justitia*; Mr. Boulton's b. f. *Charlotte*, by Androgeus out of *Tranby's* dam; Mr. R. Allanson's b. c. *Cashier*,

by Banker out of Rita; Mr. J. Clegg's br. f. Eleanor, by Comus, dam by Orville out of Doctor Busby's dam; and Mr. Tomes's b. g. by Bodlamite out of Mischance.—Seven to 4 agst General Chased, 7 to 2 agst Inheritor, 4 to 1 agst Tarick, and 8 to 1 agst Cashier.

THE TRADESMEN'S CUP, value 100 sovs. with 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Two miles and a distance.—Thirteen subs. (four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

Mr. Wheelton's br. h. *Giovanni*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Lear) ..... 1  
Lord Wilton's b. f. *Languish*, by Cain, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. .... 2  
Lord Derby's gr. h. *Speculator*, by Lottery, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. E. Allanson's b. f. *Lady Moore Carew*, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; Mr. Richardson's gr. f. *Augusta*, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb.; and Mr. Nanney's ch. c. *Ratcatcher*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.—Six to 4 agst *Giovanni*, 3 to 1 agst *Languish*, 4 to 1 agst *Ratcatcher*, and 7 to 1 agst *Speculator*.

PLATE of 60l. with 10l. for the second, for horses that never won 60l. at any time:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. *Scamp*, by Lottery, 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Griffiths's ch. m. *Saccharina*, 5 yrs ..... 2  
Lord Derby's gr. c. *Schener*, by Lottery, 4 yrs ..... 3  
Mr. Doncaster's b. m. *Humphriana*, by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs ..... dz.  
Mr. Thompson's br. g. by *Velocipede* out of *Rose*, 3 yrs ..... dz.

FRIDAY, May 23.—The LANCASHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 100 added.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two miles and a quarter.—Ten subs. (two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

Lord Wilton's b. f. *Languish*, by Cain, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (Wright) ..... 1  
Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of *Mishap*, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb. .... 2  
Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Traveller*, by Tramp, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 3  
Five to 4 agst *Languish*.

THE BROUGHTON STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; and four, 8st. 6lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb., and maiden colts 3lb.—The winner of the St. Leger in that week to carry 3lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Seven subs.

Mr. G. Cook's br. c. *Red Rover*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, 3 yrs ..... 1  
Mr. Clegg's br. f. *Eleanor*, by Comus, dam by Orville, 3 yrs ..... 2  
Three to 1 on *Red Rover*.

PLATE of 80l. with 10 for the second horse:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 8st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of one Plate in 1834 to carry 3lb., of two 5lb. extra.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. *Inheritor*, by Lottery, dam by Walbeck, 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.) ..... 1 1  
Lord Derby's gr. h. *Speculator*, 6 yrs ..... 2 dz.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added.—A mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Sir S. Boswell's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Actson, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Lye) ..... 1  
Mr. B. King's b. m. *Lucy*, by Cain, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
Mr. Peirse's br. f. *Benevolence*, by Figaro, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. .... 3  
Mr. Doncaster's b. m. *Humphriana*, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... dz.  
Six to 4 agst *Miss Margaret*, and 6 to 4 agst *Lucy*.

# EPSOM MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 27.—The CRAVEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 2lb.; and aged, 8st. 5lb.—A mile and a quarter.

Lord Chesterfield's b. h. *Colwick*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs (Eard) ..... 1  
Col. Peel's b. h. *Clarion*, by Catten, 6 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Watt's ch. c. *Belshazzar*, 4 yrs; Mr. Gardner's b. h. *Messenger*, 5 yrs; Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. *Samarcand*,

4 yrs; Sir L. Glyn's b. g. by Blacklock out of Wrenchless, 3 yrs; Mr. Mills's b. c. Old Bill, 3 yrs; and Mr. Grant's b. c. Unicorn by Emilius out of Seamenw.—Six to 4 agst Balhazar, 5 to 1 agst Colwick, and 6 to 1 agst Clarion.

**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—Derby Course.—Three subs.  
Mr. Champion's b. f. by Mameluke out of Wals, 8st. 11lb. (Norman) ..... 1  
Sir G. Heathcote's f. by Figaro out of Canopy, 8st. 11lb. .... 2

**MATCH**.—Lord Stradbroke's br. f. *Begum*, by Partisan out of Sultana (Boyer), beat Mr. Theobald's br. f. Stockwell Lass, by Tarrare, dam by Wofal, out of Harriet's dam, 8st. 4lb. each, a mile, 100, h. ft.

**THE SHIRLEY STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. W. Edwards's b. c. *Intriguer*, by Reveller out of Scandal (Wright) ..... 1  
Mr. Cosby's b. c. Stradbally, by Waterloo or Reveller ..... 2  
Mr. Mills's b. c. Pincher, by Lapdog ..... 3  
Mr. Balchin's br. f. Levity, by Chateau Margaux ..... 4  
Duke of Richmond's ch. g. Holkar, by Helenus out of Arble ..... 5  
Six to 4 agst Stradbally, 3 to 1 agst Intriguer, 4 to 1 agst Pincher, and 10 to 1 agst Holkar.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. —bred in Surrey, Middlesex, Kent, Berks, Hants, or Sussex, or trained at Epsom during the last three months.—Half a mile.—Six subs.

Lord Egremont's b. f. *Redleg*, by Greyleg out of Pinwire's dam (Arnall) ..... 1  
Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Bracelet, by Mameluke, dam by Skin, out of Lass's dam ..... 2  
Mr. J. Robinson's b. f. by Langer, dam by Gohanna, out of the Pitshill mare ..... 3  
Mr. Martyn's b. c. by Mameluke, dam by Comus out of Norna ..... 4  
Six to 4 agst Redleg.

**THE EPSOM STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, and 40 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Forth's b. h. *Gratis*, by Middleton, 3 yrs (Norman) ..... 2 0 1 1  
Mr. Edwards's b. g. Crocodile, by Camel, 4 yrs ..... 1 0 dr.  
Mr. Sadler's b. m. Eleanor, 5 yrs ..... - 3 dr.  
Mr. Pearce's b. m. Grasshopper, 6 yrs ..... - 4 dr.  
Mr. Cousine's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Angelica, 3 yrs ..... - dr.  
After the dead heat, Mr. Forth and Mr. Edwards agreed to divide the Stakes, and *Gratis* walked over.

**WEDNESDAY, May 28.**—The COMMITTEE'S STAKE of 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds, *bona fide* the property of subscribers to the Derby, Oaks, Shirley, or Woodcot Stakes of 1834, or of the owner of two colts in the Derby, or two fillies in the Oaks (1834), or of one in each:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 6lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners of 1834 to carry for once, 3lb. and for twice 5lb. extra.—Craven Course.—Six subs.

Mr. Forth's b. f. *Sister to Imbar*, by Emilius, 3 yrs (Twitchet) ..... 1  
Mr. Shard's b. f. Zitella, by Reveller, 3 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Etwall's br. f. Maid of Underley, by Muley, 3 yrs ..... 3  
Mr. Yates's b. c. Ince, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs ..... 4  
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Carnation, 4 yrs ..... 5  
Mr. Balchin's br. f. Levity, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs ..... 6  
Six to 4 agst Ince, 4 to 1 agst the winner, 4 to 1 agst Maid of Underley, and 5 to 1 agst Zitella.

**THE WOODCOT STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Half a mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Ricardo's b. f. *Bracelet*, by Mameluke (Darling) ..... 1  
Mr. Grant's br. f. by Tramp out of Valentina ..... 2  
Five to 2 on the loser.

**THE CUP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund:—three-year-olds—8st. 4lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—A winner (matches excepted) once in 1834, to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., if more 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Nine subs.

Mr. Gardner's br. f. *Myrrha*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs (Pavie) ..... 1  
Mr. Greville's ch. f. Chantilly, by Gustavus, 4 yrs ..... 2  
Lord Bessers's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 4 yrs ..... 3



The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Wickham's ch. f. by Ranvilles, dam by Tiresias, out of Bizarre, 3 yrs; Duke of Grafton's br. f. Octave, 4 yrs; Mr. Mills's Old Bill, 3 yrs; and Lord Conyngham's Minister, 5 yrs.—Two to 1 agst Octave, 4 to 1 agst Chantilly, 5 to 1 agst Myrrha, and 6 to 1 agst Old Bill.

The CROYDON STAKES of 3 sovs. each, and 40 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Mile heats.

|                                                                           |   |   |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Trelawney's b. c. <i>Landseid</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs (J. Day) ..... | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. G. Edwards's ch. h. <i>Ambrosio</i> , 5 yrs .....                     | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2   |
| Capt. Berkeley's b. f. <i>Goldfringe</i> , 3 yrs .....                    | 1 | 2 | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Brown's b. h. <i>Fawn</i> , 6 yrs .....                               | 3 |   |   | dr. |

THURSDAY, May 29.—Second Year of a Renewal of the DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—A mile and a half.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of the Police.—One hundred and twenty-three subs.

|                                                                                                              |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Batson's ch. c. <i>Plenipotentiary</i> , by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles (Connolly) .....          | 1 |
| Duke of Cleveland's b. c. <i>Shilelah</i> , by St. Patrick out of Emilianna's dam by Whisker (Chifney) ..... | 2 |
| Lord Jersey's ch. c. <i>Glencoe</i> , by Sultan out of Trampoline (Robinson) .....                           | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Bentley*, by Buzzard (Pavis).  
 Mr. W. Edwards's b. c. *Intriguer*, by Reveller (Wright).  
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Darius*, by Reveller (Darling).  
 Mr. Watt's b. c. *Bubastes*, by Blacklock—Whisker (Scott).  
 Mr. Hunter's ch. c. *Morotto*, by Gustavus (Arnall).  
 Sir M. Wood's b. c. *Flatterer*, Brother to *Marpessa*, by Muley (Wheatley).  
 Mr. Gardnor's br. c. *Comet*, by Whalebone (G. Edwards).  
 Duke of Rutland's c. by *Bizarre*—Y. Barossa (Boyce).  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Nisus*, by Velocipede (Buckle).  
 Lord Orford's b. c. *Paris*, by Waterloo (Wakefield).  
 Mr. Grestre's br. c. by Lottery—Trulla (C. Edwards).  
 Mr. Sadler's b. c. *Defensive*, by Defence (Chapple).  
 Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Stradbally*, by Waterloo or Reveller (Mann).  
 Mr. Gully's gr. c. *Viator*, by Stumps—Katherine (Forth).  
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Olympic*, by Reveller (J. Day).  
 Mr. Mills's b. c. *Brother to Kate*, by Lapdog (Natt).  
 Lord Lowther's b. c. by Reveller out of *Trictrac* (Rogers).  
 Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *Noodle*, by Bedlamite (Spring).  
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Guardian*, Brother to *Trustee* (Lye).

Nine to 4 agst *Plenipotentiary*, 11 to 4 agst *Shilelah*, 8 to 1 agst *Bubastes*, 11 to 1 agst *Glencoe*, 20 to 1 agst *Bentley*, 20 to 1 agst *Comet*, and 22 to 1 agst *Intriguer*.

The EWELL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Winners once to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., thrice 7lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Horses beaten four times allowed 3lb.—Half a mile.—Five subs.

|                                                                           |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Orford's gr. c. <i>Clearwell</i> , by Jerry, 4 yrs (Wakefield) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Martyn's ch. c. <i>Contriver</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs .....           | 2 |
| Mr. Forth's ch. f. by Partisan, dam by Tiresias, 3 yrs .....              | 3 |
| Mr. Sadler's b. m. <i>Eleanor</i> , by Middleton, 5 yrs .....             | 4 |

The SLOW STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, rather more than three quarters of a mile.—Six subs.

|                                                                            |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. <i>Skimmer</i> , by Skiff—Beningbrough, 3 yrs ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Shard's b. f. <i>Mask</i> , by Phantom, 3 yrs .....                    | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Forth's f. by Partisan, 3 yrs (fell) .....                             | 2 | dr. |

FRIDAY, May 30.—The Second Year of a Renewal of the OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—All other conditions as for the Derby.—Ninety-five subs.

|                                                                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Cosby's br. f. <i>Pussy</i> , by Pollio out of Valve by Bob Booty (J. Day) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Forth's b. f. <i>Louise</i> , by Longwaist out of Miss Witch (Wheatley) .....    | 2 |
| Mr. Richardson's b. f. by Young Phantom out of Jenny Mills's dam (Connolly) .....    | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :

Sir S. Graham's bay, Zulima, by Sultan (Chifney).  
 Mr. Vansittart's br. by Lottery, dam by Abjer (Arnall).  
 Mr. Greville's bay, Pickle, by Emilina—Mustard (Natt).  
 Mr. Sadler's ches. Delightful, by Defence out of Lady Stumps (Chapple).  
 Mr. Walker's bay, Cotillon, by Partisan (Scott).  
 Mr. Osbaldeston's bay, Sister to Benedict (G. Edwards).  
 Mr. Grant's bay, Fiddle Faddle, by Whalebone (Norman).  
 Col. Peel's bay, Rosalia, by Whalebone (Pavis).  
 Lord Jersey's ches. Nell Gwynne, by Sultan (Robinson).  
 Lord Stradbroke's bay, by Partisan—Sultana (Wright).  
 Mr. Forth's bay, Sister to Echo, by Emilina (Twitche).  
 Lord Bessers's ches. May-day, by Lamplighter—(broke her leg and was killed)—  
 (Boyce).  
 Five to 2 agst Cotillon, 7 to 2 agst Louisa, 7 to 1 agst May-day, 9 to 1 agst Pickle,  
 11 to 1 agst Zulima, and 20 to 1 agst Fussay.

FREE PLATE of 50*l.* given by W. J. Denison, Esq.:—three-year-olds, 6*st.* 7*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 1*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; six and aged, 8*st.* 10*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—The winner to be sold for 200 *sovs.* if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.  
 Lord Conyngham's b. h. *Minster*, by Catton, 5 yrs (Pavis)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Wickham's ch. f. by Hanvilles, 3 yrs..... 2 2  
 Mr. Cousins's br. c. *Dembles*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs..... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Harrison's b. h. by Emilina out of Monody, 5 yrs..... 4 dr.

#### ASCOT HEATH.

**TUESDAY, June 10th.**—The ST. JAMES'S PALACE STAKES of 100 *sovs.* each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; and fillies, 8*st.* 3*lb.*—The winner of the Derby to carry 7*lb.*; of the Oaks, 5*lb.* extra.—New Mile.—Eighteen subs.  
 Mr. Batson's ch. c. *Plenipotentiary*, by Emilina ..... walked over.  
 Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Glencoe*, withdrew his stake.

**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 *sovs.* each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—New Mile.—Five subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. f. *Nell Gwynne*, by Sultan, 8*st.* 3*lb.* (Robinson) ..... 1  
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Gulistan*, by Whalebone out of Galsare, 8*st.* ..... 2  
 Lord Orford's ch. f. *Chataigne*, by Emilina out of Rachel by Whalebone, 8*st.* ..... 3  
 Two to 1 on Nell Gwynne.

**THE OATLAND STAKES** of 30 *sovs.* each, 30 ft. and only 10 ft. if declared, &c.—Two miles and a half.—Nine subs. five of whom paid only 10 *sovs.* each.

Colonel Peel's b. f. *Malibran*, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 7*st.* 2*lb.* (Pavis) ..... 1  
 Mr. Pickernell's ch. f. *Repentance*, 4 yrs, 7*st.* 6*lb.* ..... 2

**THE FERN HILL STAKES** of 100 *sovs.* each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—New Mile.—Ten subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Alexis*, by Leviathan out of Olga's dam by Soothsayer, 8*st.* 4*lb.* (Scott) ..... 1  
 Mr. W. M. Stanley's b. c. *Skimmer*, by Skiff, 8*st.* 7*lb.* ..... 2  
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Olympic*, by Reveller, 8*st.* 7*lb.* ..... 3  
 Duke of Richmond's ch. g. *Holkar*, by Helenus, 8*st.* 4*lb.* ..... 4  
 Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Mameluke out of Varannes, 8*st.* ..... 4  
 Even on Olympic, and 5 to 1 agst Alexis.

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100*gs.*:—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 2*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 2*lb.*; five, 10*st.*; six and aged, 10*st.* 5*lb.*—To start at the Two-mile Post and go once round.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Astorian*, by Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs (F. Buckle)..... 1  
 Mr. Etwall's b. c. *Revenge*, 4 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Payne's b. c. *Ganges*, 3 yrs ..... 3  
 Three to 1 on Revenge, and 4 to 1 agst Ganges.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 *sovs.* each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; and fillies, 8*st.* 3*lb.*—The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 5*lb.* extra; the second for either, 3*lb.*—New Mile.—Nine subs.

Duke of Devon's ch. c. *Olympic*, by Reveller out of Whisker (J. Day) ..... 1

General Grosvener's br. c. *Dick*, by Lampighter—Blue Stockings ..... 2  
 Lord Lichfield's ch. c. *Whitefoot*, Brother to *Terry Alt*, by *Sligo* ..... 3  
 Six to 4 on *Olympic*.

The First Year of the ASCOT DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 5lb. extra.—To start at the *Swinley Post*.—Ten subs.

Mr. Cosby's br. f. *Pussy*, by *Pollio* (J. Day) ..... 1  
 Mr. Forth's b. f. *Louisa*, by *Longwaist* ..... 2  
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Lumber*, Brother to *Terapia*, by *Sultan* ..... 3  
 Mr. Payne's b. c. *Ganges*, by *Tigdis* ..... 4  
 Seven to 4 on *Pussy*, and 2 to 1 against *Louisa*.

WEDNESDAY, June 11.—The ALBANY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the 2000gs. Derby, or Oaks Stakes, to carry 5lb. extra.—The *New Mile*.—Four subs.

Mr. Greville's b. f. *Pickle*, by *Emilius* out of *Mustard* (Natt) ..... 1  
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Montrose*, by *Reveler* out of *Legend* ..... 2  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Nisus*, by *Velocipede* out of *Norna* ..... 3  
 Five to 4 agst *Nisus*, and 2 to 1 agst *Pickle*.

The BANQUET STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—To start at the *Winning Post* and go once round.—Six subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Mammoth*, by *Leviathan*, dam by *Figure*, grandam by *Waxy* ..... walked over.

First Year of a Renewal of a SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Eight subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. *Welcome*, by *Lezborough* out of *Victoria* (J. Day) ..... 1  
 Colonel Peel's br. c. by *Filho da Puta* out of *Young Rhoda* ..... 2  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Widess*, by *Wamba* out of *Rowena* by *Haphazard* ..... 3  
 Mr. Gratwicke's ch. f. *Margravine*, by *Partisan* out of *Frederica* ..... 4  
 Lord Exeter's b. f. *Sister to Cactus*, by *Sultan* out of *Dahlia's* dam ..... 5  
 General Grosvener's br. f. *Symmetry*, by *Phantom* out of *Maresfield's* dam ..... 6  
 Six to 4 agst *Welcome*, 4 to 1 agst *Widess*, and 6 to 1 agst *Young Rhoda*.

The SWINLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; and four, 8st. 10lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—Last mile and half.—Five subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. *Samarcond*, by *Blacklock*, 2 yrs (Buckle) ..... 1  
 Mr. Forth's b. f. *Sister to Imbar*, by *Emilius*, 3 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Gardnor's br. c. by *Catton* out of *Twatty*, 4 yrs ..... 3  
 Six to 5 on *Samarcond*.

PLATE of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1834 (handicaps excepted) to carry 5lb. extra.—A mile and a half, starting at the *Swinley Post*.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Chantilly*, by *Gustavus*, 4 yrs (Natt) ..... 1  
 Mr. Gardnor's b. h. *Messenger*, by *Partisan*, 5 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Cosby's br. c. *The Bravo*, by *Reveler*, 4 yrs ..... 3  
 Five to 4 agst *Messenger*.

MATCH.—Mr. Martyn's b. c. by *Mameluke*, dam by *Comus* out of *Norna*, 8st. 4lb., received forfeit from Mr. Gardnor's b. f. *Minikin*, by *Mameluke* out of *Mopsy*, Sister to *Matilda*, 8st. 2lb., three-quarters of a mile, 100, h. ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—*New Mile*.—Five subs.

Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Stradbally*, by *Reveler* or *Waterloo* (J. Day) ..... 1  
 Lord Tavistock's ch. f. *Cream*, by *Partisan* out of *Custard* ..... 2  
 Three to 1 on *Stradbally*.

THURSDAY, June 12.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb., not engaged in the Derby or Oaks.—*New Mile*.—Three subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Fortunatus*, by *Sultan* out of *Babel* (Scott) ..... 1  
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Amurath*, by *Whisker*—Selim ..... 2

The GOLD CUP, value 300 sovs., by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added from the Fund:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares allowed 5lb.—To start at the Cup-post on the New Mile and go once round, about two miles and a half.—The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Twenty-seven subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Glaucus*, by Partisan, 4 yrs (Scott) ..... 1  
Mr. Theobald's b. c. Rockingham, by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs ..... 2  
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Samarcand, by Blacklock, 4 yrs ..... 3  
Mr. Watt's ch. c. Belshazzar, by Blacklock, 4 yrs ..... 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's br. m. Galata, 5 yrs; Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Morotto, 3 yrs; Mr. Greville's ch. f. Chantilly, 4 yrs; Mr. Etwall's b. c. Revenge, 4 yrs; Mr. I. Day's b. m. Diana, 6 yrs; and Mr. Grant's b. f. Famine, by Humphrey Clinker out of Fang's dam, 3 yrs.—Five to 2 agst *Glaucus*, 8 to 1 agst Morotto, 5 to 1 agst Belshazzar, 8 to 1 agst Diana, 8 to 1 agst Samarcand, 10 to 1 agst Revenge, and 12 to 1 agst Rockingham.

SWEETSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of a Sweepstakes before or after naming to carry 3lb. extra.—T. Y. C.—Nine subs.

Lord Orford's b. c. by Reveller out of Angelica, by Rubens (Natt) ..... 1  
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Emilius out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet ..... 2  
Mr. Grant's b. c. by Emilius out of Worthless ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Valentissimo, by Velopede out of Samarcand's dam; Lord Egremont's b. f. Ethilda; and Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Bracelet.

The ECLIPSE FOOT, with 200 sovs. given by His Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Cup Course.—Three subs.

Lord Chesterfield's *Glaucus*, by Partisan, 4 yrs (Scott) ..... 1  
Mr. Cosby's bl. h. Galopade, by Doctor Syntax, 6 yrs ..... 2

THE WINDSOR FOREST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, or Oaks Stakes, to carry 6lb. extra.—The Old Mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Forth's b. f. *Louisa*, by Longwaist, out of Miss Witch (Norman) ..... 1  
Mr. Greville's b. f. Pickle, by Emilius out of Mustard ..... 2

Second Year of the ROYAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New Mile.—Nine subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Glencoe*, by Sultan ..... walked over.

FRIDAY, June 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.—New Mile.—Six subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Alexis*, by Leviathan—Olga's dam (Scott) ..... 1  
Lord Lichfield's b. c. Altamont, by Sligo out of Ina ..... 2  
Even betting.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. for hunters:—five-year-olds, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Maiden horses allowed 5lb.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Gardner's b. h. *Omen*, by Orville, aged (Pavis) ..... 1  
Mr. Cosby's br. h. Donegani, aged ..... 2  
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, 6 yrs ..... 3  
Mr. Nettleship's b. m. Genuine, aged ..... 4  
Mr. Fairlie's b. m. Agnes (lasc Norma), aged ..... 5  
Mr. Payne's Quae Genus, 6 yrs ..... 6  
Two to 1 agst Donegani, 5 to 2 agst Omen, and 6 to 1 agst Doctor Sewell.

THE WOKINGHAM STAKES (Handicap) of five sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—The last three-quarters of the New Mile.—Eleven subs.

Lord Orford's gr. c. *Clearwell*, by Jerry, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb. (Arnall) ..... 1  
Mr. Kent's ro. f. Baleine, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 6  
Duke of Richmond's ch. g. Holkar, by Helenus, 5 yrs, 6st. .... 6

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Verulam's b. c. Little Cassino, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Martyn's ch. c. Contriver, 4 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Sadler's b. m. Eleanor, 5 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Cosby's br. c. The Bravo, 4 yrs, 7lb. 12lb.; Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Fortunatus, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Cosby's b. c. Pincher, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; and Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. Miss Gravity, 3 yrs, 5st. 8lb.—Two to 1 agst Fortunatus, 5 to 1 agst Little Cassino, 5 to 1 agst Clearwell, 6 to 1 agst Pincher, 8 to 1 agst Holkar, and 8 to 1 agst Baleine.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—T.Y.C.**

Lord Tavistock's ch. f. *Cream*, by Partisan out of Custard, 7st. 11lb. (Natt)..... 1  
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Lumber, Brother to Terapia, 7st. 13lb..... 2  
Lord Lichfield's Altamont, by Sligo out of Ina, 8st. 7lb..... 3  
Six to 5 agst Lumber, and 6 to 4 agst Altamont.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Phillimore's b. c. *Puzzle*, by Reveller out of Jack Junk's dam, 8st. 7lb. beat Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Mameluke out of his Brocard, 8st. 5lb., Old Mile, 100 sovs. h. ft.—Three to 1 on Puzzle.

**PLATE of 50l.:**—for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares allowed 5lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1884 (handicaps excepted), to carry 3lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 250gs. if demanded, &c.—The Old Mile.

Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. *Skimmer*, by Skiff, 3 yrs (E. Pavia) ..... 1  
Mr. Phillimore's ch. c. Titian, by Partisan out of Landscape, 4 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Gardner's b. c. by Cotton out of Twatty, 4 yrs; Mr. Yates's b. c. Ince, 3 yrs; Lord Lichfield's ch. c. Whitefoot, 3 yrs; Mr. Cosby's b. c. Pincher, 3 yrs; and Mr. Martyn's b. g. by Gaberlunzie out of Avon Lass, 3 yrs.—Five to 2 agst Ince, 3 to 1 agst Titian, and 7 to 2 agst Skimmer.

# NEWTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 4.**—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added :—three-year-olds, 6st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subs.

Sir J. Beeswell's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Acton 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.) ..... 1  
Mr. Hamer's b. c. Limner, by Peter Lely out of Nell Gwynne, 3 yrs ..... 2  
Three to 1 on Miss Margaret.

The **PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Nanney's br. c. *Sir William*, by Camel, dam by Smolensko (Darling) ..... 1  
Lord Westminster's br. c. *Sheik*, by Camel—Michaelmas ..... 2  
Four to 1 on Sir William.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The second horse to save his stake.—Golborne Course.—Half a mile.—Thirteen subs.

Lord Derby's ch. f. *Verbena*, by Velocipede out of Rosalba by Milo (Templeman). 1  
Mr. Nanney's b. c. by Banker out of Racket by Castrel..... 2  
Sir J. Gerard's br. c. Wildon, by Bay Malton—Polly Oliver ..... 3  
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Heetic, by Sultan out of Flush by Blacklock ..... 4

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Price's ch. c. Ludford, by Wamba out of Idalia; Mr. W. Turner's ch. c. Equator, by Battledore—Eucrosia; and Mr. A. Bower's br. c. Tom Basford, by Timour—Countess.—Three to 1 agst Ludford, 3 to 1 agst Verbena, and 5 to 2 agst Wildon.

**GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. given by the Lord of the Manor, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Two miles and a distance.—(Twenty subs. 5 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

Mr. Thompson's ch. c. *Fitzdector*, by Predictor out of Fenella, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Livesey) ..... 1  
Mr. Wornald's b. g. Bullet, by Cannon Ball, aged, 8st. 4lb..... 2  
Lord Wilton's b. f. Languish, by Cain, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir R. Bulkeley's b. h. Pick-pocket, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.; Sir J. Gerard's b. c. Trepidation, by Centaur, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.;

## THE RACING CALENDAR, 1834.

Mr. Turner's b. c. *Captain Reed*, by *Figaro*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; and Mr. Price's br. c. *Caliban*, by *Camel*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.—Two to 1 agst *Ballet*, 5 to 2 agst *Langrish*, 7 to 2 agst *Pickpocket*, 5 to 1 agst *Caliban*.

PLATE of 70l. for horses, &c. that never won 50l.—three-year-olds, 7st.: four, 8st. 4lb.; five and upwards, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Allanson's b. c. *Cashier*, by *Banker* out of *Kite* by *Bustard*, 3 yrs, 7st. (carried 7st. 8lb.)—(Clarke) ..... 1 1  
 Sir T. Stanley's br. c. *Young Tarragon*, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 2 2  
 Mr. S. Fox's ch. c. by *Comus*, out of *Olive-leaf*, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 3  
 Eight others started.

THURSDAY, June 5.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A mile and three-quarters.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Fourteen subs.

Sir J. Gerard's b. c. *Billinge*, by *Belzoni*—*L'Orient* (Pavis) ..... 1  
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Birdlime*, by *Comus* out of *Birdcatcher's dam* ..... 2  
 Lord Wilton's b. f. by *Figaro* out of *Jenny Sutton* ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Allanson's b. c. *Cashier*; Mr. Nanny's b. c. *Sir William*; Mr. G. Cook's br. c. *Red Rover*; Mr. Attwood's br. c. *Polander*; and Mr. E. Peel's b. c. *Bardolph*, by *Blacklock* out of *Rowton's dam*.—Seven to 1 agst *Birdlime*, 5 to 1 agst *Billinge*, and 5 to 1 agst *Cashier*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. R. Turnour's br. f. *Miss Colborne*, by *Lottery* out of *Nun* (Darling) ..... 1  
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Vittoria*, by *Camel* out of *Archduchess* ..... 2  
 Mr. Petre's br. f. *Benevolence*, by *Figaro* out of *Swiss's dam* ..... 3  
 Five to 4 on *Vittoria*.

The BOROUGH CUP, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings, allowed 5lb.—The winner of a Cup or Piece of Plate value 100 sovs. in the year 1834, to carry 3lb.; of two, 6lb. extra.—Two Miles.—Twelve subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. *Frenzy*, by *Bedlamite*, 4 yrs (Spring) ..... 1  
 Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. *Pickpocket*, by *St. Patrick*, 6 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Bower's b. m. *Lady Stafford*, by *Comus*, 6 yrs ..... 3  
 Six to 4 on *Lady Stafford*.

THE HAYDOCK COLLIERY PURSE of 20 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds that never won:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 5lb.—The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes.—A mile and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Sir J. Gerard's b. c. *Intruder*, by *Peter Lely* out of *La Danseuse*, 3 yrs (Pavis) ..... 1  
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. f. by *Longwaist* out of *Lucinda*, 3 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Gardner's b. f. *Zara*, by *Camel*, 3 yrs ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Griffin's br. c. *Cherubino*, 3 yrs; Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Titus*, 4 yrs; and Mr. C. Taylor's ch. f. *The Warbler*, by *Grey Walton*, 4 yrs.—Five to 4 agst *Intruder*.

PLATE of 70l.:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; and four, 8st. 5lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Two-mile heats.—The winner of a Plate this year up to the time of starting to carry 3lb. extra; of two plates, a Gold Cup, or his Majesty's Plate, 8lb. extra.

Mr. Nanny's ch. c. *Ratcatcher*, by *Langar*, 4 yrs (Wright) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by *Lottery* out of *Primrose*, 4 yrs ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Titus*, by *Truffle*, 4 yrs ..... 3 dr.

FRIDAY, June 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. fd., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb., with allowance.—A mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Johnson's c. *The Lily of Smedley*, by *Peter Lely* out of *Vesta*, 8st. 4lb. (Johnson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Vulpes*, by *Velocipede*, 8st. 4lb. .... 2  
 Lord Westminster's br. c. *Sheik*, by *Camel* out of *Michaelmas*, 8st. 4lb. .... 3  
 Even on the winner.

THE SHRIGLEY CUP, value 100, the gift of W. Turner, Esq. M. P., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only five if declared, &c.—The

winner of the Manor or Borough Cup to have carried 3lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the Stakes.—One mile and a half.—Twenty-four subs. (10 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.)

Mr. Allanson's b. f. *Lady Moore Carew*, by Tramp, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (*Lye*) ..... 1  
 Lord Derby's gr. h. Falconbridge, by Falcon, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Bower's b. m. Lady Stafford, by Comus, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. Circassian, 6 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Independence, aged, 8st. 9lb.; Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Lord Wilton's b. f. Languish, 4 yrs, 8st.; Lord Westminster's b. c. Bridegroom, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; Mr. R. Turner's br. f. Miss Golborne, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; and Mr. Attwood's br. g. Stainton, 5 yrs, 8st.—Two to 1 agst Circassian, 4 to 1 agst Falconbridge, 5 to 1 agst Stainton, and 6 to 1 agst the winner.

The GOLBORNE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Straight half mile.—Fifteen subs.

Lord Derby's ch. f. *Verbena*, by Velocipede out of Rosalba (Templeman) ..... 1  
 Mr. T. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Langar out of Proserpine ..... 2  
 Capt. Taylor's ch. c. Ainderby, by Velocipede—Cotton ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir J. Gerard's ch. c. Ironsunder, by Predictor out of Ostrich by Bustard; Mr. Nanney's br. c. Friar Tuck; Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Turban; Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. Borghese by Brutandorf out of Harpham Lass; Mr. Thompson's b. c. Brother to Fiddick; Mr. Attwood's b. f. Calista, by Velocipede; Mr. Lacey's br. f. by Filho da Puta, dam (foaled in 1827) by Waverley out of Garcia's dam; and Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Tony Lamphkin, by Bedlamite out of Sicely.—Seven to 4 agst Ainderby, 7 to 2 agst Verbena, 7 to 2 agst Jupiter, and 5 to 1 agst Friar Tuck.

The WARRINGTON PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—A mile and a distance.—Nine subs.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. *Caractacus*, by Conductor, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Templeman) ... 1  
 Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, by Cain, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Richardson's gr. f. Augusta, by Gustavus, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Warwick's b. c. Trepidation, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Price's b. m. Zorilda, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; and Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Berdolph, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.—Even betting on Caractacus.

The ST. HELEN'S PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once in 1834 to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance.—Six subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Theodore*, by Comus, 4 yrs (Nat) ..... 1  
 Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, aged ..... 2  
 Even betting.

PLATE of 70l.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate this year, before starting for this, to carry 3lb. extra; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or King's Plate, 5lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, by Oiseau, aged (Shepherd) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, aged ..... 4 2  
 Mr. Nanney's br. g. Belmont, by Figure, 6 yrs ..... 5 3  
 Mr. Wornald's b. g. Bullet, by Cannon Ball, aged ..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Brown's b. c. by Lottery, 3 yrs ..... 3 dr.

#### TENBURY MEETING.

THURSDAY, June 19.—The COUNTY MEMBERS' and GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l. for horses that never won that value at any time:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Gen. Yates's b. f. *Juliana*, by Waxy Pope out of Sluggard's dam, 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.) ..... 2 1 1  
 Mr. Moss's b. f. Penance, by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs .... 5 4 2  
 Mr. Williams's b. c. Claret, by Chateau Margaux out of Esmeralda, 4 yrs ..... 1 2 dr.  
 Capt. B. Davies's b. f. Mimic, 4 yrs ..... 3 3 dr.

Mr. W. Patrick's b. f. by Wamba out of Lady Harrington's dam, 3 yrs... 4 5 dr.  
 Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan, 4 yrs..... 6 dr.  
 Mr. T. B. Webb's b. c. Brilliant, 4 yrs..... 7 dr.  
 Mr. Edwards's b. h. by Rossini out of Tenbury Lass, 5 yrs..... 8 dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added by the Town, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fuller's b. m. *Lady Harrington*, by Master Henry, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.

(Brown)..... 1 1  
 Captain Phillips's b. h. by Champignon, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb..... 2 dr.

The **FARMERS' STAKES** of 2 sovs. each, with a Purse added, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Fuller's b. m. *Primrose*, Sister to Dandina, by Young Pavilion, 6 yrs, beating Mr. Russell's ch. f. Bonny Kate.

### NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE MEETING.

**MONDAY, June 16.**—The **Craven Stakes** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—The second horse saved his stake.—One mile.—Eight subs.

Mr. Orde's br. h. *Tomboy*, by Jerry, 5 yrs (Johnson)..... 1  
 Lord Eglinton's b. h. *Byzantium*, by Sultan, 5 yrs..... 2  
 Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Wyndham, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs..... 3  
 Lord Kelburne's br. f. Sister to Retainer, 4 yrs..... 4  
 Colonel Cradock's ch. c. *Swing*, by Wanton, 3 yrs..... 5  
 Two to 1 on Tomboy.

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Lord Eglinton's br. f. *Zillah*, by Jerry out of Snowball..... walked over.

**MAIDEN PLATE** of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five and upwards, 8st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Bowes's ch. f. *Maid of Lune*, by Whisker, 3 yrs (Gray)..... - 1 1  
 Captain Pott's b. h. Sparrowhawk, 5 yrs..... 1 4 2  
 Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Remnant, dam by Doctor Syntax, 3 yrs..... 4 2 3  
 Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Hampton, by Waterloo, 3 yrs..... - 3 4  
 Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Sister to Voltaire, 3 yrs..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Mace's b. m. *Maid of Oaks*, 5 yrs..... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Jackson's br. f. Nanny Wase, 3 yrs..... dis.

**TUESDAY, June 17.**—The **Tyro Stakes** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Metcalfe's ch. f. *Miss Frill*, by Actæon out of Giglet by Wanton (3lb.) (Nicholson)..... 1

Mr. Smith's b. f. *Margaretta*, by Actæon out of Snowball..... 2

Mr. Orde's ch. c. Lord Collingwood, by Shamrock out of Tomboy's dam..... 3

Mr. Attwood's b. c. *Adrian*, by his Chesnut Arabian, dam by Paynator..... 4

Lord Eglinton's b. f. *Rectitude*, by Lottery..... 5

Six to 4 agst Margaretta, and 6 to 4 agst Rectitude.

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.—Three miles.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Longwaist out of Lacerta by Zodiac, 3 yrs (*Lye*)..... 1

Lord Sligo's ch. h. Daxon, by Langar, 5 yrs (broke down)..... 2

Mr. Foulis's br. c. Furfan, by Figaro, 3 yrs... .. 3

Mr. Fox's ch. f. Miss Fry, by Blacklock, 3 yrs..... 4

Mr. Hudson's b. c. Frank, by Agricola, 3 yrs..... 5

Mr. Simpson's b. g. The Knight, by Filho, aged..... 6

Mr. Potts's ch. f. Enchantress, by Guerilla, 3 yrs..... 7

Six to 4 agst the Duke of Cleveland's colt, and 6 to 4 agst Mr. Fox's filly.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders. Two miles and a distance.—12st. each.—Ten subs.

Mr. Burrell's b. g. *The Pilot*, by Doctor Syntax, aged (Mr. Boag)..... 1

Lord Eglinton's b. g. Paul Fry, aged..... 2

Mr. Bowes's b. m. Taglioni, aged..... 3

**WEDNESDAY, June 18.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Five subs.



|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Salwin's b. <i>Isabella</i> , by Lottery out of Princess (Cartwright) ..... | 1 |
| Lord Eglinton's b. <i>Zillah</i> , by Jerry .....                               | 2 |
| Sir R. Dick's ch. <i>Miss Emily</i> , by Actson .....                           | 3 |
| Lord Kelburne's br. by Jerry out of Emilia .....                                | 4 |
| Two to 1 on <i>Zillah</i> , and 5 to 1 agst <i>Isabella</i> .                   |   |

The NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE of 100 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.—The second horse to save his stake.—Two miles.—Sixteen subs. (5 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Colonel Cradock's b. m. <i>Fanny</i> , by Jerry, 5 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Wintringham) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Wyndham, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. ....               | 2 |
| Mr. Jaques's ch. f. <i>Pantomime</i> , by Swiss, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....                | 3 |
| Lord Eglinton's b. h. <i>Byzantium</i> , by Sultan, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ....             | 4 |
| Sir R. K. Dick's g. g. <i>Allegro</i> , by Jock, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....                | 5 |

CORPORATION PLATE of 60gs.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                                 |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Fox's b. c. <i>The Count</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs, 7st. (Wintringham) .....                   | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Spider</i> , by Jack Spigot, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ....                       | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Jennings's b. m. <i>Laurel-leaf</i> , by Brutandorf, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....                  | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Dawson's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb. .... | 4 | 4 |

THURSDAY, June 19.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

|                                                                              |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Orde's br. h. <i>Tomboy</i> , by Jerry, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Johnson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Wyndham, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. ....      | 2 |
| Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Lot</i> , by Lottery, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. ....        | 3 |
| Colonel Cradock's br. c. <i>Paris</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. ....    | 4 |

MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 2lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                               |   |     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. <i>The Count</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs (Wintringham) ..... | 1 | 2   | 1 |
| Mr. Bowes's ch. f. <i>Maid of Lune</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs. ....              | 5 | 1   | 2 |
| Mr. Skipsey's gr. f. <i>Nell</i> , by Blacklock, 3 yrs .....                  | 4 | 3   | 3 |
| Colonel Cradock's b. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Jerry, 4 yrs. ....                  | 2 | dr. |   |
| Captain Potts's b. h. <i>Sparrowhawk</i> , by Buzzard, 5 yrs .....            | 3 | dr. |   |

SWEESTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Five subs.

|                                                                       |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Johnson's br. f. <i>Venus</i> , by Langer (Templeman) .....       | 1 |
| Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by Actson out of Comedy .....                     | 2 |
| Mr. Rayne's ch. f. <i>Virago</i> , by Velocipede out of Lunatic ..... | 3 |

The GOSFORTH STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.—Two miles.—Three subs.  
Lord Kelburne's br. f. *Sister to Retainer*, 4 yrs, 8st. ....walked over.

The WALL'S-END HARRIERS' CUP, value 50gs. given by Captain Potts, with 20 sovs. added, and 10 for the second, for horses not thorough-bred, 11st. each.—Heats, two miles.—Gentlemen riders.

|                                                                         |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Captain Potts's br. m. <i>Madge Wildfire</i> , aged (Mr. Kinloch) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Watts's b. g. <i>Guy Faux</i> , by I. O. U., 4 yrs .....            | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Peacock's br. m. <i>Taglioni</i> , aged—(fell, and died).           |   |   |

There was no race for the INNKEEPERS' PURSE.

#### HAMPTON AND MOLESEY HURST MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—The CLAREMONT STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                        |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Gardner's br. g. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, aged (C. Edwards) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. <i>Carnation</i> , 4 yrs .....                | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Lambden's b. g. <i>Despair</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs .....             | 3 | dr. |

The WATERLOO CUP, value 50l. in specie—weights as above.—The winner of any Stake this year to carry 3lb. extra.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                             |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Phillimore's ch. c. <i>Titan</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs (Wakefield) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Brook's ch. h. Scrivener, 5 yrs .....                                   | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. G. Edwards's ch. h. Ambrosio, 5 yrs .....                               | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Turner's b. c. Glenlee, by Emilia out of Benefit's dam, 4 yrs .....     | 6 | 4   |
| Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, aged .....                                         | 5 | 5   |
| Mr. Payne's b. c. Ganga, 3 yrs .....                                        | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren (late Emma), 4 yrs .....                      | 7 | dr. |

THURSDAY, June 19.—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 9st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                    |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Rockingham</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs (Macdonald)... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Gardnor's br. g. Omen, by Orville, aged .....                                  | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Payne's b. c. Skimmer, by Skiff, 3 yrs .....                                   | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Greville's ch. f. Chantilly, 4 yrs .....                                       | 4 | dr. |

THE COUNTY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—The winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                            |   |     |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Coleman's br. m. <i>Figurante</i> , by Figaro, aged (W. Coleman) ..... | 1 | 2   | 1   |
| Mr. Messer's ch. c. Florence, by Partisan out of Flounce, 3 yrs .....      | 2 | 1   | 3   |
| Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Needle, 3 yrs .....                                 | 3 | 3   | 2   |
| Mr. Theobald's b. f. Sister to Alea, 3 yrs .....                           | 4 | 4   | dr. |
| Mr. Bacon's ch. m. Malibran, by Sir Gilbert, 6 yrs .....                   | 5 | dr. |     |

FRIDAY, June 20.—THE HURST CUP, value 50l. in specie.—Distance and Weights as for the Claremont Stakes.—A winner once in the present year to carry 5lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                          |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. W. Edwards's b. g. <i>Crocodile</i> , by Camel, 4 yrs (Wright) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, aged .....                                      | - | 2 |
| Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Carnation, 4 yrs .....                          | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 5 yrs .....                                | 3 | - |

Six others started.

THE HAMPTON COURT STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund, for any horse carrying 11st.—Gentlemen riders.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                          |   |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Coleman's <i>Figurante</i> , aged (Mr. Palmer) ..... | 2 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Dockeray's ch. g. Brunawick, aged .....              | 3 | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Parr's ch. g. Reform, by Reveller, aged .....        | 1 | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Stone's ch. g. Little Driver, aged .....             | 4 | 4 | dr. |

The winner was claimed.

### BIBURY CLUB MEETING.

(Stockbridge Course.)

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—MATCH.—Mr. Chamberlayne's gr. g. *Rambler* (Mr. Molony) beat Mr. Campbell's b. m. *Mystery*, by Diamond, 11st. each, a mile and a half, 25 sovs.

THE BIBURY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 50 added by the Club.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Twenty-two subs. (13 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Etwall's ch. f. <i>Malibran</i> , by Muley, 4 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (Mr. J. Bayly) ..... | 1 |
| Colonel Peel's b. f. Malibran, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. ....                     | 2 |
| Mr. Martyn's ch. c. Contriver, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 10st. ....                         | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Captain Berkeley's gr. g. Ciudad Rodrigo, 6 yrs, 10st. 7lb. ; Mr. Molony's b. h. Wassailor, aged, 10st. 7lb. ; Mr. Holmes's b. c. Shyllock, 4 yrs, 10st. 6lb. ; and Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick, 3 yrs, 9st. (carried 9st. 6lb.)

SWEETSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last mile.—Four subs.

|                                                                            |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Shard's b. f. <i>Zitella</i> , by Reveller out of Evens (J. Day) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Grent's b. f. Fiddle Faddle, by Whalebone out of Fatima .....          | 2 |
| Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Cornelia, by Emilia out of Scarpa .....             | 3 |

**The CUP STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—A mile and a half.—Gentlemen riders.—

The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Nine subs.

Colonel Peel's b. h. *Clarion*, by Catton, 6 yrs, 11st. 10lb. walked over, and divided the forfeits with Mr. Osbaldeston's *The Tutor*, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st. 5lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.

|                                                                              |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. <i>Swing</i> , by Fitzwalton, 5 yrs (Owner) .....   | 1 |
| Mr. Codrington's Audley, 4 yrs .....                                         | 2 |
| Mr. Goodlake's ch. c. <i>The Bugler</i> , 4 yrs .....                        | 3 |
| Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. f. <i>Lady Emily</i> (late <i>Vespa</i> ), 4 yrs ..... | 4 |

**MATCH**.—Captain Delme's ch. c. *Wallington*, by Barytes, 9st. 7lb. (Mr. J. Bayly) beat Mr. Delme Radcliffe's *Milly*, 10st. 8lb., half a mile, 50 sovs.

**MATCH**.—Mr. Dutton's ch. h. *Warrior*, by Straitwaist, 11st. (Owner), beat Mr. Chamberlayne's *Tarquin*, 11st. 8lb., both 5 yrs old, half a mile, 25 sovs.

**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile. Four subs.

Duke of Richmond's br. f. *Gulistan*, by Whalebone .....walked over.

**THURSDAY, June 19.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds. T. Y. C.—Eight subs.

|                                                                                                     |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. <i>Reliance</i> , Sister to <i>Revenge</i> , by Fungus, 8st. 3lb. (J. Day)... | 1 |
| General Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Symmetry</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 3lb. ....                             | 2 |
| Mr. Martyn's b. c. <i>Macbeth</i> , by Shakspeare out of <i>Gaiety</i> by Frolic, 8st. 4lb. ....    | 3 |

**MATCH**.—Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. f. *Lady Emily*, 4 yrs, 11st. (Owner) beat Mr. A. F. Berkeley's b. g. *Pennywise*, aged, 11st. 9lb., once round, 25 sovs.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Last mile and half.—Eight subs.

|                                                                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| General Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Dick</i> , by Lamplighter, 8st. 4lb. (J. Day).....     | 1 |
| Mr. Grant's b. f. <i>Fiddle Faddle</i> , by Whalebone— <i>Fauna</i> , 8st. 4lb. .... | 2 |

Eight to 1 on *Fiddle Faddle*.

**MATCH**.—Mr. Molony's b. h. *Wassailor*, by Reveller, aged, 11st. 7lb. (Owner), beat Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, 6 yrs, 11st., one mile, 50 sovs.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 50 added by the Club.—One mile and a quarter.—Four subs.

|                                                                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Etwall's b. c. <i>Revenge</i> , by Fungus, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. J. Bayly)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Holmes's b. c. <i>Shylock</i> , 4 yrs, 9st. 12lb. ....                           | 2 |

**MATCH**.—Captain Delme's ch. c. *Wallington*, 9st. 5lb. (Mr. J. Bayly), beat Mr. Delme Radcliffe's *Milly*, 10st. 8lb., half a mile, 50 sovs.

**FREE HANDICAP** of 5 sovs. each.—A mile and a quarter.—Four subs.—The winner received 5 sovs., the entrance of those that did not accept.

Mr. Etwall's *Revenge*, by Fungus, 4 yrs, 11st. 11lb. ....walked over.

### STOCKBRIDGE MEETING.

**FRIDAY, June 20.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st.; six, 11st. 6lb.; and aged, 11st. 9lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—To be ridden by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—A mile and a half.—Seven subs.

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Etwall's b. c. <i>Revenge</i> , by Fungus, 4 yrs (Mr. J. Bayly)..... | 1 |
| Colonel Peel's b. h. <i>Clarion</i> , by Catton, 6 yrs .....             | 2 |

Five to 2 on *Clarion*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Eleven subs.

|                                                                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Wreford's b. c. <i>Free Will</i> , by Sultan out of <i>Escape</i> (J. Day) ..... | 1 |
| Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. <i>Drab</i> , by Reveller out of <i>Ambiguity</i> .....   | 2 |

Free Will the favorite.

**MATCH**.—Mr. Holmes's b. c. *Shylock*, by Waterloo, 4 yrs, 10st. 3lb. (Mr. Becher) beat Mr. Codrington's *Conservative*, 6 yrs, 9st. 10lb., one mile.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Delme Radcliffe's *Lady Emily*, 10st. 7lb. (Owner), beat Mr. Dutton's Warrior, 11st., a mile and a half, 50 sovs.—Five to 4 on Warrior.

**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A mile and a quarter.—Nine subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. c. *Defensive*, by Defence, 8st. 4lb. .... walked over.

**THE LONGSTOCK STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Etwall's br. f. *Maid of Underley*, by Muley, 8st. 4lb. (J. Day) ..... 1

Mr. Allies's ch. f. *Lady Canford*, by Catton—Blacklock ..... 2

**THE STOCKBRIDGE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft.—A mile and a half.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Etwall's ch. f. *Malibran*, by Muley, 4 yrs, 6st. 9lb. (S. Day, jun.) ..... 1

Mr. Martyn's ch. c. *Contriver*, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb. .... 2

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for regular hunters.—To be ridden by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—A mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's *Lady Emily*, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. (Mr. J. Bayly)..... 1

Mr. Dutton's ch. h. Warrior, 5 yrs, 11st ..... 2

Mr. W. Day's br. h. Donegani, aged, 12st. 5lb. .... 3

### GUILDFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, June 24.**—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 1lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Theobald's b. c. *Rockingham*, by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs (Macdonald), 1 1

Mr. Harrison's b. c. *Celebs*, by Emilius, 4 yrs ..... 4 2

Mr. Grove's b. c. *Blemish*, by Camel out of Zany's dam, 4 yrs ..... 3 3

Mr. Webber's b. f. *Adelaide*, by Barytes out of a half-bred mare, 3 yrs ..... 2 dr.

**THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—A winner to carry 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Brown's b. g. *Faen*, by Wanderer, 6 yrs ..... 5 1 1

Mr. Yaldine's b. g. *Cardinal*, by Cardinal Wolsey out of Miss Doe, 5 yrs..... 2 2 3

Mr. Nettleship's b. m. *Genuine*, aged..... 3 3 2

Mr. Curwin's b. g. *Glenlee*, by Emilius out of Benefit's dam, 4 yrs ..... 4 4 4

Mr. Balchin's br. f. *Levity*, 3 yrs (bolted)..... 1 dis.

### LUDLOW MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 25.**—The LUDFORD STAKES of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three Y. C.

Mr. Evan's b. f. *Shelah*, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.) ..... 1

Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Longwaist out of Lucinda by Haphazard, 3 yrs..... 2

Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan out of Active, 4 yrs ..... 3

Mr. Fuller's b. f. *Nell Gwynne*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs ..... 4

Mr. Moss's ch. f. *Tiara*, by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs..... 5

**THE OAKELEY STAKES** of 5 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb. : half-bred horses allowed 10lb.—Heats, Three Y. C.—Ten subs.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. *Heads or Tails*, by Lottery, 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.)..... 1 1

Mr. Fuller's br. f. *Nell Gwynne*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs ..... 2 2

Lord Clive na. br. g. *Taper*, by Woful, dam by Gulliver out of Waxlight's dam, 4 yrs (half-bred)..... 6 3

Mr. Patrick's br. g. *Jeroboam*, 4 yrs..... 3 4

Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Monarch out of Gadabout, 3 yrs ..... 5 5

Mr. R. Powell's b. g. *Jack Tar*, by Candidate, 4 yrs (half-bred) ..... 4 dr.

**PLATE** of 50l. given by Viscount Clive, for horses that had never won more than 50l. before the day of entrance :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Horses that have won 50l. to carry 7lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, the Ludford Stake Course.

|                                                                                |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. f. by Longwaist out of Lucinda, 3 yrs (Whitehouse) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Worley's b. f. Termagant, by Pollio out of Gossip by Walton, 3 yrs .....   | 2 | 2 |
| Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan out of Active, 4 yrs .....                     | 3 | 3 |

**THURSDAY, June 26.**—The GOLD CUP, to be paid in specie by subscription of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 13lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb. —Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb. —Twice round, starting at the Chair.

|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| —Five subs.                                                                     |   |
| Mr. Fuller's b. m. <i>Lady Harrington</i> , by Master Henry, 5 yrs (Lear) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Massey's b. g. Abeldar, 5 yrs .....                                         | 2 |
| Mr. Moss's b. f. Penance, 4 yrs .....                                           | 3 |

**The OAKLEY PARK STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for half-bred Hunters.—Heats, Three-year-old Course.—Gentlemen riders.—Seven subs.

|                                                                                         |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Farmer's b. g. <i>Bilberry</i> , by Hedley or Manfred, aged, 12st. (Mr. Farmer) ... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Lovell's b. g. Lofty, 5 yrs, 12st. ....                                             | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Gough's Dandina, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....                                              | 2 | 3 |

**The SOUTH SHROPSHIRE STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Members for that Division of the County :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb. —Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. —Heats, the Three-year-old Course.—Four subs.

|                                                                                 |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Fuller's b. m. <i>Lady Harrington</i> , by Master Henry, 5 yrs (Lear) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Captain Phillips's b. h. by Champignon out of Rosaria's dam, 5 yrs .....        | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs .....                                            | 3 | dr. |

#### BATH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 25.**—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Twenty subs.

|                                                                             |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Sadler's b. c. <i>Defensive</i> , by Defence, 8st. 4lb. (Chapple) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. West's b. c. by Shaver out of Rachel Ruysch by Rubens, 8st. 4lb. ....   | 2 |
| Mr. Grant's b. c. Unicorn, by Emilius out of Seamew by Scud, 8st. 7lb. .... | 3 |

**The SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 100 added.—The winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Fifty-eight subs. (42 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

|                                                                                    |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. I. Day's b. m. <i>Diana</i> , by Catton, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (A. Pavis) .....     | 0 | 1 |
| Mr. Sainsbury's br. c. Easton, by Luzborough, 4 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (S. Day, jun.) ... | 0 | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Sadler's b. m. Delight, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ; Mr. Taunton's b. m. Frederica, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ; Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. The Tutor, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. ; Mr. Gardnor's b. f. Myrrha, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. ; and Mr. Allie's ch. f. Lady Canford, 3 yrs, 5st. 5lb.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Sadler's *Defensive*, by Defence, 8st. 4lb. .... walked over.

**The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. —Last half mile.—Five subs.

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Tauntonian</i> , by Lambtonian (Connolly) .....        | 1 |
| Mr. Biggs's br. c. De Beriot, by Longwaist out of Prima Donna by Soothsayer ..... | 2 |
| Mr. R. Harris's b. f. Duvernay, by Rossini, dam by Cannon Ball .....              | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all denominations.—Two miles and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Codrington's *Audley*, 4 yrs. .... walked over.

**The STAND STAKES** (handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 10 added.—Gentlemen riders.—Once round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                                            |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Codrington's <i>Conservative</i> , by Young Phantom, 6 yrs, 11st. 1lb. (Mr. Becher), 1 |   |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. Swing, by Fitz-Walton, 5 yrs, 11st. ....                          | 2 |
| Mr. Dutton's ch. h. Warrior, by Straitwaist, 5 yrs, 10st. ....                             | 3 |
| Mr. Foster's b. f. Nike, by Bizarre, 4 yrs, 10st. 19lb. ....                               | 4 |

**THURSDAY, June 26.**—The Original FIVE SOVEREIGNS STAKES, with 50 added from the Racing Fund, for horses that never won 100l. at any time before

the day of nomination:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six, 9st. 12lb.; and aged, 10st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 100l. previous to starting to carry 3lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. West's ch. c. *Cricket*, by Claude Lorraine, 4 yrs (Brown) ..... 1  
Mr. Griffiths's br. c. *Rambler*, 3 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Allies's ch. f. *Lady Camford*, 3 yrs; Sir L. Ulyn's b. g. by Blacklock by Worthless, 3 yrs; and Mr. Reeves's b. c. *Roulette* (late Louis d'Or), 4 yrs.

The BATH STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—One mile and a half.—Eighteen subs.

Capt. Berkeley's gr. g. *Ciudad Rodrigo*, by Emilius, 6 yrs, 6st. 9lb. (S. Day, jun.) ..... 1  
Mr. Taunton's b. m. *Frederica*, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. *Swing*, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 3  
The rest paid only 5 sovs. each.

The TUREN STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 3lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Three miles.—Nine subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Listen*, by Ambo, aged (A. Pavis) ..... 1  
Mr. West's *Cricket*, by Claude Lorraine, 4 yrs ..... 2

The DYRHAM PARK STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Three subs.

Mr. Codrington's *Conservative*, 6 yrs ..... walked over.

The DYRHAM STAKES (handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.—One-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Gardnor's *Messenger*, by Partisan, 5 yrs, 8st. (E. Pavis) ..... 1 1  
Captain Berkeley's gr. g. *Ciudad Rodrigo*, by Emilius, 6 yrs, 7st. 7lb. .... 4 2  
Mr. Dutton's ch. h. *Warrior*, 5 yrs, 7st. 7lb. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. *The Tutor*, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 3 dr.

### KNIGHTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, June 17.—The WHIP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with a Whip given by the Steward, for horses not thorough-bred, that were hunted last season:—five-year-olds, 11st. 9lb.; six and aged, 12st.—A winner of this Stake to carry 3lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a long length.—Eight subs.

Mr. Thorne's b. h. *Cannon-ball*, 5 yrs (Mr. Burton) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Edwards's b. g. by Rossini out of Tenbury Lass, 5 yrs ..... 3 2  
Mr. Rogers na. b. g. *Sailor Boy*, by Candidate, aged ..... 2 dr.  
Mr. Cooke's ch. g. *General Chasse*, by The Duke out of Dairymaid, aged ..... 4 dr.  
Mr. Weyman's b. g. by Antelope, dam by Regulus (half-bred), 6 yrs ..... 5 dr.

The RADNORSHIRE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50l. added by the County and Borough Members, for horses that never won more than 50l. at any one time.—The second horse to receive 10l. out of the Stakes.—Heats, twice round and the distance.

Mr. W. Price's b. m. *Radnor Lass*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (F. Davies) ..... 5 1 1  
Mr. B. Davies's ch. g. *Maridunon*, by Cripple out of Maria Darlington, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (bolted) ..... 1 2 dis.  
Mr. T. Williams's b. c. *Claret*, by Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs, 8st. .... 4 3 dr.  
Mr. T. S. Saunders's b. f. *Eau de Vie*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. .... 2 4 dr.  
Mr. Painter na. ch. g. *Gleam*, Brother to Taper, 3 yrs, 5st. 11lb. .... 3 5 dr.

The KINSLEY STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added by the Radnorshire Gentlemen resident in London, for horses foaled in the County of Radnor, and other horses that were hunted.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a long length.—Six subs.

Mr. Green's b. g. *The Miser*, by Master Henry, 5 yrs, 12st. (Owner) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Oseland's ch. c. *Hanway*, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. J. Weyman's b. g. by Comus, dam by Ambo, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb. .... 3 dr.  
Mr. Cooke's ch. g. *General Chasse*, aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 4 dr.  
Mr. R. Weyman's b. g. by Antelope, dam by Regulus (half-bred), 6 yrs, 11st. 12lb. .... 5 dr.

**WEDNESDAY, June 18.**—The **HURDLE RACE** of 5 sovs. each, with a splendid Fox's Head added by the Steward, for Hunters, heats, once round and a long length, 5 subs., was won, at three heats, by Mr. Morgan's b. g. *Tally-ho*, by Antelope, 6 yrs, 12st. (Mr. Burton), beating three others.

The **STANAGE STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25l. added from the Fund.—Once round and a long length, about a mile and a half.—Seven subs.

|                                                                                     |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Powell's b. g. <i>Jack Tar</i> , by Candidate, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (C. Hardy)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Price's b. m. Radnor Lass, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....                                 | 3 | 2   |
| Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan out of Active, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.....                 | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. S. Patrick's b. h. Spring, by May-day out of Caroline, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb.....     | 4 | dr. |
| Mr. Wilkins's b. c. Tamworth, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb.....                                  | 5 | dr. |

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund:—four-year-olds, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six and aged, 13st.—Thorough-bred horses 10lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles.—Five subs.

|                                                                   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Thornes's b. h. <i>Cannon-ball</i> , 5 yrs (Mr. Burton) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Ackers na. b. g. The Miser, by Master Henry, 5 yrs .....      | 2 | 2 |

### LIVERPOOL MEETING.

(*Aintree Course.*)

**TUESDAY, July 1.**—The **CROXTETH STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A mile and a quarter.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Mountyn's b. f. <i>Queen Bess</i> , by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs (Lye) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Giffard's b. h. Perseverance, aged .....                                  | 2 |
| Mr. Powlett's br. f. The Mystery, 4 yrs.....                                  | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Carac-tacus, 6 yrs; Gen. Yates's b. f. Syren, by Sligo out of Aglaia, 3 yrs; Mr. C. Towneley's br. c. Prince Llewellyn, 4 yrs; Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, 4 yrs; and Mr. Attwood's b. g. Stainton, 5 yrs.—Five to 2 agst Perseverance, 5 to 2 agst Prince Llewellyn, and 6 to 1 agst Despot.

**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Wilton's br. c. by Camel out of Arachne, 8st. 1lb. (Templeman).....       | 1 |
| Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. The Tulip, by Wamba—Y. Chryseis, 8st. 1lb.....        | 2 |
| Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. by Peter Lely out of Mrs. Suggs, 8st. 1lb.....      | 3 |
| Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. Miss Chester, by Whisker out of Sunflower, 8st. 1lb..... | 4 |

Six to 4 agst The Tulip, and 7 to 4 agst the winner.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Twenty subs.

|                                                                              |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Derby's ch. f. <i>Verbena</i> , by Velocipede out of Rosalba (Lye)..... | 1 |
| Mr. T. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Langar out of Proserpine .....           | 2 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hectic, by Sultan out of Flush .....                 | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Velocipede out of Baleine by Whalebone; Sir G. Pigot's b. c. Altamont, by Sligo out of Colum-bia; Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Peter Simple, by Velocipede out of Rose; Mr. Bower's ro. c. Bucephalus, by Timour out of Warwick's dam; Mr. W. Turner's ch. c. Equator, by Battledore; Mr. Attwood's b. f. Calista by Velocipede; Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Profil-gate, by Filho da Puta out of Pincushion; Colonel Craufurd's ch. c. Freckle; and Mr. G. Crompton's br. c. The Stag, by Acteon.—Six to 4 agst Verbena, 7 to 2 agst Jupi-ter, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's filly.

**MAIDEN PLATE** of 80 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five and up-wards, 8st. 9lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round and a dis-tance.

|                                                                            |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Forrester</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs (Scalfe) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Hedden's ch. c. Rifleman, by Whisker, 3 yrs.....                       | - | 2 |
| Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. Tom Jones, by Teniers, 3 yrs .....              | 2 | - |

Four others started.

**WEDNESDAY, July 2.**—The **FOAL STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. *Sheik*, by Camel out of Michaelmas.....walked over.

**PRODUCE MATCH** of 900 sovs. each, h. ft.—Once round.

Lord Langford's f. *Summerhill*, Sister to Sir Hercules, by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb. recd., from Mr. Yates's b. f. Mary Anne, by Edmund out of Gabrielle, 8st. 1lb.

**THE SEPTON STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Three subs.

Mr. W. Crompton's b. f. *Mayflower* (Sister to *Palmflower*), by Jerry.....walked over.

**THE TRADESMEN'S CUP**, or Piece of Plate, value 200 sovs. with 100 sovs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Two miles.—The winner to pay 30 sovs. for the Judge, and the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.—Fifty-five subs. (17 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. *Inheritor*, by Lottery, 3 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (Arthur, jun.) ..... 1

Mr. Skipsey's b. h. *The Physician*, by Brutandorf, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 2

Mr. Wheelodon's br. h. *Giovaanni*, by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 5lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Wilton's b. h. *Chancellor*, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Bower's b. m. *Lady Stafford*, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. *David*, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Crompton's br. c. *Satan*, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.; Mr. Barrow's b. f. *Catherina*, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; Mr. Thompson's ch. c. *Flindictor*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Ellis's b. c. *The Page*, by Figaro out of *Lady Fulford*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. T. Ferguson's gr. c. *Rust*, by Master Robert out of *Vermillion*, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of *Miss Hap*, 4 yrs, 7st. 1lb.; and Mr. C. Atwood's br. c. *Polander*, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.—Seven to 2 agst *Chancellor*, 4 to 1 agst *Physician*, 4 to 1 agst *Giovaanni*, 3 to 1 agst *Inheritor*, 10 to 1 agst the Sir Gray colt, and 10 to 1 agst *Natan*.

**FREE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Nanney's ch. c. *Ratcatcher*, by Langar, 7st. 2lb. (W. Jones) ..... 1

Captain Bunney's b. c. *Newcastle*, 6st. 6lb. .... 2

Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery out of *Primrose*, 6st. 3lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Westminster's br. f. *Deoxy*, 6st. 5lb.; Mr. Towneley's b. c. *Algiers*, 7st. 7lb.; and Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. *Caliban*, 7st. 6lb.—Six to 4 agst *Algiers*, 2 to 1 agst *Ratcatcher*, and 4 to 1 agst *Newcastle*.

**THURSDAY, July 3.**—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A mile and three quarters.—Twenty-four subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. *General Chasse*, by Acton (Johnson) ..... 1

Lord Westminster's b. c. *Touchstone*, by Camel out of *Banter* ..... 2

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. by Figaro or Lottery, out of *Miss Fanny's* dam ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. *Miss Chester*; Mr. R. Alanson's b. c. *Cashier*; Mr. Watt's ch. c. *Whitefoot*, by Young Blacklock (late Navarino) out of *Kitten* by Waxy Pope; Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Queen Bess*; Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Birdlime*; Mr. R. Bower's b. c. *Mr. Merryman*; Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. *Inheritor*; and Sir J. Gerard's br. c. *Billinge*.—Five to 3 agst *General Chasse*, 7 to 2 agst *Billinge*, 7 to 2 Mr. Powlett's colt, 6 to 1 agst *Touchstone*, 8 to 1 agst *Inheritor*, 10 to 1 agst *Queen Bess*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—A winner this year of 50l. in Plate or Sweepstakes before naming to carry 3lb., of more, 5lb. extra.—Once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Lord Westminster's bl. c. *Abbas Mirza*, by Camel, 3 yrs (Cartwright) ..... 1

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Birdlime*, 3 yrs ..... 2

Mr. W. Crompton's b. f. *Mayflower*, 3 yrs ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Derby's gr. h. *Falconbridge*, 5 yrs; and Mr. Townley's b. h. *Westport*, 5 yrs.—Six to 4 agst *Birdlime*, 6 to 4 agst *Mayflower*, and 7 to 2 agst *Abbas Mirza*.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.—Seven subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Acton, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Lye) ..... 1

Mr. Atwood's b. g. *Stanton*, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2

Mr. S. Walker's b. f. *Ellen*, by Starch, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Townley's b. h. *Westport*, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Lord Derby's gr. h. *Falconbridge*, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; and Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. *Caliban*, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.—Five to 4 agst *Falconbridge*, and 3 to 1 agst *Miss Margaret*.

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gr.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Despot*, by Sultan, 4 yrs (Darling) ..... 1 2 1

Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, aged ..... 2 1 2

Mr. Hamer's b. c. *The Lanner*, 3 yrs ..... dr.



Mr. Watts's ch. c. *Whitfoot*, 3 yrs..... dr.  
Mr. Barrow's b. f. *Catherina*, 4 yrs..... dr.

**FRIDAY, July 4.**—The **STANLEY STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. :—two-year-olds colts, 6st. 8lb. ; and three, 8st. 10lb. —Fillies allowed 8lb. —T. V. C. —Seven subs.  
Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Queen Bess*, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs (*Lye*) ..... 1  
Lord Derby's ch. f. *Verbena*, 3 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Attwood's br. c. *Polander*, 3 yrs ..... 3  
Mr. W. Turner's br. f. *Miss Golborne*, 3 yrs ..... 4  
Two to 1 on *Verbena*, and 3 to 1 agst *Queen Bess*.

**The STAND CUP**, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st. —Mares and Geldings allowed 8lb. —The winner of the Tradesmen's Cup to carry 3lb. extra, —Two miles and a half. —Fourteen subs.

Mr. Skipsey's b. h. *The Physician*, by Brutandorf, 5 yrs (*Connolly*) ..... 1  
Lord Wilton's b. h. *Chancellor*, 6 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Thompson's ch. c. *Fitzdick*, 4 yrs ..... 3  
Two to 1 on *The Physician*.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 8st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb. —Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. —Maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 3lb. —The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. —Once round and a distance. —Seven subs.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. f. *Flight*, by Velocipede, 3 yrs (*Lye*) ..... 0 1  
Mr. T. Johnson's br. c. *Lily of Smedley*, by Peter Lely, 3 yrs ..... 0 2  
The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Giffard's br. c. by *Filho da Puta* out of *Master Watkin's* dam, 4 yrs ; Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by *Lottory* out of *Primrose*, 4 yrs ; Mr. F. Gerard's b. g. by *Peter Lely*, 3 yrs ; and Mr. Richardson's gr. f. *Augusta*, 4 yrs. —Two to 1 agst the *Lily of Smedley* ; after the dead heat, 6 to 4 on *Flight*.

**The FARMERS' PLATE** of 100 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 8st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 8lb. ; six, 8st. 12lb. ; and aged, 9st. —Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. —Maiden colts, at starting, allowed 2lb. ; fillies, 5lb. —Winners before naming to carry 3lb. extra. —Two-mile heats.

Mr. Powlett's br. f. *The Mystery*, by *Lottory*, 4 yrs (*Marson*) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, aged ..... 5 2  
Mr. Bower's b. c. Mr. Merryman, 3 yrs ..... 3 3  
Mr. Jackson's br. f. *Summerhill*, 3 yrs ..... 2 4  
Mr. Attwood's b. g. *Stanton*, 5 yrs ..... 4 dr.

# NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

**MONDAY, July 7.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb. —New T. V. C.

Sir S. Graham's b. f. *Zulima*, by Sultan (*Connolly*) ..... 1  
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Charivari*, by *Reveller* ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Berners' b. c. by *Lamplighter* out of *Tipplewitchet* ; Mr. Hunter's gr. c. *Merotto*, by *Gustavus* ; and Mr. Barrett's b. c. *Airy*, by *St. Patrick*. —Five to 2 agst *Zulima*, and 3 to 1 agst *Charivari*.

**First Year of a Renewal of the JULY STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. —New T. V. C. —Twenty-nine subs.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Kate Kearney*, by *Benedict* (*Connolly*) ..... 1  
Mr. Hunter's b. f. *Sister to Forester*, by *Gustavus* out of *Young Pipylina* ..... 2  
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *The Glama*, by *Camel* out of *Aspasia* ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Colonel Peel's br. c. by *Filho da Puta* out of *Young Rhoda* ; Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. by *Sultan* out of *Emma* by *Orville* ; Mr. Wilson's b. f. by *Tramp* out of *Ridotto* ; Mr. Pettit's b. c. *Ibrahim*, by *Emilia*, dam *Peza*, by *Sultan* out of *Advance* ; Mr. W. P. Isaacson's b. c. *The Brigand*, by *Emilius* out of *Sontag* by *Woful* ; Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. by *Whisker* out of *Pigmy* ; Mr. Sowerby's *Constantia*, by *Camel* out of *Miss Craven's* dam ; and Mr. Greatrex's b. f. by *Camel* out of *Martha* by *Merlin*. —Two to 1 agst *Martha*, 5 to 1 agst *Kate Kearney*, 7 to 1 agst *The Glama*, 8 to 1 agst *Brigand*, and 9 to 1 agst *Sister to Forester*.

**MATCH.**—Duke of Grafton's c. *Emu*, by *Cannon Ball* or *Buzzard*, out of *Zine*, 8st. 7lb. received ft. from Lord Exeter's f. (*dead*) by *Lamplighter* out of a *Blacklock* mare out of *Pope Joan*, 8st. 4lb., New T. V. C., 100, h. ft.

**TUESDAY, July 8.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, not en-

gaged in the July Stakes:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T. Y. C.—Five subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Eva*, by Sultan out of Eliza Leeds (Nat) ..... 1  
Mr. Spalding's b. f. *Madame de Jeck*, by Langar out of Elephant's dam by Shuttle, 2  
Duke of Grafton's Florin (Sister to Fidalgo) by Sultan out of Tontine ..... 3  
Five to 4 agst *Eva*, and 6 to 4 agst *Madame de Jeck*.

FIFTY POUNDS:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—D. I.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Armadillo*, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs (W. Boyce) ..... 1  
Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Vespa*, 4 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. *Catalonian*, 4 yrs ..... 3  
Mr. Greville's b. c. *Dacre*, by Bizarre out of Young Barossa (carried 6st. 12lb.)  
3 yrs ..... 4  
Lord Berners' ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 4 yrs ..... 5  
Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius out of Shoveler, 4 yrs ..... 6  
Lord Egremont's b. f. Sister to Runnymede, 3 yrs ..... 7  
Five to 4 on *Vespa*, and 3 to 1 agst *Armadillo*.

WEDNESDAY, July 9.—The TOWN PLATE of 50l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last mile and a distance of B. C.—Mr. Perram's donation of 31l. 15s. not having been claimed as a marriage portion, was paid to the winner of this Plate.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Charivari*, by Reveller (Pavis) ..... 1  
Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Armadillo*, by St. Patrick ..... 2  
Mr. Hunter's gr. c. *Morotto*, by Gustavus ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir S. Graham's b. f. *Zulima*; Mr. Greville's *Faunus*; Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. *Bon Ton*; Mr. Wigram's ch. f. by Nigel or Moses, dam by Orville, grandam by Walton, out of Spindle; and Mr. Clover's b. f. by Blacklock, dam by Amadis out of Platowna by Sir Paul. Three to 1 agst *Armadillo*, 3 to 1 agst *Morotto*, 3 to 1 agst *Zulima*, and 4 to 1 agst *Charivari*.

MATCH.—Mr. Pettit's gr. c. *M'Arab*, by the Humdanieh Arabian, 7st. 11lb. (Connolly) beat Lord Tavistock's b. f. by Rasping out of Morisca, 8st. 7lb., Last Half of Ab. M., 25.—Two to 1 on *M'Arab*.

MATCH.—Lord Exeter's ro. f. Sister to Baleine, by Whalebone, 7st. 9lb. (Nat) beat Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Harum Scarum, 8st. 7lb. 3. Y. C., 100, h. ft.—Two to 1 on Sister to Baleine.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for all ages (two-year-olds excepted).—To start at the starting post of B. M. and run to the end of New T. Y. C.

Mr. Yates's ch. m. *Sensitive*, by Cain, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Pavis) ..... 1  
Mr. Bloss's b. m. *Water Witch*, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. .... 2  
Lord Lichfield's gr. h. Gab, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 3  
Lord Tavistock's b. f. by Rasping out of Morisca, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (carried 6st. 12lb.) 4  
Mr. Sowerby's br. m. *Volage*, aged, 9st. 13lb. .... 5  
Five to 2 agst *Sensitive*, 3 to 1 agst *Volage*, and 7 to 2 agst Gab.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb.; three, 9st.—New T. Y. C.

The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Yates's b. c. *Ince*, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs (Pavis) ..... 6  
Mr. Sowerby's ro. f. *Constantia*, by Camel, 2 yrs (S. Mann) ..... 6

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Mills's Camlet, by Camel out of Will Scarlet's dam, 2 yrs (carried 6st. 13lb.); Mr. Wilson's b. f. by Tramp out of Ridotto, 2 yrs; Mr. Newton's ch. f. Heberle, Sister to Eugene, 2 yrs; and Lord Lowther's b. c. by Lamplighter, dam by Partisan out of Donna Clara, 2 yrs.

Mr. Yates and Mr. Sowerby divided the Stakes, and Ince walked over.

Five to 4 agst Mr. Wilson's filly, and 5 to 2 agst Ince.

THE CHESTERFIELD STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The last half of B. M.—The winner of the July Stakes to carry 9lb. extra.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *The Glama*, by Camel out of Aspasia (Robinson) ..... 1  
Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Lilka*, by Emilius or Lamplighter out of Leila ..... 2  
Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Kate Kearney*, by Benedict (9lb. extra) ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. *Symmetry*; Mr. Spalding's f. *Lady Albert*, by Langar out of Lady Esby; Mr. S. Stanley's ch. c. by Buzzard out of Clansman's dam; Mr. Bloss's br. f. *Matilda*, by Shakespeare out of Maude by Morisco out of Merrymaid; and Mr. Goodwin's f. by Camel out of Galatea by Amadis.—Five to 4 agst *Kate Kearney*, and 5 to 2 agst *The Glama*.

## GOODWOOD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 29.**—The **LAVANT STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the July or either of the Two-year-old Stakes at Ascot, to carry 5lb. extra.—Half a mile.—Sixteen subs.  
**Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Eva**, by Sultan out of Eliza Leeds (Natt)..... 1  
**Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence**, by Camel out of Moses' dam ..... 2  
**Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Reliance** (Sister to Revenge), by Fungus ..... 3  
**Mr. Gratwicke's b. c. by Emilius** out of Frederick's dam, by Phantom..... 4  
**Mr. Kent's b. f. Mischief**, by Reveller out of Lania by Gohanna ..... 5  
 Seven to 4 on Eva.

**MATCH.**—**Mr. Greville's gr. c. Marmoset**, by Helenus out of Dandizette (Natt) beat **Duke of Richmond's b. c. by Mameluke** out of Loo, 8st. 4lb. each, half a mile, 25 sovs.—Five to 4 on Marmoset.

**The DRAWING ROOM STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with a Bonus by independent subscription of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—

The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 8lb., the second for either 4lb. extra.—

**Drawing Room Stakes Course.**—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 25 sovs. to the Judge.—Thirty-one subs. to the Sweepstakes, and thirty-five to the Bonus.

**Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Charivari**, by Reveller out of Alife by Woful (A. Pavis).... 1  
**Mr. Forth's b. f. Sister to Echo**, by Emilius..... 2  
**Mr. Rush's br. c. Rebel**, by Whalebone out of Romp..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—**Mr. Cosby's b. c. Patapan**, Brother to Kate; **Mr. Bristow's b. f. Languid**; **Lord Exeter's ro. f. Bodice**; **Lord Lowther's br. c. by Reveller** out of Trictrac; **Mr. Sadler's b. c. Defensave**; and **Sir F. Johnstone's b. f. by Merlin**, dam by Phantom.—Six to 5 agst the Merlin filly, 5 to 2 agst Charivari, 11 to 2 agst Rebel, 10 to 1 agst the Trictrac colt, 10 to 1 agst Languid, and 10 to 1 agst Bodice.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Innkeepers on the Road:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.

**Duke of Richmond's b. c. Ketchup**, by Moses, 4 yrs (Boyce) ..... 1 1  
**Lord Egremont's Faunus**, Brother to Dryad, 3 yrs..... 2 2  
**Mr. Payne's b. f. Adelaide**, 3 yrs ..... 3 dr.

First heat, 7 to 4 on Ketchup; second heat, 6 to 4 on Ketchup.

**WEDNESDAY, July 30.**—The **VERULAM STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 7lb. each.—The Last Mile of the Drawing Room Stakes Course.—Seven subs.

**Sir F. Johnstone's b. f. by Merlin**, dam by Phantom (Robinson) ..... 1  
**Mr. Forth's b. f. Louisa** by Longwaist out of Miss Witch..... 2  
**Lord Exeter's ro. f. Bodice** (Sister to Baleine) by Whalebone..... 3  
 Seven to 4 on Louisa.

**The GOODWOOD STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive 50l. out of the Stakes.—Cup Course.—One hundred and twelve subs., 71 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

**Mr. Forth's b. c. Robin Roughhead**, Brother to Rough Robin, by Sober Robin, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (Norman) ..... 1  
**Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin**, by Cain, 4 yrs, 7st..... 2  
**Mr. Taunton's Easton**, by Luzborough, 4 yrs, 6st. 12lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—**Mr. I. Day's Liston**, aged, 9st. 6lb.; **Mr. Gardner's Messenger**, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; **Lord Chesterfield's b. g. Quirretto**, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; **Mr. Kent's ro. f. Baleine**, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; **Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. Uncle Toby**, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; **Mr. Cosby's Non Compos**, 5 yrs, 8st.; **Mr. Chifney's f. by Emilius** out of Shoveler, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; **Mr. Sadler's Eleanor**, 5 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; **Mr. Wyatt's b. f. by Longwaist** out of Lacerta, 4 yrs, 7st.; **Mr. Pryse's ch. c. Caldicot**, 4 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; **Lord Chesterfield's Ron Ton**, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.; **Mr. Payne's b. c. Skimmer**, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.; and **Lord Jersey's br. c. Musquito**, 3 yrs, 6st.—Five to 1 agst Caldicot, 6 to 1 agst Liston, 7 to 1 agst the winner and the Lacerta filly, 12 to 1 agst Easton, 12 to 1 agst Baleine, 15 to 1 agst Messenger, and 20 to 1 agst Barney Bodkin.

The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once in 1834 to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra (Matches and Handicaps excepted).—One-mile heats.—Four subs.

|                                                                        |   |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Whale</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs (J. Day) ..... | 3 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Yates's Ophelia, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs .....                         | 1 | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Farrall's Kate, by Lapdog, 5 yrs .....                             | 2 |   | dr. |

First heat, 6 to 4 on Whale; second heat, 7 to 4 on Ophelia.

THURSDAY, July 31.—The MOLECOMB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Twenty-five subs.

|                                                                                            |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Waresti</i> , by Sultan out of Liverpool's dam, 8st. (J. Day) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Yates's Adana, by Sultan out of Rachel, 8st. ....                                      | 2 |
| Mr. Greville's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, 8st. 5lb. ....                    | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Cosby's br. f. *Griselda*, Sister to Pussy, 8st.; Mr. Mills's b. c. *Lurcher*, by Greyleg out of Harpalice, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Forth's b. c. by Mameluke out of Maiden by Orville, 8st. 5lb.; and Mr. Gardner's ch. f. *Bucephalia*, by Emilius out of The Odd Trick, 8st.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Lord Egremont's b. f. *Ethilda*, by Skim out of Elfrid. .... walked over.

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the City of Chichester :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round.

|                                                                            |   |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----|
| Mr. Forth's <i>Gratis</i> , by Middleton out of Lamia, 5 yrs (Forth) ..... | 1 | 1  |
| Mr. Gardner's br. c. by Catton out of Twatty, 4 yrs .....                  | 3 | 2  |
| Lord Egremont's Sister to Runnymede, 3 yrs .....                           | 2 | dr |

Six to 4 agst *Gratis*; after the heat, 2 to 1 on him.

MATCH.—Mr. Greville's *Marmoset*, 8st. 6lb. beat Duke of Richmond's b. c. by Mameluke out of Loo, 8st. 2lb., T. Y. C., 25 sovs.

The GOLD CUP, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, a subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added from the Racing Fund.—The second horse to receive 100l. out of the Stakes.—Two miles and a half.—Forty subs.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Jersey's ch. c. <i>Glencoe</i> , by Sultan, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (Natt) ..... | 1 |
| Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. ....           | 2 |
| Mr. Forth's b. f. <i>Famine</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs, 6st. 10lb. ....  | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Osbaldeston's The Saddler, 6 yrs, 9st. 12lb.; Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb.; Mr. Kirby's ch. h. St. Giles, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb.; Col. Peel's Nonsense, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Forth's b. f. *Marpessa*, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Burgomaster*, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; and Mr. I. Day's b. g. by Spectre out of Liston's dam, 6 yrs, 7st. 9lb.—Five to 2 agst Colwick, 4 to 1 agst *Glencoe*, 6 to 1 agst *Nonsense*, 8 to 1 agst Mr. Forth's two, 9 to 1 agst *Rockingham*, 12 to 1 agst St. Giles, 12 to 1 agst The Saddler, and 17 to 1 agst Liston's dam.

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the City of Chichester.—T. Y. C.

|                                                                                                            |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Captain Berkeley's b. f. <i>Goldfringe</i> , by Phantom or Waterloo, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb. (S. Day, jun.) ..... | 1 |
| Lord Tavistock's Fausus, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 7st. ....                                                    | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Duke of Richmond's Holkar, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.; Mr. Forth's ch. f. by Partisan, dam by Tiresias, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.; and Lord Chesterfield's Quartetto, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.—Two to 1 agst Holkar, and 2 to 1 agst the winner.

PLATE of 100l. given by Lord George Bentinck.—The winner to be sold for 200l. if demanded, &c.—King's Plate Course.

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Farrall's <i>Kate</i> , by Lapdog, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Farrall) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Scott's Barney Bodkin, by Cain, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ....                | 2 |
| Mr. Gully's Lady Fly, by Bustard, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ....                 | 3 |

Five to 4 agst Lady Fly, 6 to 4 agst Barney Bodkin, and 6 to 1 agst Kate.

FRIDAY, August 1.—The KING'S PLATE of 100ga. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 9st. 13lb.; six and aged, 10st. 4lb.—Over the New King's Plate Course, about three miles and five furlongs.

Lord Chesterfield's *Glaucus*, by Partisan, 4 yrs ..... walked over.

**THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S PLATE, value 100 sovs.—Last Mile.**

|                                                                             |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Col. Peel's <i>Nonsense</i> , by Bedlamite, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Pavis) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Sadler's <i>Eleanor</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ....                        | 2 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's <i>The Saddler</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 10lb. ....               | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Cosby's *Patapan*, 3 yrs, 8st. 13lb. ; Duke of Richmond's *Holkar*, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ; Mr. Payne's *Skimmer*, 3 yrs, 8st. 13lb. ; Mr. Greville's *Whale*, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. ; Lord Egremont's *Sister to Runnymede*, 3 yrs, a feather ; and Mr. Nettleship's *Blewkellar*, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.—Three to 1 agst *The Saddler*, 7 to 2 agst *Nonsense*, 7 to 2 agst *Eleanor*, 8 to 1 agst *Whale*, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

**A CUP, value 100 sovs. given by T. P. Cosby, Esq. Steward, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—The winner of the Duke of Richmond's Plate to carry 10lb. extra.—Last mile and a half of the Cup Course.—Ten subs.**

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Kent's <i>Balsine</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. (Pavis) ..... | 1 |
| Col. Peel's <i>Nonsense</i> , by Bedlamite, 4 yrs, 9st. 7lb. ....        | 2 |
| Mr. Gardnor's <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, aged, 8st. 3lb. ....             | 3 |
| Mr. Cosby's <i>Pincher</i> , by Lapdog, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....            | 4 |

Eleven to 8 agst *Balsine*, and 7 to 4 agst *Nonsense*.

**THE RACING SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—Last mile of the Drawing Room Stakes Course.—Ten subs.**

|                                                                       |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Jersey's <i>Glencoe</i> , by Sultan, 8st. 13lb. (Robinson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Forth's <i>Louisa</i> , by Longwaist, 8st. 4lb. ....              | 2 |
| Mr. Sadler's <i>Defensive</i> , by Defence, 8st. 7lb. ....            | 3 |
| Mr. Rush's <i>Rebel</i> , by Whalebone—Romp, 8st. 7lb. ....           | 4 |

Six and 7 to 1 on *Glencoe*.

**YORK AUGUST MEETING.**

**TUESDAY, August 5.—PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.—Four subs.**  
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. *Fidelity*, by Whisker out of *Fortuna*.....walked over.

**THE GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—One mile and three quarters.—Five subs.**

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Spume</i> , by Roller out of Foam (Connolly) ..... | 1 |
| Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Muley out of Bequest by Election .....      | 2 |
| Mr. Marson's b. f. <i>Miss Potter</i> , by Lottery—Smolenako.....        | 3 |

Seven to 4 on Bequest colt.

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gr. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 12lb. ; five, 9st. 4lb. ; six, 9st. 7lb. ; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Two miles.**

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Skipsey's b. h. <i>The Physician</i> , by Brutandorf, 5 yrs (Heseltine) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Walker's b. h. <i>Consol</i> , by Lottery—Cerberus, 6 yrs .....               | 2 |

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on *Physician*.

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 8lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Twenty-three subs.**

|                                                                                                        |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. J. Scott's ch. c. <i>Pilgrim</i> , by Langar, dam by Blacklock, grandam by Knowsley—(Holmes) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by Chateau Margaux out of Marshesa.....                                          | 2 |
| Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Acton out of Gin by Juniper.....                                             | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. by Langar out of *Lady of the Tees* ; Mr. Dundas's b. c. *Weldare*, by Langar, dam by Orville ; Mr. Watt's ch. f. *Sister to Bubastes* ; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Longwaist out of *Young Duchess* by Walton ; Mr. Mills's gr. c. *Plantagenet*, Brother to *Falconbridge* ; Mr. M. Foulis's br. c. *De Roos*, by *Velocipede* out of *Justitia* by *Cervantes* ; Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Acton out of *Georgiana* by *Woful*, and Mr. Garforth's b. f. by Lottery out of *Laura* by *Figaro*.—Two to 1 agst Mr. Ridsdale's colt, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Fox's filly, and 7 to 2 agst *Sister to Bubastes*.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added by the Corporation.—A mile and a quarter.—Three subs.**

|                                                            |              |
|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Skipsey's <i>Physician</i> , by Brutandorf, 5 yrs..... | walked over, |
|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|

**THE CORPORATION PLATE of 50l.** for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. ; and four, 8st. 5lb. Fillies allowed 3lb. and maiden colts, 2lb.—The winner to be sold for 200ga. if demanded, &c.—Heats, a mile and three quarters.

|                                                                                                   |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. f. <i>Mrs. Oakley</i> , by Blacklock out of Mrs. Fry, 3 yrs (Wimringham)..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. <i>Myrrha</i> , by Malek out of Parlet's dam, 3 yrs.....                     | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. D. Ross's b. c. <i>The Pretender</i> , by Acton, 3 yrs.....                                   | 3 | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. Dyson's b. c. <i>Lockington</i> , by Y. Phantom, 4 yrs.....                                   | 4 | 3 | 4 |

**THURSDAY, August 7.**—The **HORNEY STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1831 :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Seven subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Walker's ch. c. <i>Curtius</i> , by Emilius out of Quadrille (Scott)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Howdsworth's b. c. <i>Felix</i> , by Sultan out of Fortuna.....           | 2 |

Six to 4 on Curtius.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added by the Corporation of York.**—Two three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Hetherington's b. c. <i>Wyndham</i> , by Chateau Margaux (Heseltine)..... | 1 |
| Mr. M. Maxwell's ch. g. <i>Buccaneer</i> , by Blacklock—Mimna.....            | 2 |
| Mr. Salvin's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Lottery—Princess.....                 | 3 |
| Gen. Sharpe's gr. f. <i>Matilde</i> , by Malek out of Fair Helen.....         | 4 |

Six to 5 on Wyndham, 5 to 2 agst Buccaneer, and 3 to 1 agst Isabella.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1830 :—fillies, 8st. 2lb.**—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs.

|                                                                                                        |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. <i>Zohrab</i> , by Lottery out of Elizabeth by Walton, 8st. 2lb. (Johnson)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Cotillon</i> , by Partisan out of Quadrille, 8st. 2lb.....                       | 2 |
| Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye, 8st. 2lb.....                                      | 3 |
| Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Stapleton</i> , by Velocipede out of Delphine, 8st. 2lb.....                     | 4 |

Six to 5 agst Cotillon, and 2 to 1 agst Zohrab.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation of York :—two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb. ; three, 8st. ; four, 9st. ; five, 9st. 6lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.**—The winner of Wednesday's Sweepstakes to carry 5lb. extra.—One mile.

|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Skipsey's b. h. <i>The Physician</i> , by Brutandorf, 5 yrs (Mealtime)..... | 1 |
| Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Spume</i> , by Roller, 3 yrs.....                         | 2 |
| Mr. Bowser's b. c. <i>Logic</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs.....                        | 3 |

Two to 1 on Physician.

**FRIDAY, August 8.**—His **MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100ga. for Mares :—four-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. 1lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Three miles.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. T. O. Powell's br. f. <i>The Mystery</i> , by Lottery, 4 yrs (J. Mason)..... | 1 |
| Lord Kelburne's br. f. by Jerry out of Georgiana, 4 yrs.....                     | 2 |
| Mr. Marley's br. f. <i>Palm-Flower</i> , by Jerry—Sir David, 4 yrs.....          | 3 |

Seven to 4 on The Mystery, and 3 to 1 agst Georgiana.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.**—A mile and a quarter.—Eighteen subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Sligo's ch. c. <i>Bran</i> , by Humphrey Clinker (Connolly).....            | 1 |
| Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Cotillon</i> , by Partisan.....                            | 2 |
| Major Yarbrough's br. f. <i>Omnibus</i> , by Velocipede out of Laurel's dam..... | 3 |
| Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. <i>Inheritor</i> , by Lottery out of Handmaiden.....        | 4 |
| Mr. S. Fox's b. c. <i>Goldbeater</i> , by Gaberlanzis.....                       | 5 |

Two to 1 on Bran, 4 to 1 agst Inheritor, 6 to 1 agst Omnibus, and 8 to 1 agst Cotillon.

**Third Year of the Renewed SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 7st. 2lb., and fillies, 6st. 11lb. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; and five, 8st. 10lb.**—Two miles.—Five subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by Mulcy out of Bequest, 3 yrs ( <i>Lye</i> )..... | 1 |
| Mr. Walker's b. c. <i>Delirium</i> , by Filho out of Lunatic, 3 yrs.....      | 2 |

**THE MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.** :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 7st. 9lb. ; five, 8st. 5lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 50l. in the present year to carry 3lb. if twice, 5lb., thrice, 6lb. extra.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                              |   |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Skipsey's b. c. <i>Wyndham</i> , by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs (Barker)..... | 4 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Maxwell's ch. g. <i>Buccaneer</i> , by Blacklock, 3 yrs .....            | 3 | 3 | 2   |
| Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Spume</i> , by Roller, 3 yrs .....                     | 1 | 5 | dr. |
| Mr. S. Fox's b. c. <i>Count</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs .....                     | 2 | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Marson's br. f. <i>Miss Potter</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs .....             | 5 | 4 | dr. |

## BRIGHTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.**—The BRIGHTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 lf declared, &c. with 100 added by the Town.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Alderson's <i>Robin Roughhead</i> , by Sober Robin, 4 yrs, 8st. (Norman)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Rush's Roadster, by M'Adam, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb. ....                             | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Farrall's *Kate*, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Patapan*, Brother to *Kate*, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; and Mr. Theobald's ch. c. *Colossus*, by *Mameluke* out of *Miss Breeze* (foaled in 1836) by *Phantom* out of *Breeze*, 3 yrs, 8st. 6lb.—Five to 4 on the winner, 3 to 1 agst Roadster, 5 to 1 agst *Patapan*, and 7 to 1 agst *Colossus*.

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                          |   |   |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Lord Jersey's ch. m. <i>Datura</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs (Robinson) ..... | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Forth's b. h. <i>Grata</i> , 5 yrs .....                             | 1 | 0 | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , 5 yrs .....                  | 3 | 3 |   | dr. |
| Mr. Gardnor's b. g. <i>Omen</i> , aged .....                             | 2 | 4 |   | dr. |
| Mr. Beckett's b. c. by St. Patrick out of <i>Angelica</i> , 3 yrs .....  | 4 |   |   | dr. |

After the third heat, Mr. Forth recd. 20l. of the Plate, and *Datura* walked over.

The SUSSEX PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once before or after naming in 1834 to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra (Matches and Handicaps excepted).—Heats, the New Course.

|                                                                          |   |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Cosby's b. c. <i>Patapan</i> , by <i>Lapdog</i> , 3 yrs (Natt) ..... | 0 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Farrall's br. c. <i>Denbica</i> , 4 yrs .....                        | 4 | 4 | 2   |
| Mr. Snow's bl. c. <i>Raven</i> , by <i>Picton</i> , 4 yrs .....          | 3 | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Gardnor's <i>Messenger</i> , 5 yrs .....                             | 0 | 3 | dr. |

There was a false start for the second heat, when all ran the Course through except *Raven*.

**THURSDAY, August 7.**—GOLD CUP, value 100gs., given by His Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Four subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Theobald's <i>Rockingham</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs (Chapple) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Forth's <i>Marpessa</i> , by <i>Muley</i> , 4 yrs .....                   | 2 |

Five to 2 on *Rockingham*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last three quarters of a mile.—Three subs.

|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Egremont's <i>Ethilda</i> , by <i>Skim</i> (Arnall) .....                  | 1 |
| Mr. Ricardo's br. c. by Camel out of <i>Mirandola</i> by <i>Haphazard</i> ..... | 2 |

Five to 2 on *Ethilda*.

The BOROUGH PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Winners once before or after naming in 1834 to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, the New Course.

|                                                                                                                    |   |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Shelley's br. g. <i>King of Trumps</i> (late <i>Trump</i> ), by <i>King of Diamonds</i> , aged (Chapple) ..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Sadler's b. g. <i>Tally-ho</i> , 6 yrs .....                                                                   | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> , 6 yrs .....                                          | 3 | 2 | 2 |

MATCH.—Mr. Dockeray's *Trickery*, by *Whalebone*, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson) beat Mr. Balchin's *Levity*, by Chateau Margaux, 7st. 11lb., both 4 yrs old, two miles, 100.

**FRIDAY, August 8.**—HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                     |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Cosby's <i>Pincher</i> , by <i>Lapdog</i> , 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (J. Midgley) ..... | 1 | 1 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Farrell's Kate, by Lapdog, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. ....                                                                                                                                                                             | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. T. Dockesay's Blewteilar, by Young Interpreter, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ....                                                                                                                                                         | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. G. Dockesay's Trickery, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....                                                                                                                                                                   | 3 | 4 |
| The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Course. |   |   |
| Mr. Shelley's br. g. <i>King of Tramps</i> , aged (J. Chapple) .....                                                                                                                                                              | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Farrell's br. c. <i>Dumbies</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs .....                                                                                                                                                               | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Ricardo's b. f. <i>Ellen</i> , by Peter Lely, 3 yrs .....                                                                                                                                                                     | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Gould's b. g. <i>Jasper</i> , aged .....                                                                                                                                                                                      | 4 | 4 |

## WELLS MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 1.**—The MENDIP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 f declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Fourteen subs. (7 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

|                                                                                       |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Mr. Gardnor's b. h. <i>Messenger</i> , by Partisan, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (E. Paris) ..... | 1     |
| Mr. Taunton's Frederica, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ....                                        | 2     |
| Mr. Sainsbury's br. c. <i>Easton</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. ....                               | fell. |

The WELLS CUP, in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred :—three-year-olds, 9st.; four, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 50L previous to starting to carry 6lb., if twice, 7lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                          |   |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| Mr. Dutton's ch. h. <i>Warrior</i> , by Straitwaist, 5 yrs (Owner) ..... | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Webb's ch. f. <i>Madge</i> , 4 yrs .....                             | 3 | 2    |
| Mr. Goodlake's ch. g. <i>Bugler</i> , 4 yrs (bolted) .....               | 2 | dis. |

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50L :—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 12lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—A winner once this year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, or more, 7lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                         |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Reeves's b. g. <i>Roulette</i> , by Luxborough, 4 yrs (Treen) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Jenkins's Dancing Master, aged .....                                | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Goodlake's ch. g. <i>Bugler</i> , 4 yrs .....                       | 3 | dr. |

**WEDNESDAY, July 2.**—The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50L :—three-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 3lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                                                    |   |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Gardnor's b. f. <i>Myrrha</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs .....                                                      | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mr. Webb's ch. f. <i>Madge</i> , 4 yrs .....                                                                       | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Mr. Reeves's Roulette, 4 yrs, came in first for the first heat, but having crossed Myrrha, was declared distanced. |   |   |   |

## BRIDGWATER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 8.**—The BRIDGWATER STAKES of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft. with 50 added.—Heats, about a mile and quarter, starting at the Red-post.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                                            |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. G. Chambers's <i>Roulette</i> , by Luxborough, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. ....                                   | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Powell's bl. h. <i>Cantab</i> , 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ....                                                 | 4 | 2   |
| Mr. Taunton's Coronet, aged, 8st. 10lb. ....                                                               | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Reeves's Harlot, by Fitz-Orville, aged, 8st. ....                                                      | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Hewitt's b. f. <i>Woodland Mary</i> , by Little John or Gaberlunzie, out of Fantasma, 3 yrs, 8st. .... | 5 | dr. |

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50L :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—The winner of the Bridgwater Stakes to carry 6lb. extra; a winner once this year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice or more, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                                   |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Partridge</i> , by Buzzard, 3 yrs (S. Day, jun.) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Col. Tynte's ch. h. <i>Cornelian</i> , by Rubens, aged .....                      | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Taunton's Frederica, by Sultan, 6 yrs .....                                   | 2 | dr. |

The TOWN STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Inhabitants, for horses that never won the value of 50L. at one time.—Heats, about a mile and a quarter.

|                                                                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Allison's b. c. <i>Snake</i> , by Severnake, 3 yrs, 8st. (S. Day, jun.) ..... | 1 | 1 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|



|                                                                                                 |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. E. Bryant, jun.'s b. m. Forest Lass (half-bred), aged, 8st. 6lb. ....                       | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Leigh's b. g. Pleader, by Solicitor, dam by Llamahago, out of Lady Byron, 3 yrs, 9st. ....  | 5 | 3   |
| Mr. Hewitt's br. g. Black Jack, by Amadis, dam by Spring-gun (half-bred), 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. .... | 6 | 4   |
| Mr. Parr's b. g. Ghost, by Spectre, aged, 10st. 2lb. ....                                       | 4 | 5   |
| Mr. Harris's ch. m. Miss Southcote, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb. ....                                      | 3 | dr. |
| * [Pleader was entered by mistake as a four-year-old, and carried the four-year-old weight.]    |   |     |

WEDNESDAY, July 9.—The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The winner of the Bridgwater Stake or of the County Members' Plate to carry 5lb. , of both 10lb. extra.—Heats, once round, starting at the Red-post.

|                                                                                                                  |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Chambers's <i>Roulette</i> , by Luxborough, 4 yrs (E. Pavis) .....                                           | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Partridge, by Buzzard, 3 yrs .....                                                       | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, by Catton, aged .....                                                               | 3 | 3 |
| The QUANTOCK STAKES (handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, about a mile and three quarters.—Six subs. |   |   |
| Mr. Taunton's <i>Frederica</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs, 9st. (Trenn) .....                                            | 1 |   |
| Mr. Allica's <i>Lady Canford</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. ....                                                              | 2 |   |
| Mr. E. Bryant's <i>Forest Lass</i> (half-bred), 8st. ....                                                        | 3 |   |

The WEST SOMERSET YEOMANRY CUP was walked over for by Cornet Bryant's *Forest Lass*.

HACK STAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 20 added ; 11st. each.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, a mile and a distance.

|                                                                         |   |     |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|------|
| Mr. Reeves's b. m. <i>Harlot</i> , by Fitz-Orville, aged (Reeves) ..... | 1 | 4   | 1    |
| Mr. Tudor's ch. h. Cornelian, by Rubens, aged .....                     | 4 | 2   | 3    |
| Mr. Hewitt's b. g. Fulmin, aged .....                                   | 5 | 3   | 2    |
| Mr. Powell's bl. g. Cantab, 5 yrs (fall) .....                          | 2 | 1   | dis. |
| Mr. Parr's b. g. Ghost, aged .....                                      | 6 | 5   | dr.  |
| Mr. Harris's ch. m. Miss Southcote, 5 yrs .....                         | 3 | dr. |      |

The WEST SOMERSET YEOMANRY CAVALRY SILVER CUP, value 25l. the gift of Colonel Tynte, M.P., was won at three heats by Mr. Turner's b. h. beating several others.

### LANCASTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Three subs.

Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. by Comus, dam by Raphael .....

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |   |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| walked over.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |   |      |
| PLATE of 50l. the gift of His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, for horses that never won 50l. at one time :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 11lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats. |   |      |
| Mr. Armitage's b. c. <i>Peter Simple</i> , by Velocipede, 3 yrs (Cartwright) .....                                                                                                                                                                       | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Arrowsmith's ch. c. by Figaro, 3 yrs .....                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 2 | 2    |
| Mr. Foulis's br. c. Furlan, by Figaro, 3 yrs .....                                                                                                                                                                                                       | - | -    |
| Col. Cradock's ch. c. Swing, by Wanton, 3 yrs .....                                                                                                                                                                                                      | - | -    |
| Mr. Hebden's ch. c. Rifleman, 3 yrs (broke down) .....                                                                                                                                                                                                   | - | dis. |
| Mr. Thompson's ch. g. Octavian, 3 yrs .....                                                                                                                                                                                                              | - | dr.  |

WEDNESDAY, July 9.—GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation :—three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 6lb. ; six and aged 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Walker's *Consol*, by Lottery, 6 yrs .....

walked o. d.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 70l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb. ; four, 8st.

7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                       |   |     |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Col. Cradock's b. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Jerry, 4 yrs (Templeman) ..... | - | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. G. Crompton's b. f. Flight, 3 yrs .....                           | - | 2   | 2 |
| Mr. Harrison's br. f. Miss Wilfred, 4 yrs .....                       | 1 | 3   | 3 |
| Mr. Dyson's b. c. Lockington, 4 yrs .....                             | 2 | dr. |   |

THURSDAY, July 10.—The ASHTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a distance.

|                                                                        |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. W. Crompton's b. f. <i>May-Awcer</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs (Lyc) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. <i>Revolution</i> , aged .....                   | 2 |
| Mr. J. Smith's br. f. <i>Miss Wilfred</i> , 4 yrs .....                | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Oates's b. f. *Venus*, 4 yrs; Mr. Jaques's ch. f. *Jemima*, 4 yrs; and Mr. Lockey's b. g. *Ecclefechan*, 5 yrs.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                  |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Walker's <i>Consol</i> , by Lottery, 6 yrs (Templeman) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. W. Crompton's <i>May-flower</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs .....      | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Atwood's b. g. <i>Stanton</i> , 5 yrs .....                  | 2 | dr. |

### WINCHESTER MEETING.

**THURSDAY, July 3.**—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Straight Mile.—Nineteen subs.

|                                                                                             |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Shard's b. f. <i>Zitella</i> , by Reveller out of <i>Evans</i> , 8st. 11b. (Natt) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Sadler's b. c. <i>Defensive</i> , by Defence, dam by Selim, 8st. 4lb. ....              | 2 |

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.—One mile.—Gentlemen riders.—Three subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Chamberlain's <i>Rambler</i> , 10st. 7lb. (Mr. Bether) .....                 | 1 |
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's <i>Milly</i> , by <i>Mileasia</i> , aged, 10st. 12lb. .... | 2 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added, for regular hunters:—four-year-olds, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st.; six, 11st. 5lb.; and aged, 11st. 7lb.—Thorough-bred horses to carry 12lb. extra.—A mile and a half.—To be ridden by Members of a Racing Club.—Twelve subs.

|                                                               |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's <i>Lady Emily</i> , 4 yrs (Owner) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. J. Finch's br. h. <i>Terror</i> , aged .....              | 2 |
| Mr. Spencer's bl. g. <i>Sultan</i> , aged .....               | 3 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the County Members:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; and four, 8st. 9lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—New Mile.—Five subs.

|                                                                             |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Etwall's <i>Revenge</i> , by Fungus, 4 yrs (J. Day) .....               | 1 |
| Mr. Finch's b. c. <i>Blenheim</i> , by Lapdog, dam by Waterloo, 3 yrs ..... | 2 |

THE HAMPSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Ten subs., 4 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

|                                                                            |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Finch's b. m. <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (Mann) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Etwall's ch. f. <i>Malibran</i> , by Muley, 4 yrs, 7st. ....           | 2 |
| Mr. Sadler's b. m. <i>Delight</i> , by Reveller, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ....     | 3 |
| Mr. Radcliffe's ch. h. <i>Masappa</i> , by Godolphin, aged, 1st. 8lb. .... | 4 |

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                               |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Etwall's <i>Revenge</i> , by Fungus, 4 yrs (J. Day) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Sadler's <i>Delight</i> , by Reveller, 6 yrs .....        | 2 | dr. |

MATCH.—Mr. Shard's b. f. *Zitella* rec. ft. from Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. *Dawn*, by Lubborough out of *Gamelia*, 8st. 4lb. each, New Mile, 100, h. ft.

**FRIDAY, July 4.**—THE CUP, in specie, a subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                |              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Etwall's <i>Revenge</i> , by Fungus, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... | walked over. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added.—Last three quarters of a mile.—Five subs.

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. C. Finch's b. c. <i>Blenheim</i> , by Lapdog, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Logic) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Whale</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 9st. 7lb. ....           | 2 |

THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50L for any horse that has not won, or walked over for, the King's Plate this year:—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 4lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once in the present year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb.; thrice, or more, 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                         |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. C. Finch's <i>Cocilla</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 5 yrs (S. Mann) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Etwall's <i>Maid of Underley</i> , by <i>Muley</i> , 3 yrs .....    | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Greville's <i>Whale</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 4 yrs .....         | 2 | dr. |

**SWEETSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the County Members :—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, the last mile and a half.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Five subs.

Mr. J. Finch's br. h. *Terror*, by Magistrate, aged ..... 0 | 1 | 1 |

Mr. Molony's *Wassailor*, by Reveller, aged ..... 0 | dr. |  |

After the dead heat *Terror* walked over, and the Stakes were divided.

The **FARMERS' CUP** of 50l., 12st., was won, at two heats, by Mr. Lywood's ch. h. *Brutus*, aged, beating three others.

### BUXTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 11.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., given by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.—Two miles and a distance.—The owner of the second to receive back his stake.

|                                                                                                       |   |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| Mr. Wheelton's br. h. <i>Giovanni</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , 8st. 11lb. ( <i>Darling</i> ) ..... | 1 |  |
| Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. <i>Frenzy</i> , by <i>Bedlamite</i> , 7st. 13lb. ....                            | 2 |  |

### LEWES MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 13.**—His **MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Heats, the New Course, about two miles and a half.

|                                                                                     |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Grant's b. f. <i>Famine</i> , by <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> , 3 yrs (Norman) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Theobald's br. c. <i>Rockingham</i> , by <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> , 4 yrs .....  | 2 | 2   |
| Lord Exeter's ch. m. <i>Datura</i> , by <i>Reveller</i> , 5 yrs .....               | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Forth's b. m. <i>Lady Fly</i> , by <i>Bustard</i> , 5 yrs .....                 | 3 | dr. |

Five to 1 on *Rockingham*; after the heat, 3 to 1 agst him.

The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.: winners once in 1834 (Matches and Handicaps excepted) to carry 3lb., twice, 6lb., thrice, 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 100l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, a mile and a half.

|                                                                                                       |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Forth's br. c. <i>The Victim</i> (late <i>Pagan</i> ), by <i>Proselyte</i> , 4 yrs (Norman) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> , 6 yrs .....                             | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Ricardo's b. f. <i>Ellen</i> , by <i>Peter Lely</i> , 3 yrs .....                                 | 2 | -   |
| Mr. Bishop's b. f. <i>Jenny Wren</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 4 yrs .....                                  | 5 | -   |
| Mr. Brown's b. g. <i>Fawn</i> , by <i>Wanderer</i> , 6 yrs .....                                      | 6 | -   |
| Mr. W. Smith's b. c. by <i>Whalebone</i> or <i>Little John</i> , 3 yrs .....                          | 7 | -   |
| Mr. Saour's ch. f. <i>Una</i> , by <i>Hal</i> out of <i>Gertrude</i> by <i>Amadis</i> , 3 yrs .....   | 4 | dr. |

**THURSDAY, August 14.**—The **SUSSEX PLATE** of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 6lb.; six and aged, 9st. 8lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once in 1834 (Matches and Handicaps excepted) to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Course.

|                                                                                      |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Dockeray's b. f. <i>Trickery</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 4 yrs (Davis) .....     | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Shelley's br. g. <i>King of Trumps</i> , by <i>King of Diamonds</i> , aged ..... | 2 | 2 |

The **LADIES' PLATE** of 60 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 8lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.: extra weight as for the Sussex Plate.—Heats, one mile.

|                                                                                       |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Grant's b. f. <i>Famine</i> , by <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> , 3 yrs (Twitchet) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Balchin's br. f. <i>Levity</i> , by <i>Chateau Margaux</i> , 3 yrs .....          | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Lambden's b. c. <i>Little Rover</i> , 3 yrs .....                                 | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Ricardo's b. h. <i>Vestris</i> , 6 yrs .....                                      | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Saour's b. c. <i>Thump</i> , by <i>Hal</i> , dam by <i>Centaur</i> , 3 yrs .....  | 5 | dr. |

**FRIDAY, August 15.**—The **TOWN PLATE** of 70 sovs.—The winner to pay the owner of the second horse 10l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 8lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Extra weight as for the Sussex Plate.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Course.

**THE RACING CALENDAR, 1834.**  
*By J. H. ...*

|                                                                                   |  |   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|---|---|---|
| <b>THE RACING CALENDAR, 1834.</b>                                                 |  | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Boy's br. g. King of Tramps, by King of Diamonds, aged (Chapple)                  |  | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Cherry's b. f. Tachery, by Whitehouse, 4 yrs                                      |  | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| Boy's br. g. Pumpkin, 5 yrs                                                       |  |   |   |   |
| Cherry's br. g. Pumpkin, by Mammoth or Tamer, out of Linda by Water-              |  | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| Boy's br. g. Linda, by Mammoth or Tamer, out of Linda by Water-                   |  |   |   |   |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| 4000 PLATE of 30 sovs. : three-year-olds, 7s. 7lb. : four, 8s. 9lb. : five,       |  |   |   |   |
| 6s. : six and aged, 9s. 7lb. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. A winner once        |  |   |   |   |
| rid, up to the time of starting, to carry 4lb., twice, 7lb. extra. Any horse that |  |   |   |   |
| started once in 1834, and not won up to the time of starting, to be allowed 4lb., |  |   |   |   |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| 2, 7lb. The winner to be sold for 30 sovs. if demanded, &c. Hests, one mile       |  |   |   |   |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| a half.                                                                           |  |   |   |   |
| Mason's ch. g. Doctor Snell, by Trump, 6 yrs (W. Coleman)                         |  | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| Mason's ch. c. Plummer, by Puritan, 3 yrs                                         |  | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| Mason's b. g. Fura, by Winkler, 6 yrs                                             |  | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| Mason's b. f. Ellen, by Peer Lely, 3 yrs                                          |  | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| MEETING.                                                                          |  |   |   |   |
| -----                                                                             |  |   |   |   |
| Three-year-olds :                                                                 |  |   |   |   |

**CHELTENHAM MEETING.**  
 of 30 sows each, 1

**CHELTEMHAM MEETING.**

**ENDAY, July 15.**—**SWEETSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds. — 1  
Three subs. — 2  
Win. b. f. by Filio de Para out of Rachel Rayach (Chapple) — 1  
Went's b. f. Purvey, by Filio de Para out of Rachel Rayach (Chapple) — 2  
White's b. f. by Harry out of Mincle — Last mile — 1

**DUCK SWEETSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds. — Last mile — 1  
Six subs. — 2

Sadler's b. c. *Defensive*, by Defence—Selim, 8st. 7lb. (Chapple) — 1  
Griffith's b. c. Rambler, by Reveller out of Sylph, 8st. 4lb. — 2

**GLoucestershire STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, — 1  
1c. — About two miles. — The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake — 2

Forty-six subs. 25 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each. — 1  
1. J. Day's b. m. Duane, by Cain, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Pavis). — 2  
2. J. H. Peel's ch. c. Uncle Toby, by Cain, 4 yrs, 8st. — 3  
The following also started but were not placed: — Capt. Berkeley's gr. g. Ciudad — 4  
shiro, 6 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Foster's b. f. Nike, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; and Mr. Etwell's — 5  
b. f. Malibran, 4 yrs, 6st. 13lb. — 6

**FREE HANDICAP SWEETSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 15 added. — Two — 1  
miles. — Gentlemen riders. — 2

1. Osbaldeston's Spring, by Fitzwalton, 5 yrs, 11st. 9lb. (Owner). — 3  
2. Dutton's Warrior, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. — 4  
3. Thorne's Cannon-ball, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. — 5  
4. Gilbert's Conrad, aged, 10st. — 6  
5. Codrington's Audley, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. — 7

**WEDNESDAY, July 16.** — **The Sherborne Stakes** (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, — 1  
30 added from the Fund. — About a mile and a quarter. — Eight subs. — 2

1. Grissitt's b. c. Donald, by Cain, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Hall). — 3  
2. Grissitt's Sinbad, by Swap, 6 yrs, 9st. — 4  
3. Berkeley's Ciudad Rodrigo, 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb. — 5  
4. Hervey's ch. h. Endeavour, 5 yrs, 8st. 21b. — 6  
5. Craven's m. Drover, 5 yrs, 7st. 6lb. — 7

**HANDICAP SWEETSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 10 added from the Fund, for — 1  
regular hunters. — Two miles. — Gentlemen riders. — Five subs. — 2

1. Foster's b. f. Nike, by Bizarre, 4 yrs, 10st. 8lb. (Mr. J. Bayly) — 3  
2. Lovell's Lofly, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. — 4  
3. Griffith's b. h. Sinbad, 6 yrs, 11st. 10lb. — 5

**FREE HANDICAP** of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added. — Four miles. — 1  
1. Gilbert's Conrad, 11st. (Owner) — 2  
2. Dutton's Warrior, 11st. 7lb. — 3

**IPSWICH MEETING.**

100 sovs. — three-year-olds, — 1

## IPSWICH MEETING.

**IPSWICH MEETING.**  
**FRIDAY, July 15.**—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 5lb.; four, 9st. 1lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile  
 1 1  
 2 2  
 3 dr.  
 Edwards's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards) .....  
 of Grafton's b. f. Octave, 4 yrs.....  
 Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 4 yrs.....

**The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. ; half-bred horses, 10lb.—The winner to be sold for 150l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.

|                                                                           |   |     |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Barrett's b. c. <i>Airy</i> , by St. Patrick, 3 yrs (F. Butler) ..... | 3 | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Needle</i> , 3 yrs .....                           | 1 | 3   | 2   |
| Mr. Cobbold's br. c. Sevillean, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ....                     | 4 | 2   | dr. |
| Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....                       | 5 | 4   | dr. |
| Mr. Blake's b. h. Crispin, 6 yrs .....                                    | 2 | dr. |     |

**MATCH**.—Mr. Smith's br. h. *Zanga*, beat Lieutenant Jephson's b. g. Hotspur, 25 sovs.

**WEDNESDAY, July 16**.—The **GENTLEMEN'S PLATE** of 50 sovs.—Conditions as for the County Members' Plate.

|                                                           |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Barrett's b. c. <i>Airy</i> , 3 yrs (F. Butler) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Messer's br. g. Punctual, aged .....                  | 4 | 2   |
| Mr. Smith's ch. g. Ploughboy, 6 yrs .....                 | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Munro's bl. m. Black Bess, aged .....                 | 3 | dr. |

**The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs.—The conditions as for the preceding Plate.

Duke of Grafton's *Octave*, by Emilius, 4 yrs.....walked over.

**THURSDAY, July 17**.—The **TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs. for the beaten horses :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—The other conditions as for the preceding Plate.

|                                                                              |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Capt. Skipwith's b. f. <i>Lady Charlotte</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs (West) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Needle</i> , 3 yrs .....                              | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Blake's b. h. Crispin, 6 yrs .....                                       | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Cobbold's br. c. Sevillean, 4 yrs .....                                  | 4 | dr. |

**MATCH**.—Mr. Peirson's b. h. *Tristram* beat Mr. Munro's bl. m. Black Bess, 25l.

#### TAUNTON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 15**.—The **TAUNTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 30 added.—Two miles.—Eight subs., 3 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Finch's <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (S. Mann) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, by Catton, aged, 9st.....                   | 2 |
| Mr. J. Finch's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged, 8st.....              | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50l. added by the Members for the Western Division of the County :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 10lb. ; five, 9st. 3lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 130 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, a mile and a half.—Five subs.

|                                                                           |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. J. Finch's br. h. <i>Terror</i> , by Magistrate, aged (S. Mann) ..... | - | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Partridge, 3 yrs.....                             | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Chambers's br. g. Roulette, 4 yrs.....                                | - | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. J. Barrow's b. g. The Tutor, 4 yrs.....                               | 2 | 4 | 4 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund :—three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. C. Finch's <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs (S. Mann)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Allie's ch. f. Lady Canford, by Catton, 3 yrs .....        | 2 | 2 |

**WEDNESDAY, July 16**.—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, 3 ft. with 20 added from the Fund.—To start at the Red-post and go once round.—Four subs.

|                                                                    |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Reeve's b. m. <i>Harlot</i> , by Fitz-Orville, aged, 9st. .... | 1 |
| Mr. Allie's ch. f. Lady Canford, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ....            | 2 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Partridge, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....           | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Ladies.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. J. Finch's *Terror*, by Magistrate, aged .....

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Borough Members :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 9lb. ; five, 9st. 2lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                         |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. J. Finch's <i>Terror</i> , by Magistrate, aged..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|

|                                           |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Reeves's Harlot, aged.....            | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Barrow's b. g. The Tutor, 4 yrs ..... | 3 | 3 | 3 |

The winner was claimed.

The HUNTERS' SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft. with 20 added, six subs., was won by Mr. Vibart's b. g. *Raffle*, aged, 12st. 2lb. beating several others.

#### NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 15.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Corporation of Newcastle, for three-year-olds.—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—A winner of a Stake in the same year to carry 3lb. extra.—Twice round the Course.—Six subs.

|                                                                       |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. B. King's ch. c. <i>Tanworth</i> , by Outlaw (Arthur) .....       | 1 |
| Mr. Nanney's bl. c. Sir William, by Camel.....                        | 2 |
| Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite out of Miss Chance .....               | 3 |
| Mr. Clarke's ch. c. by Peter Lely out of Little Red Riding Hood ..... | 4 |

The TRENTHAM STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 30 added.—The second horse to receive back his stake.—Two miles and a distance.

|                                                                     |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. B. King's b. m. <i>Lucy</i> , by Cain, 5 yrs, 8st. (Lear) ..... | 1 |
| Capt. Bunney's b. g. Newcastle, 4 yrs, 7st. ....                    | 2 |
| Mr. Painter's b. g. Decodion, 5 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....                 | 3 |

PLATE of 50 sovs. for all ages, that never won 50 sovs. at any one time, given by W. H. Miller, Esq. Member for the Borough:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                              |   |     |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Giffard's gr. c. <i>Mad Tom</i> , by Bedlamite, dam by Consul, 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.)..... | 4 | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. Hamers' b. c. The Limner, 3 yrs .....                                                    | 1 | 5   | 2   |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Brother to Derby, 3 yrs .....                                        | 6 | 2   | 3   |
| Mr. Freemantle's ch. c. by Woful, 4 yrs.....                                                 | 5 | 4   | 4   |
| Mr. Massey's ch. f. Tritonia, 3 yrs .....                                                    | 2 | 3   | dr. |
| Mr. Holland's ch. f. by Balsoni out of Lark, 3 yrs .....                                     | 3 | dr. |     |

**WEDNESDAY, July 16.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by Sir H. Willoughby, Bart., Member for the Borough:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—A winner of a King's Plate of the value of 100 sovs. including his own stake, in the present year, to carry 3lb., of two or more, 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                  |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. B. King's ch. c. <i>Tanworth</i> , 3 yrs (Arthur, jun.)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Painter's b. g. Mezereon, 4 yrs .....                        | 2 |
| Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. Frenzy, 4 yrs.....                          | 3 |
| Mr. Allanson's b. f. Lady Moore Carew, 4 yrs.....                | 4 |

This race was disputed, on the ground that Tanworth did not carry extra for winning at Manchester.

LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs. added to a Subscription of 5 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Horses having started once, and not won, to be allowed 3lb., twice, 5lb.—A winner of a King's Plate, Gold Cup, or Stake to the value of 100l. in the present year, to carry 4lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, once round the Course and a distance.—Four subs.

|                                                 |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. B. King's b. m. <i>Lucy</i> , 5 yrs .....   | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Monarch, 3 yrs..... | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Nanney's br. g. Belmont, 6 yrs .....        | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Hind's ch. c. by Peter Lely, 3 yrs .....    | 4 | dr. |

#### EDINBURGH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 15.**—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100ga.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Crompton's b. b. <i>Prince</i> , by Figaro, 5 yrs (Lyc) ..... | 1 | 1 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|

Lord Eglinton's b. f. *Zillah*, by Jerry, 3 yrs ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Ramsay's b. c. by Longwaist out of Dulcamara, 3 yrs ..... - 3  
 Sir R. K. Dick's gr. g. *Allegro*, by Jock, 4 yrs ..... - dr.

**FIFTY SOVEREIGNS**, given by His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses the property of Gentlemen, Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club in Scotland:—three-year-olds, 8st.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 7lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Two miles.

Lord Elcho's br. h. *Philip*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs (Templeman) ..... 1  
 Lord Eglinton's b. h. *Byzantium*, 5 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Spider*, 4 yrs; and Mr. Alexander's br. g. by Epperstone out of Maria, 5 yrs.

**WEDNESDAY, July 16.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Lord Elcho's b. h. *Gondolier*, by Fitz-Orville, aged (Templeman) ..... 1  
 Lord Eglinton's br. f. *Remember*, by Jerry, 4 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. W. M. Alexander's b. f. *Little-go*, 4 yrs; and Mr. Sandiland's br. g. *XXX*, 5 yrs.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:**—two-year-olds, 7st.; and three, 9st. 3lb.—Winners before starting to carry 3lb. extra.—Half a mile.—Five subs.

Lord Eglinton's br. f. *Butterfly*, by Lottery, dam by Comus out of Arabella, 2 yrs (Lye) ..... 1

Mr. Meiklam's br. c. by Percy out of Maria by Trissy, 2 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Hampton, by Waterloo, 3 yrs ..... 3

The **FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.** given by the Duke of Buccleuch:—three-year-olds, 10st.; four, 11st. 7lb.; five, 12st.; six and aged, 12st. 4lb.—Thoroughbred horses to carry 7lb. extra.—Winners of 50l. or upwards (Matches excepted) to carry for once, 7lb., twice, 12lb., thrice 14lb. extra.—To be ridden by Farmers—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Begbie's gr. g. *Little Tom*, by Monreith, 6 yrs (Mr. Usher) ..... - 1 1

Mr. Hood's br. g. *Billy O'Rourke*, by Swiss, 5 yrs ..... 1 2 3

Mr. Young's br. g. *Ben Lomond*, by Eglinton, 5 yrs ..... 3 - 2  
 Five others started.

**THURSDAY, July 17.**—**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each**, with 10 added:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—A winner once in the present year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Once round and a distance.

Lord Eglinton's b. h. *Byzantium*, by Sultan, 5 yrs (Lye) ..... 1

Mr. G. Dawson's b. f. by Champignon out of Maria by Trissy, 4 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Ramsay's br. g. *XXX*, 5 yrs; and Mr. Alexander's br. g. by Epperstone out of Maria, 5 yrs.

The **CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.**:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Crompton's br. h. *Prince*, 5 yrs (Springate) ..... 1 1

Lord Elcho's br. h. *Philip*, 6 yrs ..... - 2

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Spider*, 4 yrs ..... 2 -

Mr. Smellie's br. g. *Cistercian*, aged ..... - -

Lord Eglinton's br. f. *Remember*, 4 yrs (bolted) ..... dis.

### STAMFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 16.**—**SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each** for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.

Lord Exeter's ro. f. *Bodies*, by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam (W. Arnall), 1

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. by Comus out of Ferdousi's dam ..... 2

Dr. Willis's b. f. by Mountebank out of Firman's dam ..... 3

**FIFTY POUNDS**, the gift of the Marquis of Exeter:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once this year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., and thrice, 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Prince's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, 3 yrs (Rogers) ..... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Ellis's Primendorf, 5 yrs (broke down) ..... 1 2 dis.  
 \*Mr. Clover's b. f. by Blacklock, dam by Amadis, out of Platowns, 3 yrs. dis.

\* The Blacklock filly came in first for the first heat, but fell after passing the Winning-post and broke her leg.

The BURGLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—To start at the New Mile Starting-post, and go once round.—Thirteen subs., eight of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Exeter's ro. f. *Bodice*, by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. (J. Michaelson) ..... 1  
 Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick, by Lamplighter, 3 yrs, 6st. .... 2  
 Mr. Sculthorpe's gr. f. Duchess, by Amadis, dam by The Flyer, 3 yrs, 6st. .... 3

THURSDAY, July 17.—MATCH.—Mr. T. Standwell's ch. g. *Quicksilver*, by Orion (Mr. Fenton), beat Mr. Phillipson's br. c. *Lepidus*, 10st. each, New Mile, 50, half ft.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Thrice round.—Eleven subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Bon Ton*, by Phantom, 3 yrs (S. Rogers) ..... 1  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Astracan*, 4 yrs ..... 2  
 Dr. Willis's br. h. by Young Filho out of Snail, aged ..... 3  
 Mr. Sculthorpe's gr. m. *Symmetry*, by Amadis ..... 4

The DONATION CUP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 8 added by the Corporation, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Inhabitants of Stamford and St. Martin's, and used in their trade from the 1st January 1834 to the time of naming.—The winner of this race once to carry 5lb., twice 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Eight subs.

Mr. Whincup's br. h. *Very Likely*, by Vampyre, aged (T. Perkins) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Phillipson's b. c. *Hydras*, by Pacha, 4 yrs ..... 4 2  
 Mr. Standwell's ch. g. *Quicksilver*, 3 yrs ..... 2 3  
 Mr. S. Hunt's Queen, by Young Haphazard, 4 yrs ..... 3 4

The TOWN PLATE of 50l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Winners once this year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., and thrice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round.

Lord Exeter's ro. f. *Bodice*, by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam (W. Arnall) ..... 2 1 1  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Nisus* ..... 1 2 2  
 Mr. Ellis's b. f. by Figaro out of Lady Fulford ..... 3 3 dr.

FRIDAY, July 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; four, 11st.; five, 11st. 11lb.; six and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

Mr. Walmough's b. g. *Perserverance*, by Grenadier, dam by Tramp, 6 yrs ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Standwell's ch. g. *Quicksilver*, 3 yrs ..... dis.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—New Mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Peach's gr. g. *Rockingham*, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (W. Warner) ..... 1  
 Dr. Willis's b. g. by Young Filho, aged, 8st. 8lb. .... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Standwell's ch. g. *Quicksilver*, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; and Mr. Whincup's br. h. *Very Likely*, aged, 9st. 10lb.

PLATE of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 8lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstake, including the Plates of Wednesday and Thursday, to carry 4lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 100g. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round.

Gen. Grosvenor's Dick, by Lamplighter, 3 yrs (S. Rogers) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Milner's Pilot, 5 yrs ..... 3 2  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. *Carnation*, 4 yrs ..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Prince's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, 3 yrs ..... 4 dr.



## CHELMSFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 22.**—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100*gs.* for mares:—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 5*lb.*; four, 9*st.* 1*lb.*; five, 9*st.* 11*lb.*; six and aged, 10*st.* 2*lb.*—Two-mile heats.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Vespa*, by Muley, 4 yrs (Robinson) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Mew's Infatuation, 2 yrs ..... 2 dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 *sovs.* each, with 25 added by the Members of the Southern Division of the County:—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 5*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; five, 9*st.*; six and aged, 9*st.* 3*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—The winner to be sold for 200 *sovs.* if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Matthews's b. f. *Mimosa*, by Sultan, 3 yrs (S. Scott) ..... 2 1 1  
Mr. Willes's ch. g. Guildford, by Hampden, aged ..... 1 dr.  
Mr. Reigate's br. g. Slim (late Despair), 4 yrs ..... 3 dr.

**WEDNESDAY, July 23.**—The HUNTERS' STAKES of 100*l.* for Mares and Geldings that have been regularly hunted during the season 1833-4 with Lord Petre's, Mr. Conyers's, Mr. Newman's, Mr. Mure's, the Suffolk Border, and Union Fox-hounds—to have been at the death of six Foxes, or the taking of six Stags with the Essex Stag-hounds, jointly, between the 1*st.* of November and the 1*st.* of April:—four-year-olds, 10*st.* 11*lb.*; five, 11*st.* 7*lb.*; six, 11*st.* 12*lb.*; and aged, 12*st.*—Half-bred horses allowed 10*lb.*—The winner of a Plate or Stake previous to the day of running to carry 3*lb.*, if two or more 5*lb.* extra.—The winner to be sold for 200 *sovs.* if demanded, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Tyrell's b. g. by Reveller out of Discord, 5 yrs (Mr. J. Weatherby) ..... 1 1  
Mr. R. Willes's ch. g. Guildford, by Hampden, aged ..... 2 2  
Mr. Hankin's br. g. Glove-cutter, 6 yrs (half-bred) ..... 3 3

**THE CUP STAKES** of 10 *sovs.* each:—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 1*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; five, 9*st.* 2*lb.*; six and aged, 9*st.* 6*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—The winner to be sold for 500 *sovs.* if demanded, &c.—Three miles.—Nine subs.

Mr. G. Edwards's b. f. *Dirce*, by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, by Cydnus, dam by Skim, 3 yrs ..... 2

**THE TOWN PLATE** of 50*l.*:—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 3*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; five, 9*st.* 1*lb.*; six and aged, 9*st.* 5*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1834 to carry 3*lb.*, of two, 5*lb.*, of three, or a King's Plate, 7*lb.* extra.—The winner of the King's Plate or Gold Cup this year to carry 9*lb.* extra.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. G. Edwards's *Dirce*, by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Matthews's b. f. *Mimosa*, by Sultan, 3 yrs ..... 2 2  
Mr. Hazell's ch. g. Ploughboy, 5 yrs ..... 3 dr.

**THURSDAY, July 24.**—The STEWARDS' PLATE of 50*l.*—Weights and conditions the same as the Town Plate, excepting that the winner of the Town Plate must carry 5*lb.* extra, as well as the weights in that Plate.

Mr. G. Edwards's *Dirce*, by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards) ..... 1 1  
Mr. W. Willes's ch. g. Guildford, by Hampden, aged ..... 2 2  
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, by Cydnus, 3 yrs ..... 3 3

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 2 *sovs.* each, h. ft. with 25 added by the Members of the Northern Division of the County, and made up 50*l.*—The winner to be sold for 200 *sovs.* if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Bishop's b. f. *Jenny Wren* (late Emma), 4 yrs, 8*st.* ..... 2 1 1  
Sir J. Tyrell's b. g. by Reveller out of Discord, 5 yrs, 8*st.* 7*lb.* ..... 1 2 dr.  
Mr. Skingley's The Dwarf, aged, 8*st.* ..... 3 dr.  
Mr. Harriance's br. c. by Tarrare, dam by Young Whiskey, 4 yrs, 7*st.* 7*lb.* ..... 4 dr.

There was no race for the FARMERS' PURSE.

## SOUTHAMPTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 23.**—The SOUTHAMPTON STAKES of 20 *sovs.* each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 50*l.* added from the Fund.—Two miles.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Six subs., three of whom paid only 5 *sovs.* each.

Mr. Holmes's b. c. *Shylock*, by Waterloo, 4 yrs, 8*st.* (J. Day) ..... 1

Mr. Gardnor's br. g. *Omen*, by Orville, aged, 9st. 3lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Webber's b. f. *Adelaide*, 3 yrs, 5st. 5lb (bolted) ..... dia.

**THE LADIES' PLATE of 50l.** for horses that never won 50l. in Plate or Sweepstakes :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Finch's b. c. *Warrenner*, by Sir Huldibrand, 3 yrs (S. Mann) ..... 0 1 1  
 Mr. Hewitt's b. g. *Skyrocket*, 5 yrs ..... 0 2 2  
 Mr. Webber's b. f. *Adelaide*, 3 yrs (bolted) ..... dia.

**THE TOWN MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.** :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once of 50l. in 1834 to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra; and any horse having started three time in 1834, and not won, allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. W. Day's br. m. *Isabel*, by Catton, 5 yrs ..... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Gardnor's br. c. by Catton out of *Twatty*, 4 yrs ..... 2 2 dr.  
 Capt. Williamson's ch. h. *Scrivener*, 5 yrs ..... 4 3 dr.  
 Mr. C. Finch's b. c. *Blenheim*, 3 yrs ..... 1 dr.

**HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for regular Hunters not thorough-bred:**—four-year-olds, 10st. 3lb.; five, 10st. 13lb.; six and aged, 11st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once of 50l. in 1834 to carry 5lb., twice, 7lb. extra.—To be ridden by Gentlemen or Farmers.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Ashley's b. g. *Tally-ho*, aged ..... 2 1 1  
 Mr. Chamberlayne's gr. g. *Rambler*, aged ..... 1 2 3  
 Mr. Spencer's bl. g. *Sultan*, aged ..... 3 5 2  
 Mr. T. Gould's b. g. *Footpad*, aged ..... 4 3 dr.  
 Mr. W. Legg's ch. g. *Sovereign*, 5 yrs ..... 5 4 dr.

The qualification of *Tally-ho* was objected to.

**THURSDAY, July 24.**—The **HACK STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Hewitt's br. c. *Black Jack*, by Amadis, 3 yrs, beating *Rambler* and one other.

**THE CUP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added, for horses that have been hunted with any established pack of hounds :—four-year-olds, 10st.; five, 10st. 10lb.; six, 11st. 4lb.; and aged, 11st. 6lb.—Half-bred horses allowed 10lb.—A winner of 50l. once in 1834 to carry 5lb., twice, 7lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Gardnor's br. g. *Omen*, by Orville, aged (Capt. Becher) ..... 1  
 Mr. Hewitt's b. g. *Skyrocket*, 5 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Powell's Cantab, 5 yrs ..... 3

**PLATE of 50 sovs.** given by the Members for the Southern Division of the County of Hants :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—A winner of 50l. once in 1834 to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra.—The winner of the Members' Plate on the first day to carry 5lb. in addition.—Horses having started three times in 1834, and not won, allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. W. Day's br. m. *Isabel*, by Catton, 5 yrs (J. Day) ..... 3 2 1 1  
 Mr. Balchin's b. f. *Levity*, by Chateau Margaux (bolted, and threw her rider) ..... 2 1 dia.  
 Mr. Gardnor's *Omen*, by Orville, aged ..... 1 dr.

*Omen* threw his plate when preparing to start for the second heat.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Innkeepers and Tradesmen of the Town, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 6lb.; and four, 8st. 10lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once in 1834 to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra.—A horse having started three times, and not won, allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Holmes's *Shylock*, 4 yrs (J. Day) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Gardnor's br. c. by Catton out of *Twatty*, 4 yrs ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Balchin's Sir William, by Bizarre out of Sister to Honeysuckle, 4 yrs (broke down) ..... dia.

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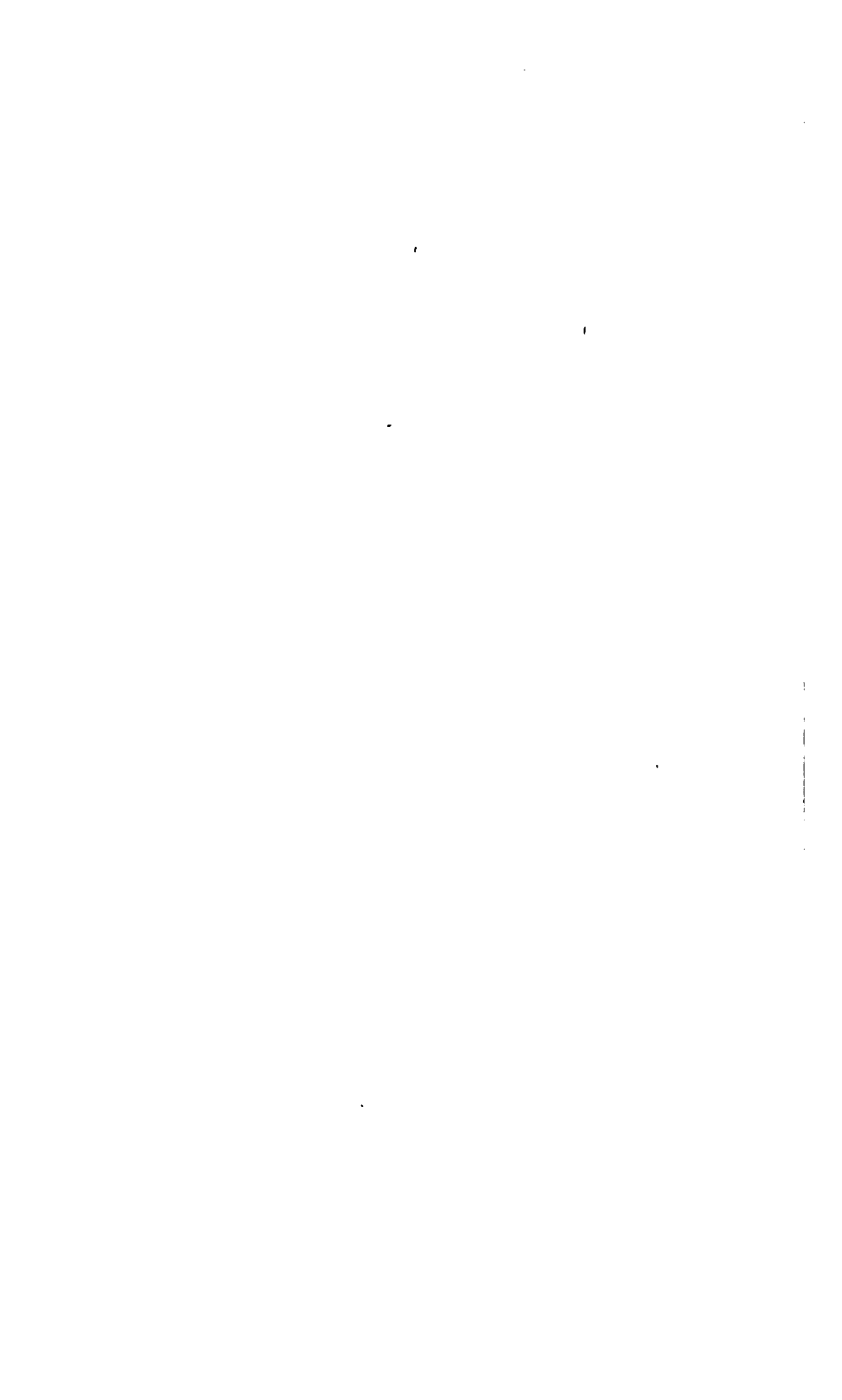
The Abbot (Mr. Lovell), 9

29  
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JUN 8 - 1940

